TRUE WEST

October, 1966 TW/K

35¢

PAULINA—DEADLY RAIDER

NON-FICTION

A VISIT WITH PETER HURD
By Fred Gipson

WALT COBURN'S TALLY BOOK

•

WHEN THE INJUNS CAME

•

AMERICA'S MIGHTIEST WILDFOWLER
By Raymond Thorp

•

RICHARD MERCHANT—
Cowboy's Cowboy

•

OLD CAMPS ALONG THE NEZ PERCÉ TRAIL

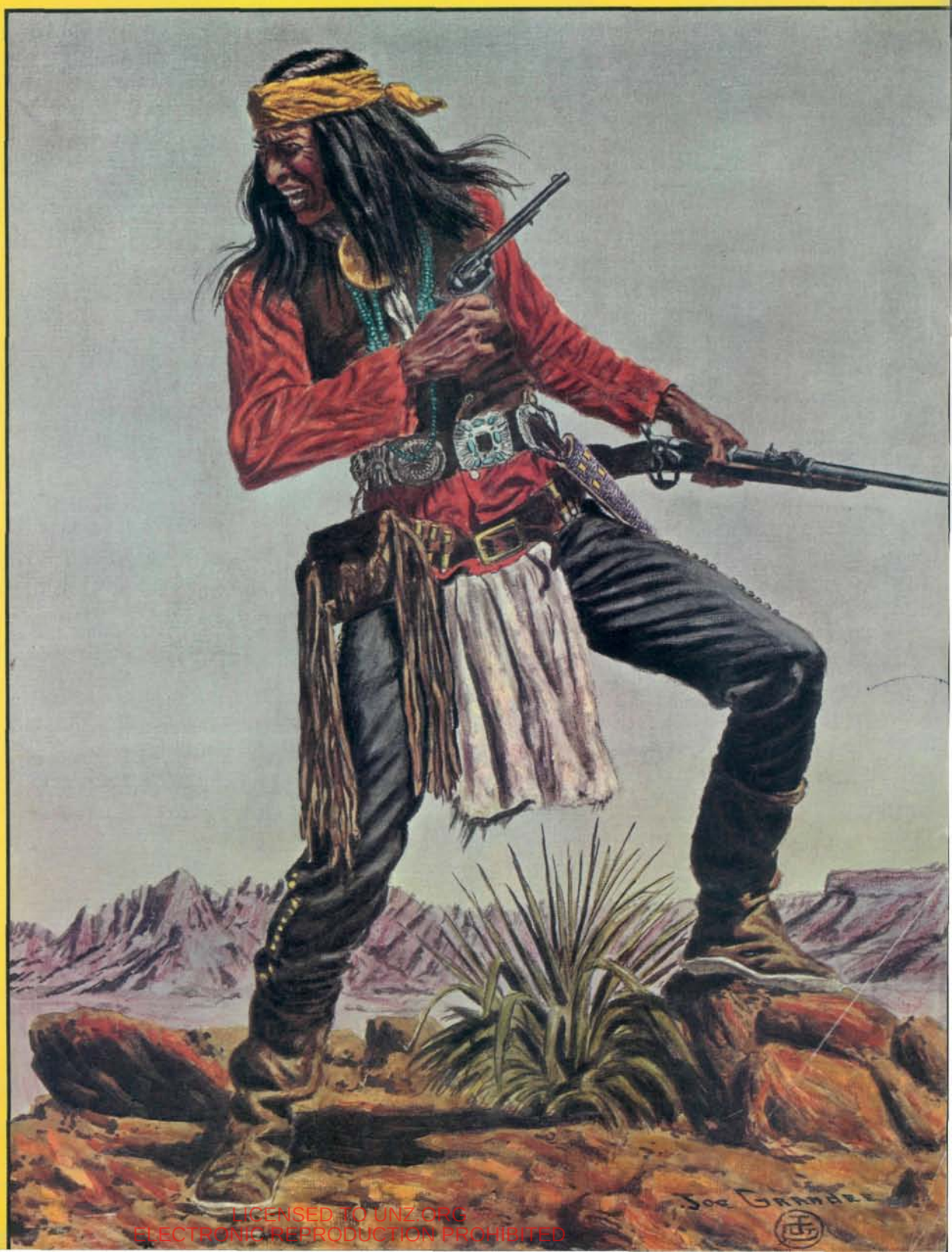
•

DISAPPEARING GOLD OF LA NARIZ

•

THE INNOCENT WERE HANGED, TOO

TWENTY YEARS AMONG OUR HOSTILE INDIANS



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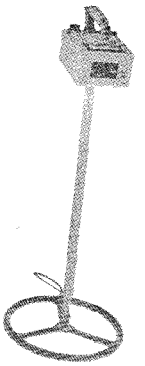

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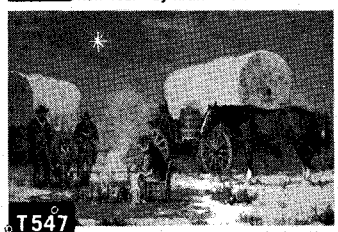
PICK FOR '66 FROM THE BEST IN FULL COLOR WESTERN CHRISTMAS CARDS

T641 **Greetings from our outfit to yours**—With Best Wishes for Christmas and the New Year—**by Arthur FitzSimmons**

T543 **Forest Benediction**—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year—**by Allan Husberg**

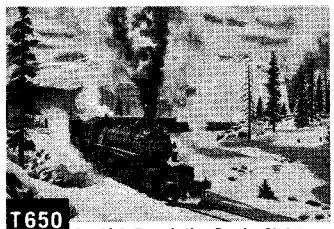
T644 **Hurryin' Home** — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**by Brummett Echo-Hawk**

T646 **Bunkhouse Christmas Eve**—Greeting is an 8 line warm and descriptive verse by S. Omar Barker—**by Joe Stahley**

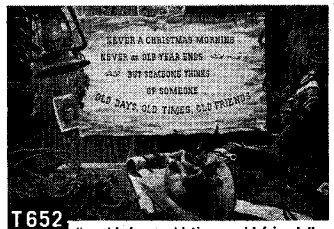


T547 **A Christmas Prayer on the Trail**—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year—**by Melvin Warren**

T648 **Bringin' Home a Visitor**—A friendly wish for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**by William Moyers**



T650 **Smokin' Round the Bend**—Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for all the Year—**by Howard Fogg**



T652 **"...old days, old times, old friends"**—Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for the Year—**by Clayton Nicles**

T657 **Ridin' in to a Warm Welcome**—Inside is a descriptive 20 line verse by S. Omar Barker, plus greeting—**by John Hampton**

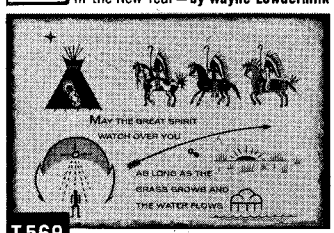
T658 **Merry Christmas from the two of us**—With double Good Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season—**by Art FitzSimmons**

T561 **"...fair and open face of Heaven.."**—May happiness be yours at Christmas and in the New Year—**by Wayne Lowdermilk**

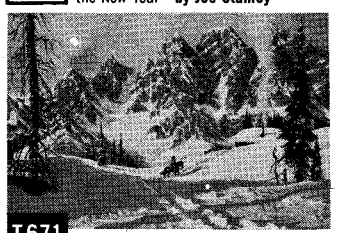
T563 **Christmas Eve in the West**—Peace and Good Will at Christmas and through all the New Year—**by Joe Stahley**

T666 **Thinkin' of you**—With friendly greetings of the Season and Happiness throughout the New Year—**by Charles Paris**

T667 **A Christmas Shopping Trip** — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**by Melvin C. Warren**

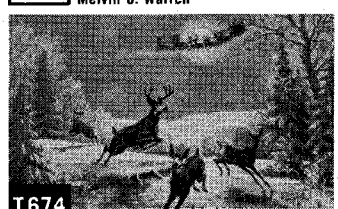


T569 **May the Great Spirit watch over you, etc.**—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**by Brummet EchoHawk**

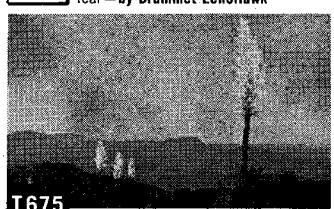


T671 **A Homeward Trail**—Peace and Good Will at Christmas and through all the New Year—**by Roy Kerswill**

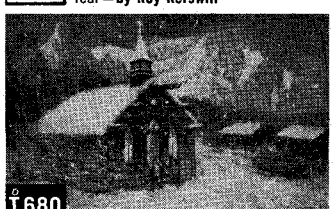
T672 **Silent Night**—May the Peace and Happiness of the Christmas Season abide with you all the Year—**by Art FitzSimmons**



T674 **Sleighbells in the Sky**—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**by Bernard P. Thomas**



T675 **Candles on the Desert Altar**—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year—**by John Hilton**



T680 **Ranch Country Christmas Eve**—Greeting is a warm, friendly 6 line verse by S. Omar Barker—**by Joe Stahley**

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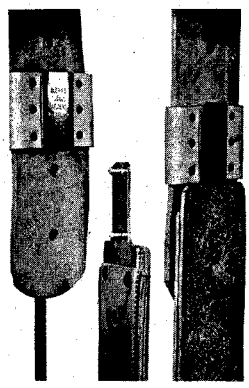

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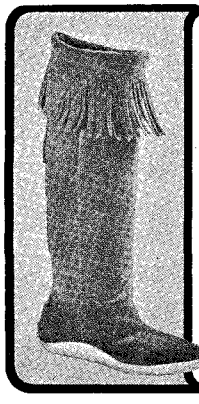

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September-October, 1966

Volume 14, No. 1

Whole No. 77

True West

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In This Issue—

TRULY WESTERN 4

PAULINA—DEADLY RAIDER ..... By Howard E. Lyon 6

WALT COBURN'S TALLY BOOK 11

A VISIT WITH PETER HURD ..... By Fred Gipson 12

AMERICA'S MIGHTIEST WILDFOWLER .... By Raymond W. Thorp 16

RICHARD MERCHANT—COWBOY'S COWBOY ..... By Eve Ball 18

THE INNOCENT WERE HANGED, TOO ..... By Olevia E. Myers 22

WHEN THE INJUNS CAME ..... By Harry E. Webb 24

JOE RANKIN'S RIDE ..... By A. L. Schafer 27

THE DISAPPEARING GOLD OF LA NARIZ ..... By Joe K. Parrish 28

UNCLE SIM'S TRADING STORE ..... By Albert S. Gilles 30

OLD CAMPS ALONG THE NEZ PERCÉ TRAIL .... By Ferris Weddle 32

TWENTY YEARS AMONG OUR HOSTILE INDIANS ..... By J. Lee Humfreville 34

MYSTERY OF THE MEXICAN COLT ..... By Arizona Bob Kubista 38

A FORCED CHANGE OF PASTURE ..... By Fred R. Root 40

WILD OLD DAYS 42

PAIUTE WAR BONNET ..... By Ruby Robison 44

TREASURE HUNTERS' JUBILEE ..... By Dayne Chastain 46

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 60

IN THE BEST WESTERN CIRCLES ..... By Edmund A. Braun 64

TUMBLEWEEDS ..... By Tom K. Ryan 72

Cover: Joe Grandee

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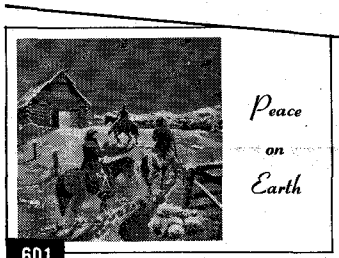
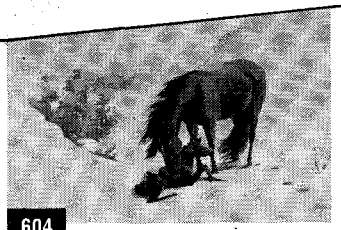
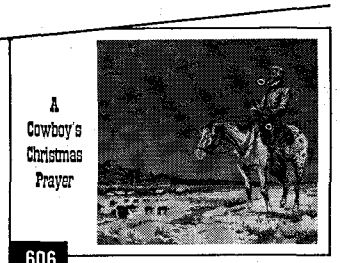


601 **Peace on Earth**—May Every Happiness Be Yours at Christmas and Throughout the New Year—Artist, Bob Lorenz

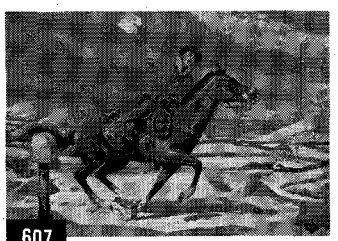
603 **Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours**—With Best Wishes for Christmas and All the New Year—Artist, Nick Eggenhofer



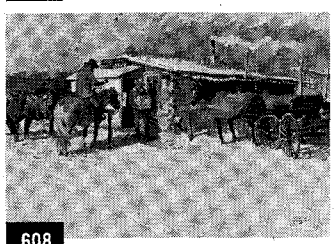
604 **Christmas Gift**—Merry Christmas! May the Coming Year Bring You Every Happiness—Artist, H. Goodwine



606 **Cowboy Christmas Prayer**—Verse by S. Omar Barker. Artist, Robert R. Lorenz

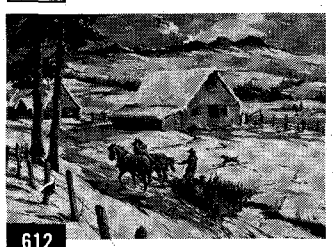


607 **Greetings from Our Mailbox to Yours**—A Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! Artist, Goff Dowding

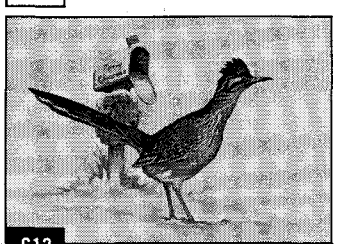


608 **Grassy Butte Post Office**—Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—Artist, R. Lougheed

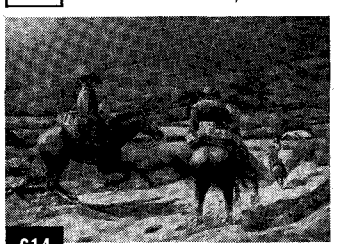
610 **High Country Neighbor**—With All Good Wishes for Christmas and the Coming Year—Artist, Clark Bronson



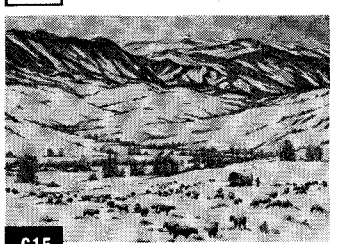
612 **December Paradise**—To Wish You a Very Merry Christmas and a Very Happy New Year—Artist, Fred Harman



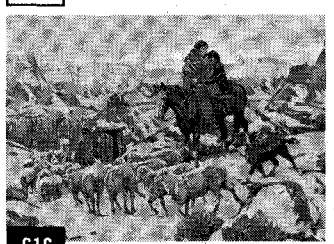
613 **High-Tailed and Happy**—Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for Every Day of the New Year—Artist, Clark Bronson



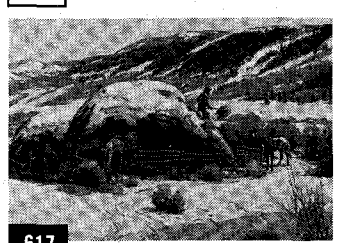
614 **Greetings from the Home Ranch**—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—Artist, Goff Dowding



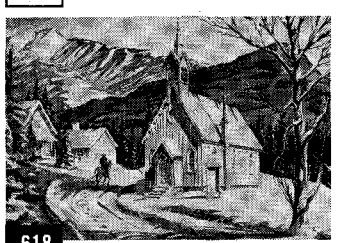
615 **The Shepherd and His Flock**—May the Joy of Christmas Abide with You Throughout the New Year—Artist, Hans Kleiber



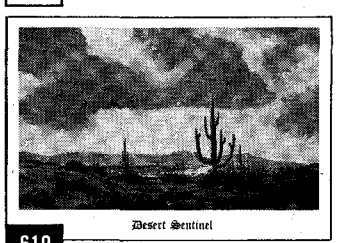
616 **Navajo Shepherds**—Appropriate Verse by S. Omar Barker—Artist, Paul Salisbury



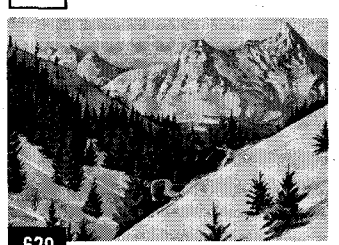
617 **Christmas Handouts**—Western Christmas Verse by S. Omar Barker—Artist, Paul Salisbury



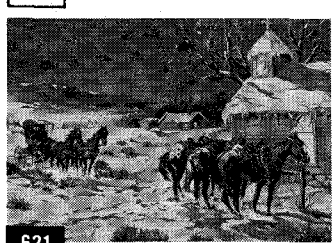
618 **Christmastime in the High Country**—Greetings for Christmas and Best Wishes for the New Year—Artist, Kurt Gabel



619 **Desert Sentinel**—Verse by S. Omar Barker. Artist, Sid Cedargreen



620 **Skiing Among the Whispering Pines**—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—Artist, Kurt Gabel



621 **A Frosty Christmas Eve**—May You Have a *Blessed Christmas and a Joyous New Year*—Artist, Fred Harman

622 **Church in the Valley**—Wishing You All the *Joy that Christmas and the New Year Can* Bring—Artist, R. Lougheed

623 **Christmas Eve at the Church**—Peace and *Good Will at Christmas and Through All the* New Year—Artist, Gordon Snidow

630 **Thinkin' of You at Christmas**—Best Wishes *for the Holidays and Happiness Throughout* the New Year—Artist, Robert R. Lorenz

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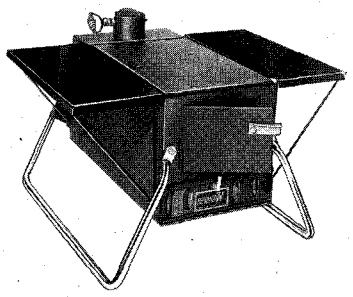

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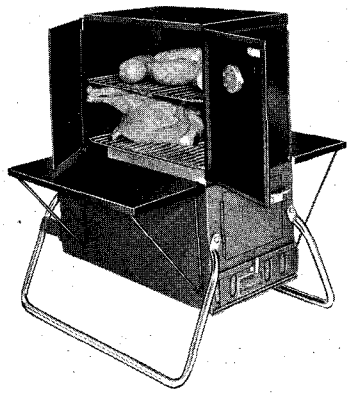

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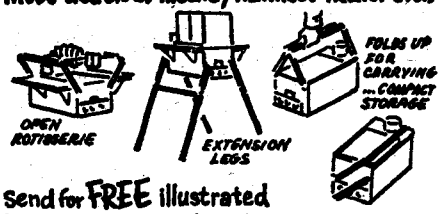

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Truly Western

Charlie Russell's Home

Dear Editor:

The Russell article in the June issue is being well received here in Montana and your readers might be interested in what was reported in the *Great Falls Tribune*, May 3, 1966:

"An article published in the June issue of *True West* entitled 'Charlie Russell's Home Endangered' has brought letters from several states. Mayor Erdmann and the *Tribune* have heard from writers and other interested persons asking that the home not be destroyed. The letters came from California, Illinois, Wisconsin and Arizona. City officials point out that since the article was written, the Russell Studio and Home have received official designation as a National Historic Landmark and there are no plans to tear down the home."—'Tana Mac, 843 Lewishon Street, Butte, Montana.

Attention, Iowa Readers

Dear Joe:

Quite some months ago, in the hopes of gaining another supporter for TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES, I loaned (O Lord, don't ever do that!) a few copies to a friend whose wife couldn't tell the difference between fools gold and the real stuff. These copies hit the chip pile and went up in smoke. Among them was the issue which contained the story of the last Indian Battle fought at Sugar Point on Leech Lake, Minnesota. We spend many hours on Leech in the Federal Dam area where this took place.

Could your readers give me any information on an area I am researching between Dubuque, Waterloo, and Davenport, Iowa, with the most help needed in the Maquoketa Valley area. Any information would be appreciated, especially about old settlers, events, stage trails and stops.—C. L. Norlin, 317 E. First Street, Monticello, Iowa, 52310.

A Good Idea!

Gentlemen:

I thought you would like to hear about one way your magazines are being used. I made articles from TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES the basis for a "Do You Remember When?" program at our old-settlers' reunion and had a big success!—Mrs. Claud Doerr, 408 East Oklahoma, Hennessy, Oklahoma 73742.

More Coffee Talk

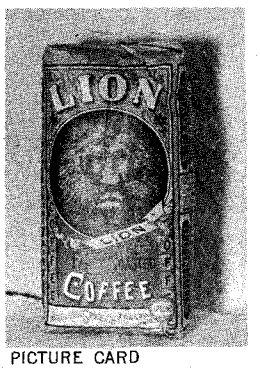
Gentlemen:

Being a collector of Arbuckles' and Lion coffee items, your little article was of interest inasmuch as I possess a package each of the two brands of coffee put up in 1910 which have never been opened. I also have many of the Arbuckles' signatures and Lion heads taken from Lion coffee. The packages have been kept wrapped up and the colors are as sharp and vivid as when packed.

A neighbor boy and I saved enough Arbuckles' signatures to get a magic lantern and several slides. We "borrowed" a bed sheet from Mother and used our basement cellar for a picture show, charging one cent, or five Lion heads, or a handful of marbles, or a plug of licorice for admission. At one time this Chandler boy and I owned practically all the marbles in Granby.—Kit C. Vickrey, 531 Schifferdecker, Joplin, Missouri 64801.

(Continued on page 63)

Shown here are two original coffee packages and a trade card from Mr. Vickrey's collection.



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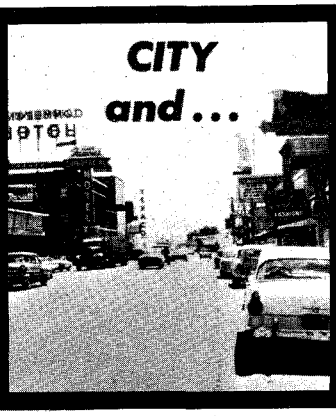

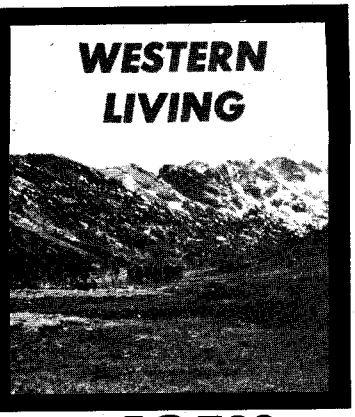

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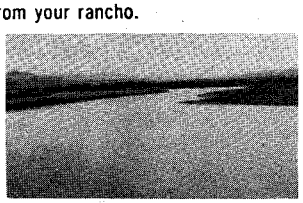

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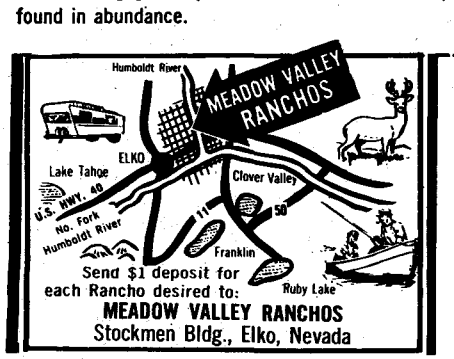

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PAULINA —DEADLY RAIDER

A specialist in the short haul, oft repeated. His followers weren't numerous but they were loyal—and hungry—and they wreaked havoc along the military road

By HOWARD E. LYON

MANY landmarks in Oregon are named for a short, broad, bandy-legged, horse and cattle thief. Oregon was explored and settled in a blaze of publicity that was unprecedented in the history of the West. Many powerful men strode the stage of the world during the stirring period when names were being given to the mountains, rivers, valleys, and towns in the Pacific Northwest. Yet the man whose name appears more often than any other on landmarks in Oregon was merely a businessman.

Chief Paulina's business was robbing stages, looting ranches, stripping prospectors, and running off livestock. In the conduct of his affairs he had to outmaneuver, or outfight, vengeful parties of packers, miners, stockmen, and the army units which scoured the mountains and desert to find him.

If notoriety were his goal—it apparently wasn't—most of Paulina's depredations were committed at the wrong time to get nationwide attention. The time was the Civil War period, and the people of the nation who didn't happen to live in the Oregon country, and whose lives and property were not directly threatened by this bandit, focused their attention on the great tragedies then taking place in the Eastern battle zone.

Paulina got plenty of local attention, however—attention which resulted in the naming for him of a mountain range, a mountain peak, a creek, a beautiful waterfall, a marsh, a valley, a butte, a town, and (under a variant spelling) a railroad siding. Eventually tracked down and killed by a rancher, the rock-walled cove where he died is named—you guessed it—Paulina Basin.

THERE DOESN'T seem to be any information on Paulina before he came into prominence as a scourge of prospectors, freighters, immigrants, and ranchers. Available written sources are not even in agreement on his tribal affiliation. In some contemporary writings he was called a Snake. In most, he was identified as a Northern Paiute.

The leader of a small band of Snake, Paiute and Modoc raiders, Paulina roamed where the pine-covered eastern face of the Oregon Cascades swept down to the deep valley of the Deschutes River, and beyond, where the vast grass-covered hills, dotted with juniper, and the bitterbrush plains swept east to fade into a desert of sage.

Fear of predatory Indians delayed settlement of the watered valleys of Eastern Oregon. This was not a groundless fear. According to Government statistics, by mid-1869 about 1,040 whites had lost their lives in Indian attacks in the Oregon country. This did not include casualties suffered by Army units.

The Willamette Valley, west of the Cascades, was the first area to be settled. The way was prepared by missionaries among the Indians, and then the valley was filled so quickly, starting in 1842, that Indians who lived there were persuaded to make the best deal they could get with the Americans, and to live by it.

It was a different story in the arid country east of the Cascades, between Fort Boise and Fort Dalles. On their way to the lush Willamette Valley, the pioneers in wagontrains saw the grassy valleys tucked among the rough hills. They also saw occasional grisly proof that this rugged stretch of the Oregon Trail was not yet ready for settlement.

Records which cover this period make no mention of Paulina. He may have been in one or another of the hostile bands which harassed and attacked the smaller parties of immigrants. But a lone raider or a small band of raiders could get no profits from the wagontrains. They were too large and too well guarded.

Then, in the summer of 1862, something happened to create new opportunities for profit. In May word reached the dying mining camps in northern California that gold had been discovered in Florence, Idaho. Some of these camps became ghost towns on the day after the news arrived. The rush was on.

The most direct route to the new gold strike was north to Fort Klamath, and northeast from there across the grey Oregon Desert, and through the rugged Blue Mountains to Idaho.

And on the way to Idaho, they found gold—in Oregon! The miners promptly forgot about the Idaho diggings, and went to work taking out the gold they found in the Blue Mountains in the John Day River country. By August the population of Whiskey Gulch—Canyon City—was more than 5,000. Canyon City was the largest city in the state, larger than Portland. It was big, busy, and booming, but about as quiet and well-run as a mining community in those rugged days

Paulina, sketched from a photograph taken at Fort Klamath, Oregon, in 1864.

Illustration
Mrs. Howard E. Lyon

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could be made. The miners adopted a code of conduct, and saw to the enforcement thereof, which kept claim-jumping, robbery, and murder at a minimum. A man was safe as long as he wasn't looking for trouble, and stayed in or near the mining works.

But 5,000 men can't live in an isolated area without supplies from outside. The men themselves come and go. If gold has been found on Canyon Creek, there's bound to be more in the hills, they reasoned.

LOADED pack trains toiled over the military "road" from Fort Dalles, bringing to the miners the necessities of life which were defined as whiskey, food, tools, and clothing, in that order. Parts of a sawmill came in on mule-back. Cattle were trailed in, and ranches were established to provide beef on the hoof.

Miners, going to the diggings from Portland by way of Fort Dalles, traveled along with the packers for mutual protection. Prospectors took to the hills and desert, looking for more gold. They found it.

The new strikes were in the Blue Mountains, generally on a line running to the northeast from Canyon City toward the initial gold strike at Florence, Idaho.

Each strike opened up new opportunities for Paulina. No longer was it necessary to gather a large war party, able to cope with a wagontrain of immigrants. A small band of from eight to twelve raiders could ambush a pack train, or run down a mail rider, or pick off a couple of prospectors. Paulina was in business.

Of course, he was not the only hostile Indian to run off a settler's cattle or to wipe out a small party of prospectors. But Paulina's energies were devoted to this pursuit full time.

From available accounts, it would seem that Paulina was not out to set any records. He wasn't trying to steal more of the white men's cattle than anyone else. But he had a family to support, and most of his men had families. He wasn't particularly biased against white people. He stole cattle and horses from Indians, too. Of course, he couldn't steal from his own people, the Paiutes, and Modoc and Snake members of his band kept him honest with their people. This left the Warm Springs Indians, who kept to their treaty obligations and didn't provide him or any other hostile with recruits.

Every time he stole some of their horses they would chase him to the boundary of their reservation. Then, furious that he had escaped again, some of their young men would go to the nearest Army post and volunteer. They served as guides with Army detachments that scoured the high country of eastern Oregon every summer, looking for Chief Paulina and other renegades.

The life that Paulina and his band adopted, starting in 1862, demanded movement. They couldn't rest long, or the cavalry would catch up with them. They had to be the best of horsemen. They had to keep to the high country as they traveled, to scout for victims, and to watch for the military on their trail. Their favorite hide-out was in the beautiful Paulina Mountains where the wives of Paulina and his men waited for their return.

A lookout station has now been built atop Paulina Peak, twenty-five miles south of Bend, Oregon, so today's tourists can enjoy the magnificent view. On a clear day—and most days there are clear—you can see the awe-inspiring sweep of the Cascades to the west. Looking down to the broken country nearer the peak, the difficult trails over and around the lava fields can be traced. Viewing the panorama of lava flows with their sheltering caves, the timber, the lakes and streams, the peaceful camping spots, it is easy to understand the attraction that the lovely Paulina Mountains held.

In bad weather the lava caves offered snug shelter. In summer the band often camped in a grassy cove beside the murmuring Paulina Creek, not far from Paulina Falls. They caught all the fish they wanted in Lake Paulina, just as modern fishermen invariably do.

From high points on the eastern foothills of the Paulina Mountains, the raiders watched the grey desert to the east for Army detachments, pack trains and prospectors. When they could leave unseen, the raiders rode out.

The going was very rough at first. Lava blocks were everywhere—beside the trail, even in the trail. The horses' feet became tender unless rawhide "boots" were tied on. The vertical edges of the lava blocks were rough and sharp, and could peel a horse's leg, or tear a late prospector's pants off a raider's leg. When the Indians were clear of the lava beds, they rode over the juniper and sage-covered hills to find another pair of pants.

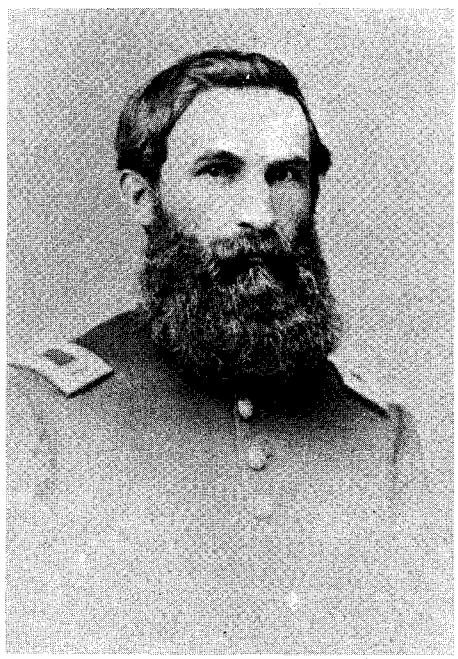
There was a wide choice of hunting grounds. They could ride north into the deep valleys of the Deschutes, or north-

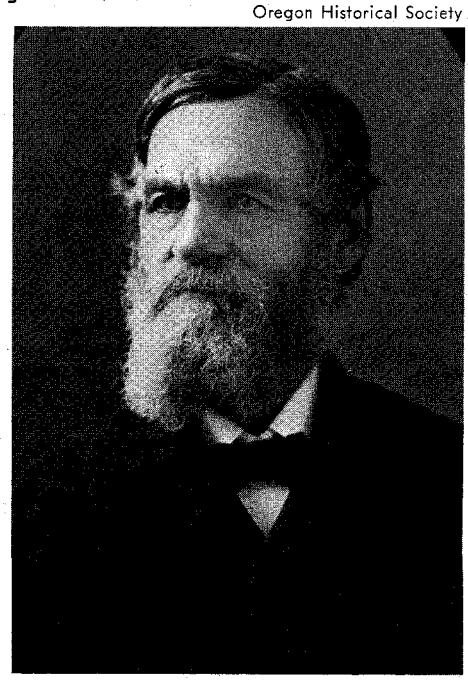
Oregon Historical Society

The date of this early shot of Canyon City, Oregon, is not known, but in the era of Paulina, it was the largest town in the state.

Left: Lt. John McCall, whose command was ambushed along the Crooked River. Right: Capt. John M. Drake, McCall's superior officer in the campaign, did not engage the renegades.

Oregon Historical Society





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east across the Crooked River Valley and into the ponderosa-covered Blue Mountains beyond. There were prospectors in the mountains, and beyond them, in the John Day country. They could ride east into the high grey desert to find prospectors, or a pack train, or a trailing herd of cattle.

With the cattle were usually large remudas. Trailing cattle were too thin and tough for any use, but fresh stolen horses meant extra mobility. As a practical matter, it was impossible to take enough spare horses along to give the raiders all the speed and range they wanted. Besides, the stolen horse was the greatest joy to ride.

IN MAY, 1864, Paulina and his band left their winter quarters in the Paulina Mountains. Emerging from the rough lava fields, they rode to the Crooked River country and into a trap. A unit of the First Volunteer Cavalry, commanded by Captain John M. Drake, cut the Indians' trail. Captain Drake had taken his unit of Oregon Volunteers south from Fort Dalles. He divided his troopers into two groups, and scoured both sides of the deep and rugged Deschutes River Valley until he reached Crooked River. Then, turning east, he took his troopers up the grassy Crooked River Valley.

Captain Drake commanded the troopers on the south side of the valley. They rode along the desert rimrock, scouted the edge of the desert to their right, and searched the valley of the Crooked River from the rimrock as they went. Lieutenant John McCall, in command of the other wing, searched the north side of the river. Warm Springs Indian scouts ranged ahead and along the flanks of both units.

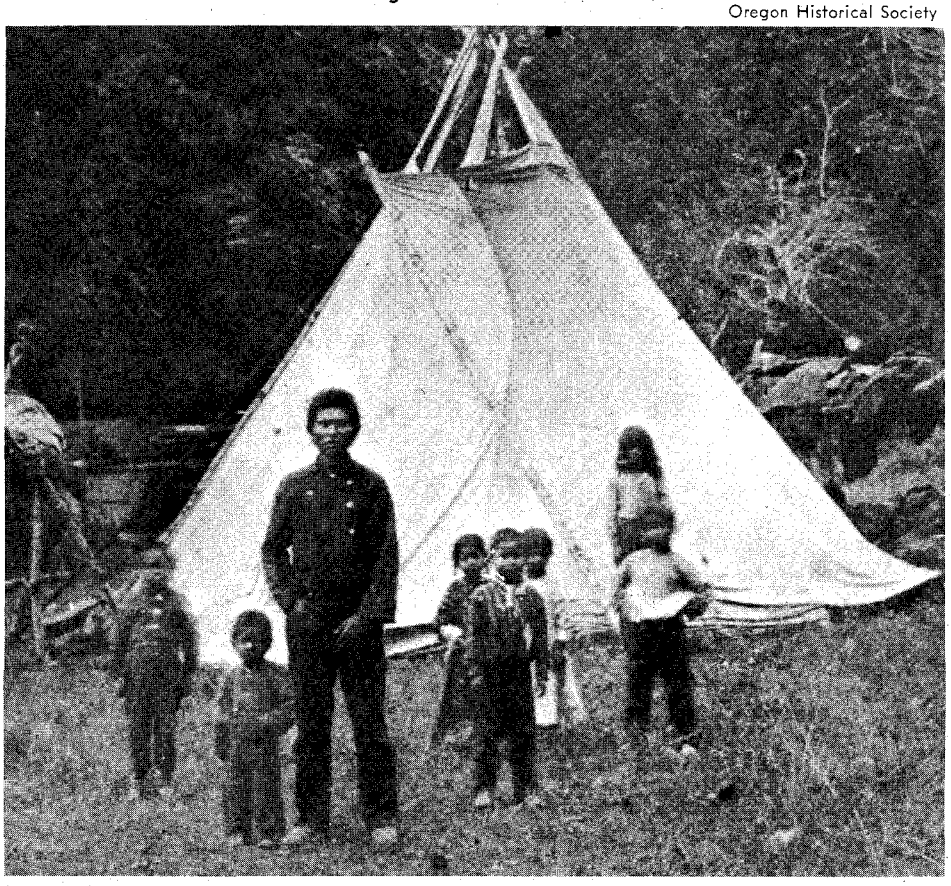
Paulina forded Crooked River ahead of Captain Drake's searching scouts. He rode out of the new spring grass on the valley floor, up through the thickening juniper, into the dark ponderosa forest, and into deep snow on the forest floor. The snow was melting, and it was impassable. Paulina turned his men back toward the valley—and caught sight of the Warm Springs scout who had been dogging their trail.

The raider band filed slowly down through the forest, while Paulina dismounted and climbed a rock outcropping. Far to the southwest, on the valley floor, he made out Lieutenant McCall's troopers, making camp at the forks of the river. The thin smoke from their campfire was rising in puffs. They must be signaling, he thought, and if that was so, he was in serious trouble. He had deep snow behind him, to the north. Escape to the east or west would be across steep, rough canyons that came down from the mountain barrier to the north. If he tried to escape across such hard traveling country, the soldiers could easily pace him along the valley floor. They could close for a knockout fight wherever they chose, which would probably be when the people they were signaling had joined up. The lurking scouts would be impossible to shake off. Trying to break out into the open, across the river and into the desert, would involve him in a running fight which, if he won, would result in his being hunted down by the fresh troopers who were reading the signal smoke.

Paulina's best bet was somehow to exchange places with the soldiers before their friends came up. The problem was to induce the soldiers to attack before their reinforcements arrived.

Fathers of this group of peaceful Warm Springs Indians joined the Army as scouts to take revenge on Paulina's marauders.

Oregon Historical Society



Courtesy Tom Stephens

Ruins of the Clark Ranch, now known as Burnt Ranch, are shown in the rugged John Day Country of north-central Oregon. The area has been inundated since this photo was taken about 1907.

PAULINA scrambled down from the rock. He mounted and galloped after his file of raiders. Catching up, he led them to a carefully chosen camping ground at the edge of the ponderosa, in a glade between the creek and a small, brushy knoll. The horses were turned out to graze. Two men built up a large fire to help the late afternoon sun warm them after their chilling ride in the snow. Except for two scouts who faded into the juniper to watch the soldiers' camp, the others were busy about the camp. They organized a rabbit hunt, and with yelling excitement and horseplay, ran down and clubbed several rabbits for their supper. Cooking and gathering more driftwood for the fire were boisterous projects, and their supper was a feast. They celebrated the deepening darkness with a noisy war dance, and their whoops could be heard for miles in the still night air.

The playful running about had forced the Warm Springs scouts to keep their distance. The scouts saw the horses being moved upstream at dusk, past the camp and out of sight. They did not know the horses were then moved across the creek into the trees, and led quietly up a game trail to a grassy glade on the other side of the ridge.

Paulina's raiders settled down for the night on pine needle beds around the fire. Occasionally a driftwood branch popped in the dying fire, and the sudden quiet seemed to emphasize the normal night noises.

A change in the coyote chorus at midnight told Paulina that the soldiers had mounted up and were on the way. Later, the owls, by their silence to the south told him of the approaching horsemen. Through the spreading hush of wild things, Paulina traced the approach of the soldiers. He knew it when they dismounted, and when they moved out to take their positions for the coming attack.

Dawn was breaking when the soldiers reached their positions. The watchful Paulina saw the soldiers stand up, one by one. They were in a rough semicircle about the camp, 200 yards away. He could see a dozen white soldiers in the uncertain light, and as many Warm Springs scouts. On a signal, they started walking toward the dead campfire.

The soldiers walked stiffly and clumsi-

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ly after having spent an uncomfortable night. Their compelling need to be quiet had prevented them from stamping about to warm themselves. They came on, stumbling a little, and Paulina, lying still, watched them come.

When they were well out in the open, and were only about 100 yards away, Paulina yelled. The raiders threw off their blankets and leaped from their pine-needle beds into the cover of the brushy rock knoll, whooping defiance.

The advancing soldiers halted in astonishment for a moment, then came on at a run—right into a deadly volley of rifle fire which killed Lieutenant Stephen Watson and two other soldiers, and several of the Warm Springs scouts. Five soldiers and several more scouts were wounded. Two of the raiders were armed with captured Henry rifles, capable of firing fifteen shots without reloading.

Lieutenant McCall, appalled at the havoc, ordered his bugler to sound the retreat. His shattered survivors scrambled back to cover, taking their wounded back with them. From their cover, the soldiers retreated down stream to a better defensive position, and forted up.

When they were out of sight, Paulina's victorious Indians broke from their cover, whooping joyously among the slain soldiers and scouts. Their animosity toward their Warm Springs enemies was unleashed, and they mutilated the bodies savagely.

AFTER this wild capering had channeled off their battle frenzy, the raiders quieted. Weapons of the dead, and those left behind by the badly wounded, were retrieved. Most of them already were armed with better rifles than they found, but took the captured weapons to use for trade later.

They followed the trail across the ridge to their waiting horses, mounted up, and rode in a quiet file down a small canyon toward the river valley.

As soon as they were out of the steep canyon, Paulina stopped and waited for scouts to go out ahead and to each side. One of them sighted Captain Drake's hurrying column, and the raiders waited until Drake was well past before crossing his trail behind him.

By the time Drake had joined McCall's shattered command and had pushed forward to Paulina's abandoned rock fort, the raiders were well on their way to the west down the green Crooked River Valley. Captain Drake's saddened command followed, but more slowly, escorting the body of the popular Lieutenant Watson.

Paulina and his men rode down the Crooked River almost to its junction with the Deschutes, then cut across the rough hills toward the John Day country. Despite his victory, Paulina was chastened. He kept to rough country which offered plenty of cover, and he was careful to avoid places with only one fast way out.

Between the Deschutes and the John Day watersheds the Indians found wheel tracks—wheel tracks, in country so rough that wagons were unthinkable! There was only one set of tracks along this "road" which was no more than a trail for pack horses. The wheel tracks were fresh, and they were headed toward Canyon City from the direction of Fort Dalles.

Curious, the Indians caught up with the vehicle which had left the wheel tracks. It was a new stagecoach. From high ground, the unseen raiders watched. Three pairs of powerful horses pulled the stage. The driver managed the horses from the high seat in front. A Wells Fargo agent rode "gun" on the high seat on the rear. The ten male passengers rode inside the stage only while they were "resting." Whenever the stage came up to an impassable barrier, the horses stopped, and the passengers piled out to break the spine-jolting ride by moving some boulders. They were armed with crowbars and pickaxes to deal with rocks in the road, and with enough firearms to deal with any other trouble.

Paulina followed the stage until mid-afternoon, but did not attack. These men were too strong. Crossing the John Day River, he encountered a small party of prospectors. The loot from their camp was wealth enough to justify a temporary vacation, and the suddenly increased attention they were getting from the cavalry made a vacation advisable.

Paulina's men spent part of the summer visiting the Indian fishing camps along the Columbia River, then returned to their camp in the Paulina Mountains for a reunion with their wives.

In August, the squaws scattered to join relatives engaged in berry picking. Paulina and a half-dozen followers left the mountain haven for another look at the traffic on the road from Fort Dalles to Canyon City. He scouted several pack trains carefully.

The horses and mules—hundreds of them—were a constant temptation to him, and the cargoes they carried were an added attraction. Normally there were from two to five packers in a train, each packer tending between thirty and forty horses or mules. The packers were aware of their danger, however, and gave free passage to miners who would go along and help fight off any attackers. These trains weren't easy to take.

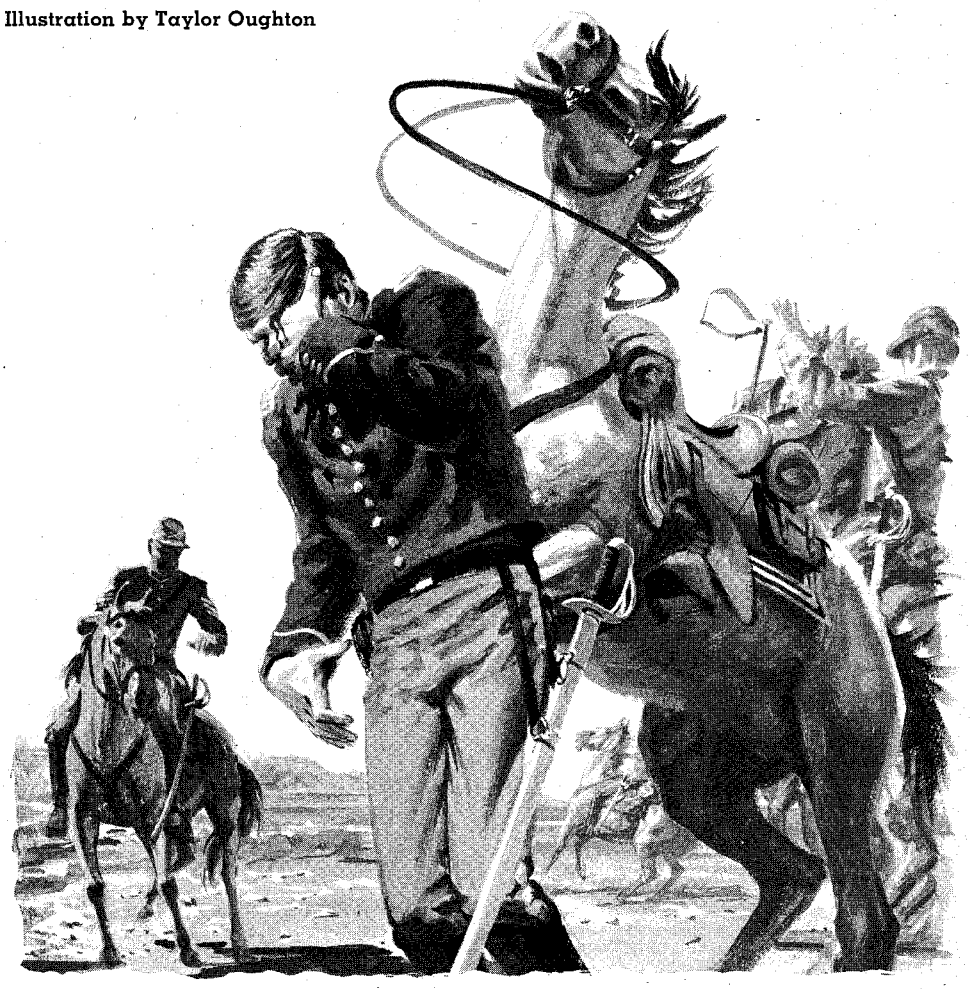
Cavalry units, sweeping the rugged hills for hostiles, were another nuisance to Paulina. They made special sweeps on the ponderosa-covered hills overlooking the road, and Paulina's raiders had to move fast, a time or two, to save themselves.

WHEN he was about to give up on this part of the country, some ranches were established along the road. Their owners depended upon the traffic to give them protection from Indian attack, and to provide some cash from the travelers' need for food, lodging, and feed for their horses. The ranchers needed this income while they built up their cattle herds on the surrounding hills.

Here were fat, juicy cattle to be stolen. They were fat and juicy (in the summer and fall) because they were not being driven anywhere, but were grazing on the hills, undisturbed, and they were very easy to steal for the same reason.

In the fenced pastures near the ranch buildings, and in the corrals, were replacement horses for the new stage line. Howard Maupin's ranch on Antelope Creek took Paulina's eye. The stage made overnight stops two nights a week, and on those nights the ranch was aswarm with armed men. Packers

Illustration by Taylor Oughton



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Watkins Photo—Oregon Historical Society

The Dalles, on the Columbia River, served as the northern entrance to the Oregon goldfields; Fort Dalles, established in 1850, is on hill in background.

stopped there occasionally, because of the good grass in the fenced meadows. But there were nights when the only men on the ranch were Maupin and his two teen-age sons.

On a fine September afternoon Paulina watched the rancher and his boys ride into the hills to check the cattle. The next day the raiders started a half dozen steers and yearlings toward the Deschutes River country, confident that Maupin would not soon miss them. This was the easiest kind of thievery they had found yet.

The raiders drifted the stolen cattle along for three days, keeping a very close watch on their surroundings and their back trail. It was easy to steal cattle, but they had to be moved very slowly to keep them in flesh, and that made the raiders vulnerable. Leaving the stolen cattle on a small grassy flat above a creek where they could be picked up later, the raiders rode back over the high hills to Maupin's ranch.

On a hillside overlooking the ranch buildings, behind a clump of grey sage, Paulina watched the ranch and the road. No travelers were in sight. Maupin and his sons were building a shed, laying up walls with rocks they had cleared from a hay meadow. Paulina watched as the afternoon wore on, and the men stopped work on the shed to do their evening chores. The chores which Paulina watched most intently were related to the horses.

The boys dropped the bars from a panel of the horse corral, and catching two horses in a smaller corral, rode out into a fenced pasture to bring back the twenty horses grazing there. The horses were feeling playful, trotting in every direction except toward the corral gate, with heads up and tails streaming. They made several breaks to get past the boys, but the boys were too quick.

When the boys chased them into the corral, the horses milled about, raising a cloud of dust in the late afternoon light, then by ones and twos they rolled luxuriously in the deep dust. Rising, they shook themselves, and with calm dignity accepted the grain bags. Paulina watched with pleasure. The wind was blowing toward him, and the sounds of running horses and the rich mixture of smells from the corrals came to him with startling clarity.

As night fell, and the activities at the ranch slowed and stopped, the raiders' activity increased. Starting with the fence that was farthest from the ranch house, they took down fence rails at the corners of the small pastures to clear an escape route. Two men crept toward the ranch buildings, reaching the corrals by ten o'clock. Their job was to get the horses accustomed to the scent and muted sounds of Indians, and to keep an eye on the house. The raiders stealthily worked their way toward the corrals, taking a panel of rails from the fence at the corner of each of the small pastures they crossed. They had plenty of time.

By two o'clock the last of the rails had been silently removed and laid aside, and the horses from both corrals started a quiet drift away from the ranch. None of their small noises carried to the sleeping Maupin family in the ranch house. It took Paulina's men over an hour to work the stolen horses across the first small pasture, but in the pasture beyond, the horse holders joined them with their own riding horses. Drifting on faster now, they passed the foot of a rising ridge, a mile from the house. With the hill between them and the house, the Indians mounted up and pushed the stolen horses up the draw. The sky to the east was showing the first pale streak of the coming dawn.

Maupin awoke early with a sense that something was wrong. Something was. The dawn breeze, wafting across the corrals toward the stone and log house, carried no fresh horse smell, only the smell of stale manure. Maupin burst from the house to confirm that all twenty-two horses were gone. Gaps in the fence corners and moccasin tracks in the deep corral dust told him why.

Although the rancher spent the entire day on the peak of the highest nearby hill with his large brass telescope, he failed to catch sight of the fleeing raiders and his horses. On the following day, Maupin set out in pursuit, accompanied by a party of packers, and riding a borrowed horse. He followed the winding trail left by his stolen horses, but he didn't get close.

A MONTH LATER, when Paulina appeared at a Modoc village to the west of Fort Klamath, the herd of stolen horses had swollen to a very satisfactory size. There were horses stolen from the Warm Springs Indian Reservation, from two parties of prospectors who were now afoot, and from a pack train whose horses had been stampeded during a thunderstorm. And nobody was hurt. During this sweep, the raiders had made a game of stealing the most horses they could without having to fight.

Paulina's band made a spectacular entry in the Modoc village. Stripped to breechclouts, and splendidly painted, they strung the captured horses out into a long column, and headed them at a gallop down the hill and straight through the village, whooping and kicking up a dust cloud which made the cheering Modocs choke and gasp. Then, of course, there was a celebration. The Modocs were generous hosts, and were avid listeners to stories of daring thefts and fierce battles and narrow escapes.

Two of Paulina's raiders were attracted to unattached village girls. They settled happily into the village life.

(Continued on page 36)

Fort Klamath was on the route taken by California miners to the new strikes in Idaho and Oregon. It was here that Paulina sat for a photographer.

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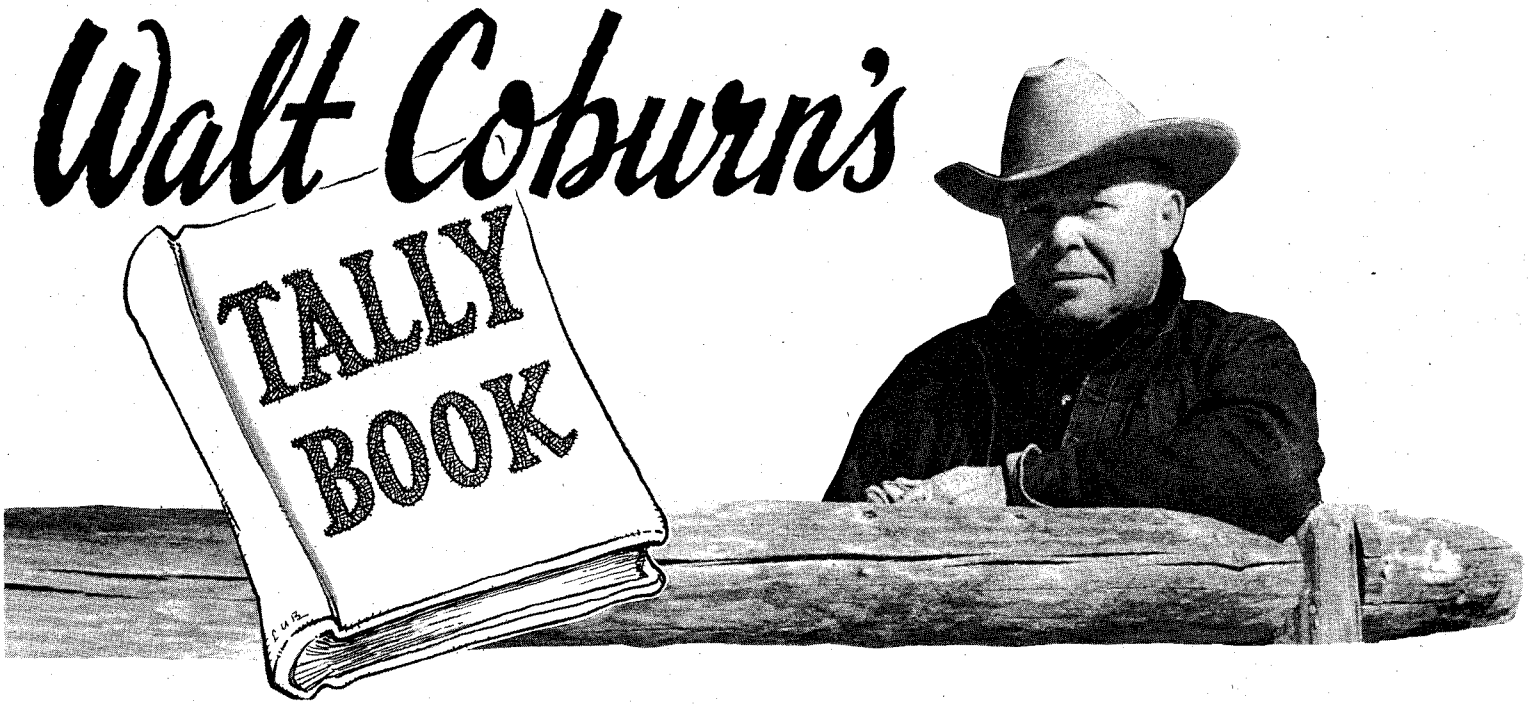
Walt Coburn's TALLY BOOK



AS FAR BACK as I can remember, my brother Wallace was the greatest man alive. And I have never had reason to change my kid's dream of hero worship. I could write a book about my brother Wallace. I'll try to highlight it in this brief sketch.

It wasn't only that he gave me my first cow pony, Snowflake, or my first .22 rifle, or my first set of boxing gloves. Or whenever he showed up at the big house in Great Falls he always had a sackful of marbles, all of them agates and flints and petrified wood. He would get on his knees on the hall rug and play marbles with me by the hour instead of going into the smoking room where my father and my older brothers, Will and Bob, sat talking cattle. It wasn't all the things he gave me that counted. It was the part of his heart that went with them.

He would give me a handful of silver dollars and half dollars. I would throw them as high as I could and he would spin the coins in the air with a .22 bullet. I had a cigar box full of them, down to the size of a dime, in my collection of bullet-dented coins.

When he gave me my first .22 rifle he took me out every day for a week or so and taught me how to use it. Not just how to aim and shoot, but how to take the gun apart and clean it.

"Never put a dirty gun back in the gunrack," he would say. And the gunrack in Wallace's ranch house had everything from a Derringer pistol that could be palmed in a kid's hand, up to an elephant gun, the exact replica of the .405 Winchester which Teddy Roosevelt used big-game hunting in Africa. He taught me how to use a gun on a hunting trip, to see that the gun was empty before I laid it down at camp. How to hold a gun to go through a barb-wire fence. For many years Wallace Coburn was the crack-shot of Montana with any kind of rifle, shotgun or six-shooter. He hung up a record for grizzly bear and bighorn sheep that had not been equaled when the Circle C was sold out in Montana.

He could have been middleweight champion of the world if the Circle C outfit had let him devote his time to boxing. There was dynamite in either glove and he had a fighting heart. He was one of the best all-around athletes I ever saw. And I've seen a lot.

He wrote a book of cowboy poems, and his side-pardner, Charlie Russell, illustrated the book. Wallace went to New York when the book was being published. They thought back at the ranch he would never come home. He was a cowboy in town and he painted New York red. He spent more the first week than the book of poems ever made, and he went through the big bunch of 4T cattle he had. (The Circle C took over the 4T brand that once belonged to Kid Curry, the outlaw killer of The Wild Bunch.) Money had no value for my brother Wallace. It was something to buy drinks with or whatever he fancied in the way of a pair of boots or another gun. Mostly he gave it away to anybody who asked him for a loan. He never turned any man down in his life. He would take the shirt off his back to give to a stranger. Charlie Russell once said of him, "Wallace was introduced out of a million dollars."

AS SOON AS I learned to ride, Wallace took me with him to the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation. He was the only white chief of the Assiniboines. Not one of those honorary chiefs. He was the real McCoy. I was shy and timid at first when the old men shook hands with me, but never scared. I was as shy as the Injun kids my age, who would look around the corners of the log cabins and tepees or from behind the brush at me. They were all naked and I felt out of place in my clothes until I shed them and went swimming. The Injun kids stared at my white hide and jabbered. It wasn't long till I got it muddied up. All the while, Wallace would sit and smoke and talk with the old men. He taught me enough of the language to get along, and from there on I picked it up from the Injun kids.

Wallace was their friend. They gave him presents and he gave them beef and flour and grub and tobacco. They would come down and camp in his yard at the ranch and put up a skin tepee near the huge pile of buffalo skulls. No Indian ever went hungry while Wallace had a key to the big log storehouse.

At one time Wallace Coburn had one of the biggest authentic Indian collections in the country. I learned the ways of the Indian from him and I never forgot what he taught me of their legends and their beliefs. I like to remember the times when old Black Dog, Iron Horn, Watch His Walking, Old Thunder, and Eyes in the Water would come down with their squaws and kids and sit around while Wallace played the Victrola with the big blue morning-glory horn. They would sit silent, hardly moving for hours at a time.

"You'll never make a cowman," my gray-bearded father would say to me in his stern way, "hanging around Wallace. Pattern after Bob and Will if you ever hope to learn the cow business."

I wanted to be a cowboy. That was the life cut out in a rawhide pattern for me when I was born. I tried my best. I woke the cook and wrangled the horse pasture and got them corraled at daybreak. I learned every brand and earmark by the time I knew my ABC's. I drew my forty a month wages and it was supposed to last me through the winter at school in Great Falls. But following my older brothers, Bob and Will, was all hard work and long hours in the saddle. I liked it all, but there was no fun in it.

It was always nearing the first of September when Wallace got his camp outfit ready to go down into the badlands along the Missouri River for his first hunt of the season. He would load his bed and grub in the buckboard or spring wagon and tie his saddled horse alongside. The team he drove was always r'aring to go and would run away at the drop of the hat.

"You'd better ride along, Walt," he'd say to me, "to open that far gate. I don't dare get out of the rig. Sapphire and Tommy would like to scatter this outfit all over the prairie."

So I would go along to open the gate, knowing all the time, hoping in my kid heart, that he would want me to go along. And, sure enough, it always happened. He never let me down. And all the time I was scared of what my father would say when I got back.

"As long as you got this far," Wallace would say, "you might as well come along. You don't need to be scared of what Father or Bob or Will will say. I'll handle them. I got your gun in the pack."

We would be gone two or three weeks. Once it was a month. School started the

(Continued on page 56)

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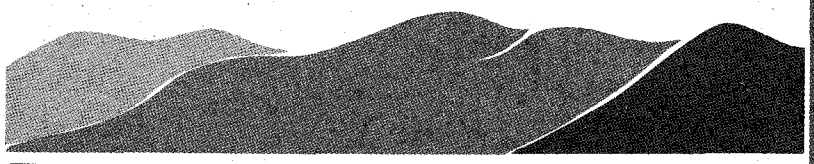
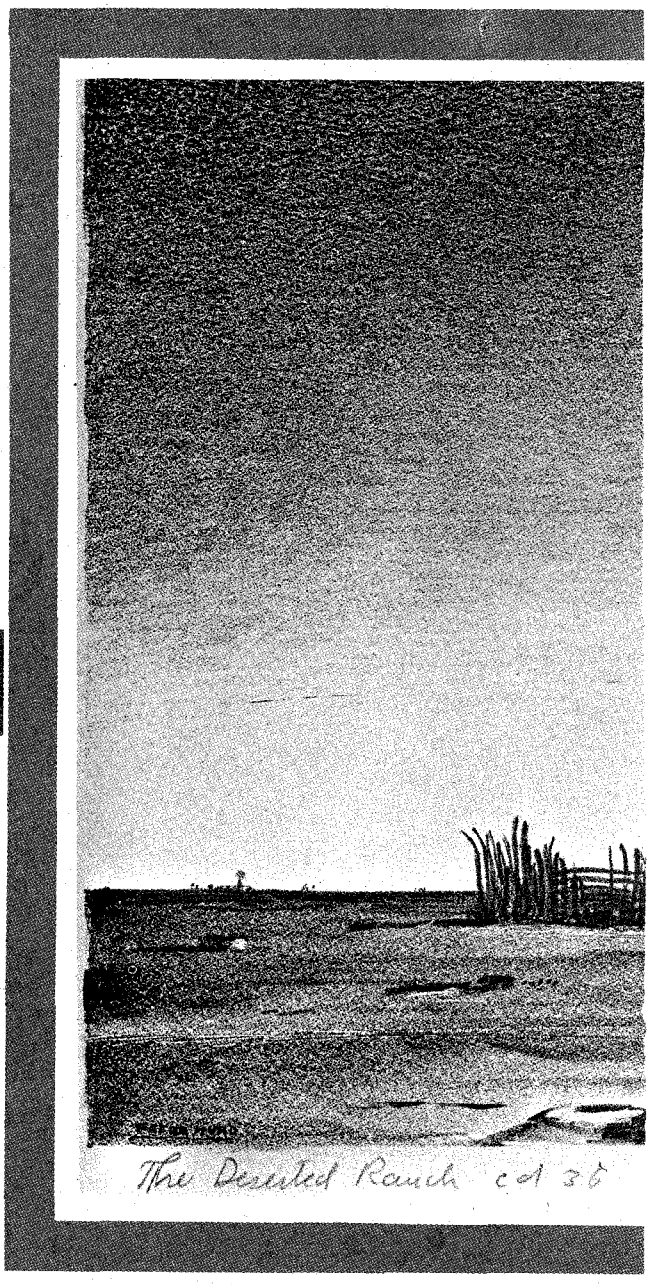
A VISIT WITH Peter Hurd

By FRED GIPSON

Photo and Lithographs Courtesy Peter Hurd



Two Westerners pause in a busy schedule to pass the time of day . . .



The derelict character of an abandoned ranch site was inspiration for this dramatic lithograph executed by Hurd during the 30s.

RECENTLY I paid a visit to Peter Hurd, the artist President Johnson commissioned last fall to do his portrait for the White House. I visited Hurd at his Sentinel Ranch near San Patricio, New Mexico.

San Patricio is a little canyon village, strung out along the clear-flowing Rio Ruidoso, some fifty miles west of Roswell. It is squeezed in on two sides by great dun-colored desert mountains. Its inhabitants are principally Latin-Americans whose forefathers settled along the river about 1850. Their main crops are apples, hay, and swarms of dusky-skin, bright-eyed, beautiful children.

Headquarters for Hurd's ranch is snugged down beside an old apple orchard on the east bank of the river. It is a Spanish-style *hacienda,* built of adobe, native stone and red-tile roofing, all enclosing a rectangular patio.

I drove through the entrance, to be greeted by a couple of gaudy peafowls. They raised a louder clamor than a pack of bear hounds. Nobody paid them any mind, though, and I had to hunt around for some time before I finally located a housekeeper who thought she could find *El Señor* Hurd.

She could and did. She opened the carved wooden door which leads into his studio. Hurd stood before his easel, a long lean man with a lean face, gray eyes and scraggly graying hair. He wore the contradictory garb of high-topped cowhand boots and a paint-smeared artist's apron. He held a brush aloft while he frowned in concentration at what—once completed—would be a typical Peter Hurd landscape: a cowhand riding in off the range through the splendor of color a setting sun can strike from the underbelly of a rain cloud when it hangs above El Capitan Peak. I had just been admiring the cobalt blue of that peak as I drove up the river valley.

Hurd was expecting me, but we'd never met before. And while his greeting was as warm and hospitable as a stranger could hope for, I quickly got the feeling that he is innately as shy as I am. There, at the start, we did considerable fumbling around, trying to get acquainted. We led off by each trying to tell the other what he knew about his work—which soon revealed to me that Hurd wasn't any better acquainted with my writing than I was with his painting.

We managed to drag out some mutual friends we could talk about—the late J. Frank Dobie, General Jaimie Quinones, the late Dr. Walter Prescott Webb. When that subject played out, we just stood around for awhile, feeling awkward.

THEN, in desperation I guess, Hurd set out to explain about the landscape he was working on. It is to be one of a series of twelve, each to portray, in color and subject matter, a particular month of the year.

He went on with it for so long that my interest wandered—to the appalling clutter of things that he's evidently been collecting and piling up in his studio for years. Books on art, old magazines, old newspapers, paint pots, polo mallets, battered cowboy hats, scraps of mineralized rock, old coats, primitive pottery, a monstrous pair of Chihuahua spurs, a *serape*-covered lounge, antiquated bridle bits, swords, coffee cups, finished and unfinished paintings, bows and arrows. You name it; Hurd's got it—all hung and stacked to the ceiling and spilling out across desks and chairs and onto the paint-spattered floor.

The thought entered my mind that if something drastic isn't done to that studio pretty soon, Peter Hurd will be finished as an artist. He won't be able to get to his easel. I didn't tell him that, but I think he sensed what I was thinking, for the instant he caught me looking around, he went on the defense.

"Well, I know it looks like a pack-rat's nest," he said, "but I'll tell you one thing. I can lay my hands on anything I want in here, any time that I want to."

"Well, I'll tell *you* a thing, Peter Hurd," I said. "I've heard that one before, and I don't believe a word of it. I don't think that a well-trained hunting

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dog could locate a chunk of fresh beef in all this mess!"

Which seemed to break the ice for us; after that, we hit it off fairly well.

He took me to meet his wife, Henriette Wyeth, a little brown-eyed, fun-loving woman whose portraits and still life paintings have won her possibly as much acclaim as Hurd enjoys. I met their daughter Carol, and her artist husband, Peter Rogers, straight out of London, and their three lovely harum-scarum youngsters. Hurd explained that his two sons, Michael and Peter Wyeth, are attending Stanford University. Then he hauled me off across the river to make me acquainted with his friend and part-time secretary, John Meigs, a landscape artist whose work is somewhat of the nature of Hurd's.

I told Hurd that it looked like I'd stumbled into a regular nest of artists, but he said no. He said this was just a happen-so, that they were all professional artists and by no means an art-colony group.

With that start, the artist proceeded to lead me into a round of activities which, before my visit was over, had me pretty well worn down to a nub.

We visited his stables, where he keeps horses for the dual purpose of cow work and polo playing. We crossed an *acequia* which leads irrigation water from higher upstream, and went down into his apple orchard. We inspected the damage done there last June when the Ruidoso went on a series of rampages, scattering bridges, wire fences, livestock and apple trees from hell to breakfast. The trees were all winter bare, but I could imagine what a pretty sight they must make when in full bloom.

We drank Hurd's favorite wine, Dubonnet, in what he calls his "Orangery," a glass-roofed underground cellar, fragrant with the scent of the exotic plants he grows there.

We got in a pickup and drove for miles out into the desert, where Hurd could get a better view of El Capitan and refresh his memory of the exact color shadings he wanted for the landscape he was working on. We had dinner at The Silver Dollar, a bar and restaurant located a few miles down-river. There, Hurd knew everybody and everybody knew Hurd, and they all spoke English with a Spanish accent and Spanish with an English accent and kept switching from one language to another —Hurd right along with them—till I finally gave up and ordered another drink in self-defense.

AFTER a night's sleep, we saddled up and rode into the mountains because Hurd wanted to do some sketching. And we rode till our noses leaked clear water from the cold and my old arthritic bones creaked louder than the saddle gear between my legs.

And all the time we were talking—as only two men can talk when they're learning to enjoy each other's company and have a wide variety of mutual interests.

We got strung out on soil conservation. Hurd now owns some 2,200 acres of range land, all acquired, bit by piece, from the proceeds of his art work. As owner, he feels himself simply the land's custodian for the duration of his life. He has worked to restore the over-grazed ranges, at the same time serving on the local board of the Government's regional soil and water conservation district. He has studied the native plants and grasses until he has become an expert amateur botanist. He knows, better than many professional range scientists, the intricate relationship between soil and sun and water, and man's urgent need to

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preserve that relationship. Like me, he can't understand the white man's driving urge to plunder and destroy the land he fought so fiercely to take from the Indian who knew how to live with the land.

We talked of friends. I noticed that Hurd's cover a pretty wide range in variety and social importance. Paul Horgan, novelist and historian, is one of his best and oldest friends. Then there is the actress Helen Hayes and Ex-President Harry Truman and Tom Babers, a San Patricio cattle inspector and school-bus driver, and Duke Ellington, the Negro orchestra leader, and Daniel Lonwell, *Life Magazine* editor, and Fernando Guiterrez, a New Mexico horse trader, and Tom Lea, El Paso artist and novelist, and Carlos Miranda, better known around the local bars where he cadges drinks as "El Mocho," who lost one hand in a knife battle but whose portrait, by Hurd, graces the walls of the Art Institute of Chicago.

We talked of sports. Hurd lives beside a stream filled with trout. In the surrounding mountains are plenty of black-tailed deer. Yet he cares nothing about hunting or fishing. He never has. He doesn't like to kill. He's not foolish on the subject; he knows that every creature has to kill to live, yet he'd just rather somebody else did the killing.

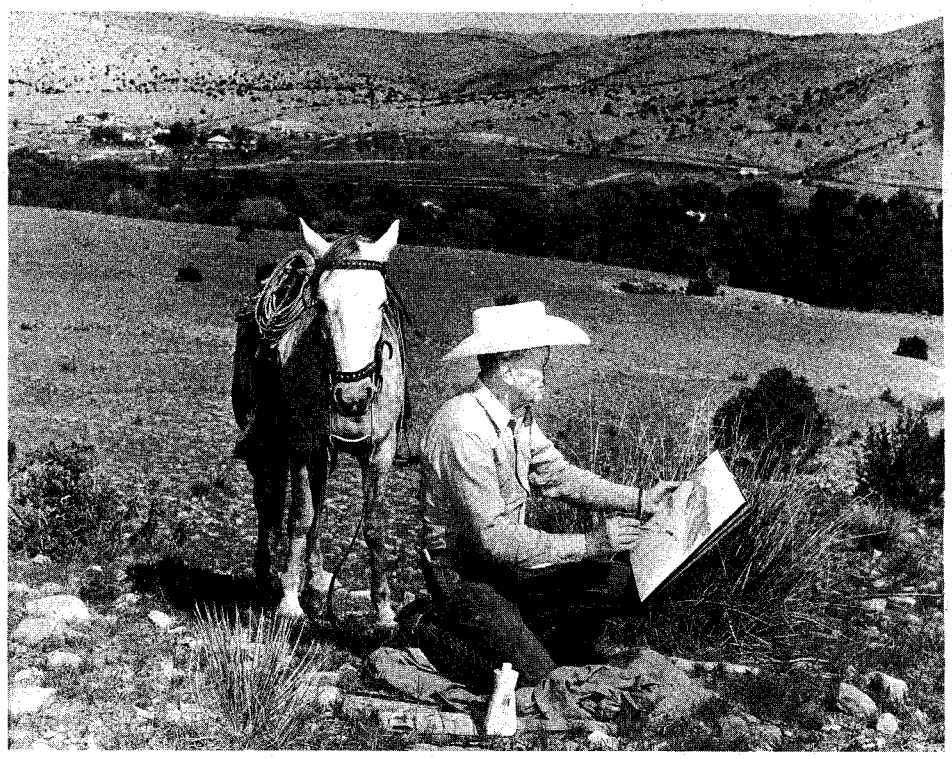
He rides a lot because he likes horses and likes to keep in physical trim; and I notice that he sits a horse like he belonged there. He'd have to, of course, to participate in the fierce games of polo that he enjoys almost every weekend. Polo is his sport and has been since he and some of his cowhand friends began experimenting with what they called "Cow-Pasture Polo" back in 1935. Today, at sixty-two, Hurd can still play a game which makes a lot of top-notch polo players sit up and take notice.

The subject of religion came up, and we worried it around some, coming to the conclusion that—judged by the standards set by the dogmatic, soul-crippling church groups we used to know in our youth—neither of us came out with any more religion than a billy-goat. Yet, when Hurd got to speaking of the "wonder" and the "mystery" of life, of the "bewildered gratefulness" with which he accepts the fact that he lives, I got the feeling that here was a man with a warm spiritual appreciation and an abiding faith in whatever Being or Creature or Force set Life in motion.

WE DISCUSSED both painting and writing and pretty well agreed that any success attained in either field is generally built on a monumental pile of failures. We thought, too, that in a society where "success" is dependent almost entirely upon how much money one makes, the writer, actor, painter, or musician pays a pretty heavy penalty for the privilege of dedicating himself to his life's work. And—finally—we concluded that maybe the price paid is worth it, considering the millions of people who go through life without ever finding an outlet for their pent-up emotions or any means of self expression. We guessed we'd been pretty lucky.

I asked about his being labeled "a regional cowboy artist" and noted a touch of irritation on his face just before he laughed and pointed out how apt the general public is at hanging labels on any and everything they don't understand.

He said he guessed his label came of his wearing the cowhand garb and his painting of cowhands in a setting that is labeled as the "West." He said he'd always admired the old-time working cowhand but that he'd never been one, never pretended to have been one, and the reason he wears cowhand clothes is because they are the clothes of his country and he's more comfortable in them, especially on horseback, and he rides a lot. And the reason he paints the cowhand so often is because the cowhand is a colorful part of his country and his country is what he loves to paint and he now makes a good living at painting what he wants to paint.



Terrain surrounding his Sentinel Ranch at San Patricio affords subject matter for many of Hurd's colorful works.

During his career as an artist, Hurd has painted a few other things besides the cowhand. He's done murals and commissioned portraits and landscapes. During World War II, he was sent to England by *Life Magazine*, to paint the life of Great Britain at war. Later, he recorded epoch-making events of America's space program for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. His work hangs in the White House, in the New York Metropolitan Museum, the Brooklyn Museum, the National Gallery of Edinburgh, the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery, and the Institute of Chicago. It seemed to me that if all of this adds up to his being a regional cowboy artist, I wouldn't particularly mind wearing the label.

We talked some about his boyhood, background and how an artist gets started at his life's work. Hurd was born and grew up at Roswell, where his father practiced law and operated a farm on the side. It was on that farm as a boy—prowling the *acequias* which brought life-giving water to the sun-parched soil, riding burros, swimming in the water tanks, climbing windmill towers to see out across the interminable desert—that Hurd came to love the vast and lonely land he was later to devote most of his life to putting on canvas.

His father was a veteran of the Spanish-American War, which is possibly why young Peter landed in the New Mexico Military Institute. There, he made top grades and became the Institute's virtuoso trumpeter, while distilling and bootlegging some of the rawest whiskey ever gagged down by a young cadet trying to prove himself a man. There, too, he began making his first sketches, mostly copying magazine-cover girls.

HURD was fast becoming a master of the "Pretty Girl" cult when he received an appointment to West Point. There, he continued to dabble with art work, switching to landscapes in water color. And it was there, after a couple of years, that the conviction grew upon him that he was not for the military, that what he really wanted was to become an artist.

It was a rough decision to make, but he made it. He resigned from West Point, studied for awhile at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, then later managed to study as a private pupil under the guidance of the renowned N. C. Wyeth at Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania.

He spent some twelve years with Wyeth, long enough to be greatly influenced by the great Wyeth's work, long enough to marry the artist's eldest daughter, and long enough to grow homesick for his native land.

So, eventually, he returned to New Mexico and, from then on, pretty well followed the same long lonely road which most artists have to follow, selling a landscape here, doing a commissioned portrait there, struggling for financial existence in a society which has no time and little patience with those who refuse to conform.

It was a slow, uphill climb, with some art critics praising his landscapes, and virtually all other critics ignoring him until his work began to hang in so many

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Strong characterization and a vivid treatment of contrasts mark this lithograph, typical of Hurd's artistry.

art galleries that they were forced to recognize it. They definitely recognized it last year at an exhibition held in San Francisco. In fact, the critics jumped all over him. They found his work "monotonous," "lacking in emotional penetration," whatever that means, and "little better than the work of a handy illustrator."

To a man like Hurd, already sitting tall in the saddle, this was about like a March wind blowing dust into the eyes of a horsebacker on his way to town. It is sort of irritating, but it won't throw the rider off his course.

Hurd knows his course. He knows what he wants to paint. He likes to paint portraits of his own choice—children and interesting characters with good faces—and landscapes. Above all, it is landscapes. And landscapes of his own country where, in the rarified mountain air, the light is constantly changing and the challenge to capture and hold on canvas a certain instant shading of beauty is a pursuit which never ceases to fascinate him. Wherever he goes, he's studying that light, sometimes painting from his pickup, sometimes at his easel, sometimes packing his paints and brushes in his saddlebags when he rides into the mountains.

He uses what might be called the "representational" approach, not photographic, yet so realistic that I, who also grew up in a land where there is never enough water, can look at his painting of a windmill and hear the damn thing screeching for grease.

Considering his work and remembering some of the so-called "modern art" that I have seen hanging here and there, I kept poking and probing at Hurd, trying to get him to commit himself on such things as abstracts, surrealistic art, the work of the *avant-garde* groups, and what place, if any, regional painting has in art today.

He hedged for awhile, then handed me what I consider a full-blown masterpiece of evasion. It went something like this:

"IN AN AGE of anarchy in painting, I have been neither antagonist nor protagonist of any school. One reason is that I am far too busy (as well as indifferent) to bother with the learned discussions and arguments that fill the art journals. I gave up trying to read these when the feeling kept recurring that I had heard the same puerile nonsense long ago, only the artist cant had changed a little since my art student days thirty years ago. There is now a flourishing new school of double talk.

"I believe that there are as many ways to make a painting as there are gifted painters, that it is just as rare and difficult to produce a first-rate work in the non-objective as in the representational style—perhaps more so, since I have never tried the former one. Reality, for a painter, as for a poet, is always a matter of inner vision of his own universe. A painting should be an intimate poem; one that invites repeated contemplation—above all, it should be a prolonged echo of human existence."

The best I could sum that up, what Hurd meant is that if an artist wants to stand ten feet off and sling paint from his brush onto a hanging cotton-picking sack and call the result "art," he has every right to. It's his work. Likewise, I guess, if anybody wants to buy that painting, it's his own money that he's spending.

We finally got around to Hurd's invitation to do a portrait of President Johnson. I wanted to know how this came about and what was Hurd's reaction.

He grinned and said that he did just about everything he could think of to keep from taking on that job. That, of course, was before he knew that it was the President who wanted him to do it.

It all started when Hurd received a letter from Lloyd Goodrich, director of the Whitney Museum of Art in New York. Goodrich asked him to send in a number of what might be called sample portraits. He assured Hurd that there was "a very important man" interested in commissioning him to do a portrait.

Hurd didn't bother to answer the letter. He didn't want to paint a portrait; he'd done too many in the years when he needed money. Now, he didn't particularly need money, and the only portraits he wanted to do were the ones he *chose* to do.

One that he'd chosen to do was that of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth of Washington, D. C., daughter of the late President Theodore Roosevelt. He was in Washington, some time later, finishing up Mrs. Longworth's portrait when he received a telephone call. It was Goodrich again, pressing harder for Hurd to take on the portrait of the "important man" he'd mentioned before. When Hurd continued to back off, Goodrich finally broke down and confessed that it was the President.

To many artists, such an offer would have been the ultimate. To Hurd, it was enough to make him groan. It wasn't that he didn't feel honored. He did. It wasn't that he didn't want to do the President's portrait. He did. For Johnson had a good face to work on. And the President and his wife had been very kind and gracious to Hurd in the past. But the artist had done a *Time* magazine cover of the President the fall before and knew what he was up against. How can you possibly catch in repose the likeness of a man so energetic and volatile that he is never in repose? You can't keep him still long enough.

Hurd went to the White House. He spent several days trying to catch in hurried sketches the ever-changing moods and reactions of a man constantly required to make decisions of world-wide importance in less time than most of us need to choose which hat we'll buy. Then, the artist retired to his New Mexico ranch and began, working partly from his sketches, mostly from photographs.

I viewed the result one evening in Hurd's living room. It is the large portrait that the President asked Hurd to repaint on a smaller scale, since the White House is already over-crowded with large canvases of past Presidents.

Is it good? Is it a likeness of our President? Is it a work of art? All I can say is that I wish I had the money to buy the first one and hang it in my home here on the bank of the Llano River.

For I saw in it the same beauty and integrity and universal appeal that, to me, characterizes all of Hurd's painting—the very same qualities, I would guess, that attracted President Johnson to his work in the first place. Hurd estimated that he'd have the second portrait completed within the next two or three months.

I spent a couple of days with Peter Hurd. I came to appreciate him as a great artist, a wonderful host, a highly educated and articulate man, with the warm spirit and superior knowledge of one who has never allowed his curiosity to wither.

At the same time, I came away, still clinging to one very strong conviction about him: I don't think he, or anybody else, can find one damn thing in that cluttered studio of his.

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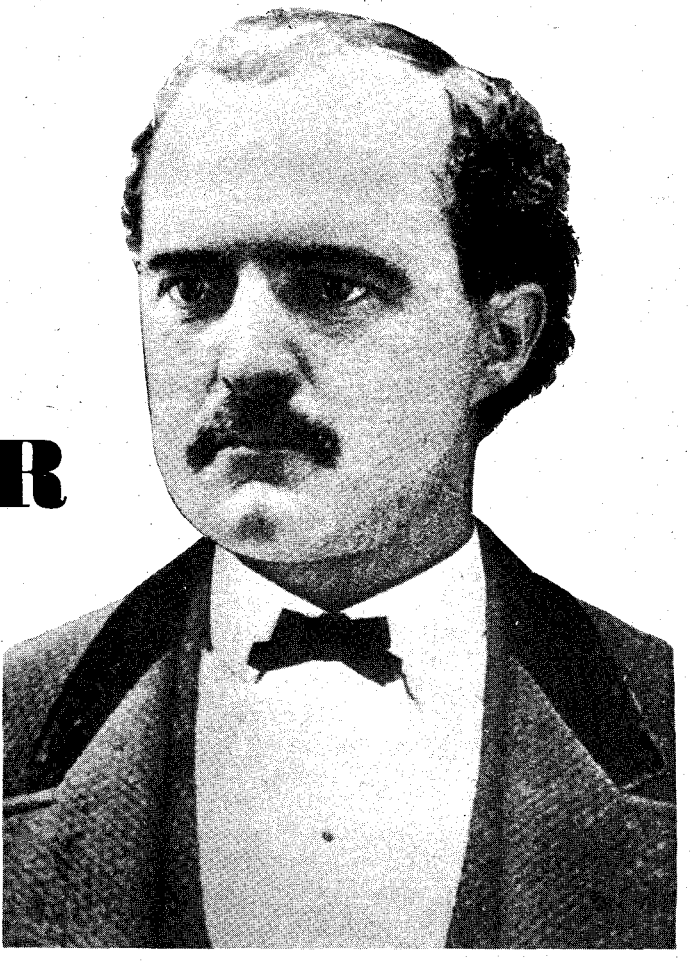
The man who was rejected for service in the Civil War because he was "too small to carry and handle a gun" became

AMERICA'S MIGHTIEST WILDFOWLER

By RAYMOND W. THORP

Photos Courtesy Author



Fred Kimble in 1881, at the time he invented the clay pigeon and the mechanical trap to throw it

Author's note: I had met him once, nineteen years before, at Kansas City, and now I sat before him again. The date was the 16th of December, 1938, and we were in his apartment on West Seventh Street, Los Angeles. He was in his favorite rocking chair by a window that looked out upon Westlake Park (now MacArthur) and at the ducks swimming in the clear water. There was an affinity between him and those ducks—all ducks. With his pudgy hands in his lap he was talking of days gone by—great days he had known. When he was six years old those hands had proclaimed him a child prodigy on the violin at the old San Francisco Opera House. Later, at age eighteen (1864) his parents had shaken the dust of California from their feet and traveled East when others were headed West—all for his benefit; he must be where the audiences could appreciate him. But once there those same hands had turned to something entirely different, an avocation that would make him beloved of all sportsmen. Now he was ninety-two, and I must hurry, for at ninety-four he would be dead. He was Fred Kimble, a Champion of Champions.

HE SAID, "Thorp, how did that story ever come out? I never saw it." This was chiding on his part for my not sending him a copy of a Sunday supplement piece I had done on him in 1918 and published the following year.

"Now, Mr. Kimble—," I said, but he laughed.

"Never mind," he told me, looking at his helper and bodyguard, a young fellow named Downs. "I know how it is—too busy. But now that you want another story, how do I know that I will get a copy? When we get old, you know, we're more sticky about details. And quit calling me Mr. Kimble!"

"I promise you one, Fred," I told him, "as soon as I get it."

"Twenty years is a long time," said the old man, looking at me through his spectacles. "I can hardly trust my memory any more, but Downs has got out everything you'll need." He pointed to a pile of typewritten stuff on a table nearby. "When it is lying here I don't even have to look at it, but if it is not, I'm lost."

Newton Berlin, the photographer with me, set up his camera to photograph some of Kimble's artistic work that adorned the walls.

"We went against the advice of Horace Greeley," Kimble continued, "and finally settled at Peoria, Illinois, to be near Chicago where my parents sought to aggrandize me. But I had already decided that my life would not be spent on a stage, but in the wilds. The country around Peoria was a hunter's paradise. All the big wildfowl flyways seemed to be in a 500-mile square, and Cairo was the center with Memphis at the southern end.

"Now here's one for men to laugh over. There wasn't much of the war left to fight, but nevertheless I was called up for the army. Being only five feet, six inches in height, the recruiters decided that I was too small to carry and handle a gun!

"Reese Knapp, a cousin of the famous keelboater, Mike Fink, was one of my hunting companions, and Charley Stock was the other, and Charley stayed with me for twenty years, during all my successes and setbacks, and there were many of the latter. He had a small gun shop, with hand tooling, and in spare time we repaired guns for friends and others. People didn't trust us because we carried our guns at all times, even to church, like the Pilgrims. We had our reasons for this, however, for in season myriads of ducks settled on a small pond near the church. We noted, too, that the preacher didn't object; we used to load him down with succulent birds.

"I THINK the thing that turned me into the main channel was a hunting trip that Charley and I took down around Cairo. As you know, we two never had to go to work like other people, as our folks were well fixed financially, and that left us free to do what we wished. Well, on this certain hunt we had nothing but bad luck. The geese and ducks flew too high for our scatterguns, and I was especially disgusted. The best hunting, of course, was in the river bottoms. Where there is timber the birds fly at the same height as they do over clear ground, and those cottonwoods and sycamores were high, too, hence made hunting a doubly long-range business.

"It was March and I was as mad as a March hare, so I said to Charley, 'We've got to do something, partner. We've put two or three shot each into hundreds of birds today. These guns scatter too much, and no matter how good a shot you are, if the load won't go where you aim you're in trouble. I believe if I taper the bore to small at the muzzle, the shot will stay together much farther.'

" 'I agree that the guns are at fault,' Charley replied. 'All right, we'll go home. We've got the tools, but I warn you that men have tried it before and it has never worked yet.'

"Our guns were, of course, muzzle-loaders. I took an old ten-bore musket with laminated barrels, and with a hand reamer bored it out to true cylinder. This gave me a five-foot pattern at forty yards, and I felt good. I then relieved the muzzle a bit and took a foot off the pattern, and found that I had improved the shooting quality about fifty per cent. It was still a scattergun, however, so I used the reamer again to bore out the barrel to within an inch of the muzzle, leaving a slight taper. Charley looked through the barrels and told me, 'I believe we've got it this time,' and I thought so too. But when we fired again we found it had retreated to the seven-foot pat-

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tern! I looked at Charley and he looked at me. Then he said, 'Well, Fred, don't feel so bad about it. You know those two fellows in England who had the same idea failed.'

"I felt that he was right; had been right all the time. Hereafter, any fool who wanted to take up the idea could do so—but I was through. I took the gun back to the shop and reamed out what I supposed to be all of the taper. I hoped now it was back to a five-foot pattern, but was ashamed to take Charley with me to target it again; I felt that I could not stand another jibe.

"I therefore sneaked out alone, targeted the gun and placed all the shot in a 30-inch circle at forty yards. I could hardly believe it, so I tried it again with the same results. I knew what had happened. In my haste to remove all the choke I had left just enough to do the trick. Half-heartedly and by sheer accident I, Fred Kimble, had invented the choke-bored shotgun in the year 1868."

I knew that Fred had been robbed of the patent, so I asked him about that. "Who took it first?"

The old man grinned widely. "Everyone was first," he said. "Within two years all established companies were turning out choke-bored guns, and several new ones started up to get in on the kill. Everyone knew it was my invention, but I had failed to patent the idea. Only one gunmaker in the country, Joseph Tonks of Philadelphia, appreciated my work. He built a beautiful nine-bore gun as his first, and sent it to me with his compliments. Joe didn't have a large factory like the others, but his heart had not shriveled because of that.

"I didn't mind so much that the companies benefited from my work, but was angry that they had waited so long to do *nothing*. Men had been crying for a close, hard-shooting gun for decades, and they didn't care enough to work on it.

"Imagine the scores of men each company had at their benches turning out the same old-type plain bores," said Fred. "The choke-barreled gun could have been invented in one day!"

I COULD SEE that this would have been possible, if each mechanic reamed out a different choke, but couldn't understand Fred's disdain for money. "Well, I didn't need much," he told me, "you have to remember that I was a sportsman, not an inventor. I had invented the choke-bored shotgun mainly because I wanted one for myself. Also I was itching to enter shooting competition.

"O. P. Secor, another Peoria gunsmith, manufactured a ten-bore for me which I used in the Illinois State Shoot at Peoria in 1873. For my gun he used an old musket, and all the great names of the day, including Captain Bogardus, laughed when they saw me lugging the old Civil War gun out to the field. They were all using shiny new breech-loaders that I had invented, and didn't take too seriously a backwoods hunter carrying a shot pouch and powder horn. I looked like Daniel Boone to the champions.

"Bogardus said to me in a patronizing manner, 'You'll find it different here, son, than gunning for ducks on the Sangamon. You shouldn't try to shoot in advanced company like we have here.'

"In spite of his well-meant advice I did enter, and won all the events except one with the Civil War cannon. That one I tied with Bogardus, missing by only one bird. That one, however, made my partner, Charley Stock, mad enough to fight, and he gave me some hard talk. I tried to mollify Charley by telling him that just at the wrong moment a fly had lit on my gun-barrel, and the next day he insulted me by hanging fly-traps on the scoreboard.

"The old captain was afraid to shoot it off, thus we divided the purse.

"I now had the best nine- and ten-bore guns in all the world, but I craved a heavier one. Remember, I was the boy who was considered too light to handle a gun in the war; now I was raising hell for the heaviest shotgun that would ever be built. I didn't want another man's hand in the making either.

"I sent to Birmingham, England, for the heaviest barrel block, and when it came I set to work in Charley's shop, drilling and reaming by hand. It became the most famous shotgun of all time, a deadly six-bore that finally had to be ruled out of all competition. Before it was ruled out, however, I had defeated Bogardus so many times it had become a scandal.

"The most difficult match I ever shot was with J. Frank Kleintz of Philadelphia, at Chicago. The six-bore having been ruled out at this time, and my nine- and ten-bores at home, I chose a Parker ten-bore. I tried it out and learned that it shot better with uncrimped shells, so before the match I took my pen-knife and uncrimped them all.

"It is said that losers are always gripers and since I won, I think I have a right to do it as well as they. The birds used were English Blue Rocks—strange birds to an American shooter, as we always used wild pigeons. The match was at thirty yards rise, one barrel, gun down, and in freezing weather. As I had been forewarned, the birds were trapped by a friend of Kleintz, who had bet money on his man; thus my opponent got all incomers and tailers, while I got all quartering and crossing shots. Despite this, I won, 88 to 84, and the trapper lost his money.

"The Parker had done well by me, so I took it along to the State Shoot at Chicago in 1874. With it I dropped all the birds in a 100 pigeon match, but three fell out of bounds and left me with a 97.

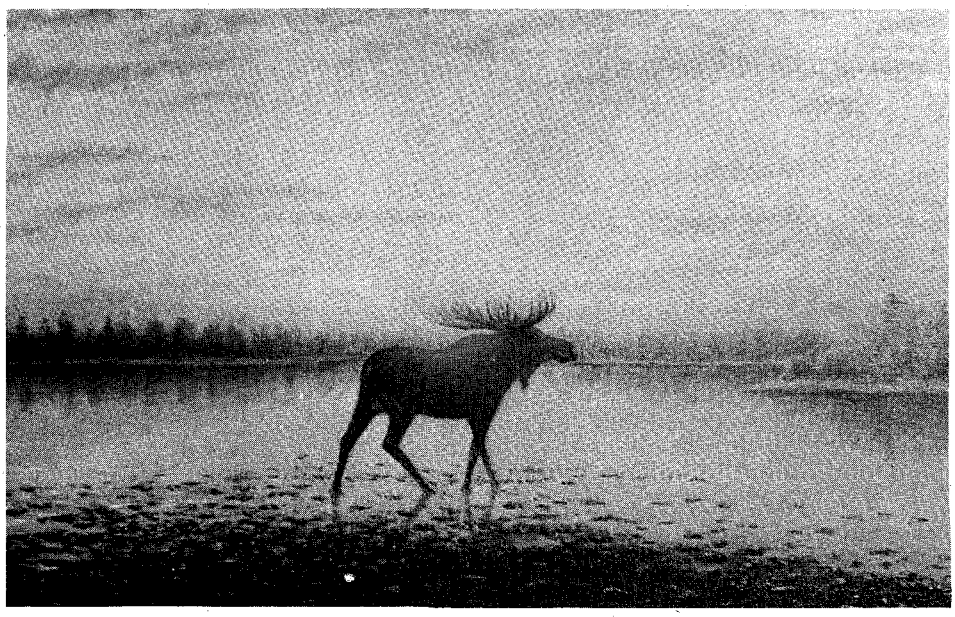
"A goodly portion of them consisted of tie-birds and twenty of them were doubles. The rise was from twenty-six to thirty-one yards, and it takes a good man and a better gun to kill birds from thirty-one yards. In this shoot I won the Deadshot Medal, the State Badge, and tied for the Diamond Badge which was valued at $1,000. I also tied for a Westley-Richards English breechloader valued at $40, $500 in cash, a number of merchandise trophies, and a half-interest in a dog.

"I sold my interest in the gun for $200, as I had better ones; and since I never used a hunting dog for ducks and geese, I looked the other way while my opponent stole my half and led the whole dog away on a leash.

"A tip on shooting here is that for the long-rise birds I used uncrimped shells, and for the doubles left them alone. I will say here that except for the muzzle-loading single barrel made for me by

(Continued on page 71)

Above: Fred Kimble at age eighty-eight, when he missed two clay pigeons out of seventy-five and gave his gun away. Below: One of the more than two hundred paintings of wildlife made by Kimble after he retired from the shooting world.



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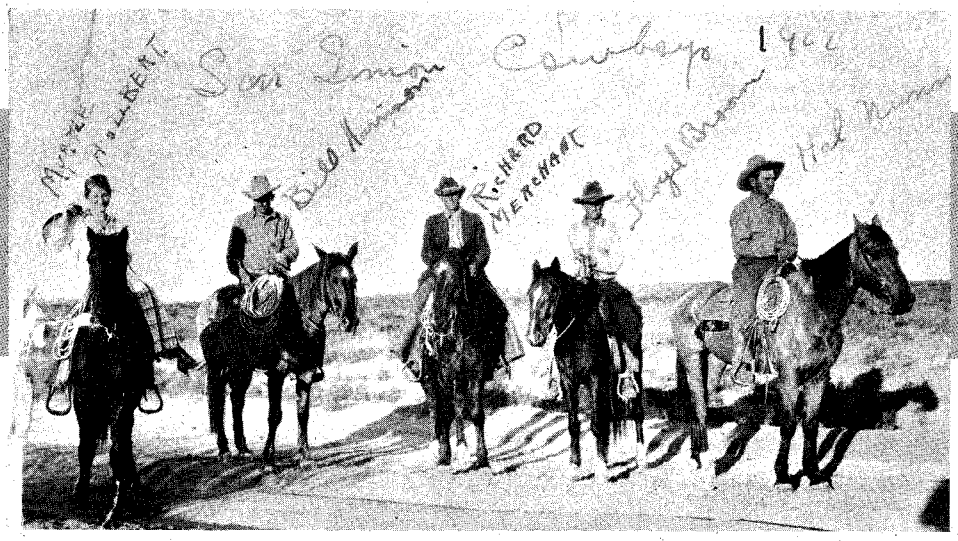

Left to right: Myrtle Hollbert; Bill Harrison; Richard Merchant; Floyd Broom and Hal Nunn after shipping San Simon cattle at Carlsbad, New Mexico, 1917

Ordinary folks measure time in years or days; people like Rich measure it in seconds—or less

By EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Richard Merchant

Richard Merchant

RICHARD MERCHANT is now manager of the huge Santa Lucia Ranch southwest of Tucson, Arizona, where he and his wife, Dorothy, have lived for many years. As a professional rodeo performer he was one of the all-time greats. In 1932 he was World Champion Calf Roper, and in 1935 he was first in steer roping.

While roping steers at Pendleton the following year, he lacked eighty points of tying with Clyde Burke when he received an injury that prevented his continuing in either that contest or any other for a very long time. After roping and tripping his last steer he stepped off his horse and his knee was thrown out of place. Rich said, "I looked back from the stretcher and saw that old steer lying there just beggin' to be tied up."

Two years later he was offered the management of the Santa Lucia and has been there since. But he gets away occasionally to attend a rodeo, or to participate in one.

Richard Merchant is one of the most famous of the many remarkable ropers produced on the Llano Estacado. The generation preceding him included men such as Clay McGonigal, Ellison Carroll, and Joe Gardner. Rich's contemporaries were Jake McClure, Bob Crosby, and the Weir brothers. Ten years later, at the time of his second trip to London with Tex Austin, younger men were emerging to challenge them, men from their own area as well as those from other parts of the Southwest—for Rich was in the game many years before his injury and he continued competing for several years after.

He was born on his father's ranch, the Bar X7, in Eddy County, New Mexico. not far from Carlsbad. Rich was of the famous family who established the San Simon, in Arizona, when the Apaches were still depredating. His grandfather, Claiborne Merchant, with a partner, ran an immense herd of cattle until the two divided their holdings and Mr. Merchant

Rich Merchant and horse, Hoppy, in 1932 pose

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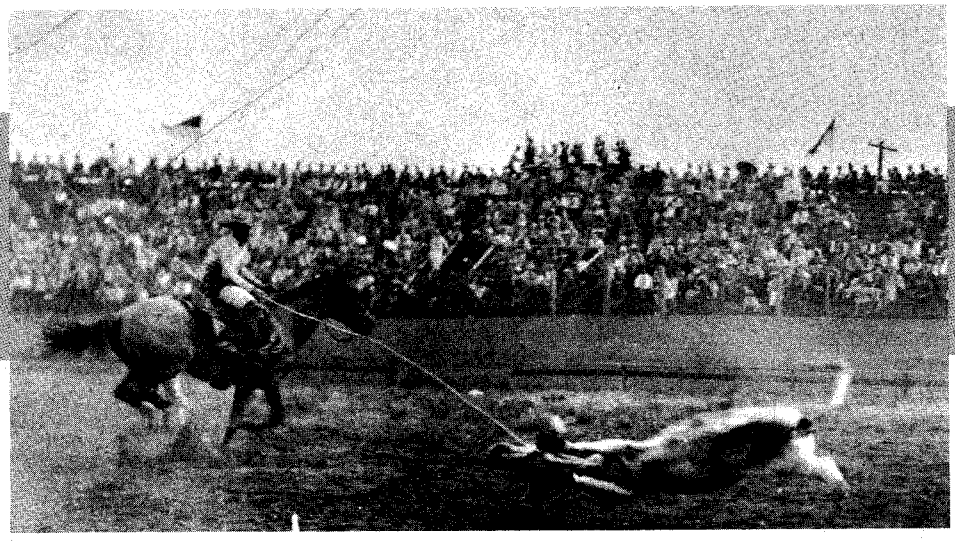


Richard Merchant, steer roping, Pendleton Roundup, 1929

- COWBOY'S COWBOY

drove his half to Lea County, New Mexico, where he established another San Simon. It is still in the possession of the Merchant family.

WHEN RICH was fourteen, he went to work on the H Slash for Lucas Reynolds. He left to stay six years with the 9Ks across the Texas line. During World War I he spent two years in the service. Then he returned to become ranch foreman for the San Simon at a salary of forty dollars a month. Successful as he was as a rancher, he loved the excitement and associations of the rodeo, and participated in local ones.

Spence Jowell put on a show at Midland in 1920, and Rich went. The waddies on the San Simon predicted that he'd return broke, and that he'd starve on the hundred-mile ride back from Midland. Rich had no intention of going hungry, for he'd fed too many other ranchers for that.

After checking in and paying his entry fee, he ran into Bob Crosby of Kenna, with whom he'd frequently competed. Rich depended upon his winnings for expenses, but Bob played it safe by getting sideline work at the rodeo grounds. If he weren't selected as pickup man, he did anything else available.

Jowell used big black muleys for the steer riding. He wanted someone to take the surcingles off them. Bob tied two catch ropes together, and on foot roped his steer. Then he went down the line hand over hand to the animal's head, after which he bulldogged the steer to remove the surcingle.

Spence said, "Crosby, you can't keep that up. No man could handle more than two or three critters a day that way."

"You just give me five dollars a day and I'll guarantee to handle all the steers you use," was the reply.

"We sometimes have fifteen to twenty; no man can do that." But Spence Jowell just hadn't been knowing any Bob Crosbys.

Rich Merchant assured Jowell that Bob could and would do it, and he did. And working without a horse, with no catch pens, made that an unusual achievement.

The events lasted three days and both Richard and Bob took their share of the prize money. On the trip back to the San Simon, Rich again rode the chuck line. That was the custom, and he was welcomed everywhere he stopped. Between ranches he'd take out his roll, composed largely of soiled and ragged five dollar bills, and count his money. He had won $550 and, in the big size used at that time, bills of that denomination made quite a wad.

It was dark when he got down at the San Simon. The boys were playing poker in the bunkhouse. As he unsaddled he heard one say, "Poor old Rich! Sure hope he found enough chuck along the way to feed hisself. I'll bet he's starved right now."

After Rich had eaten and joined them, one said, "Well, how'd you do?"

"Not too good."

"An' here we're just set to start a big game. Too bad!"

"I'll stake him," said someone, "and he can pay it back with his forty bucks when he gets it." (Cowhands were getting thirty.)

"I got enough for a hand or two," admitted Rich, and pulled out his roll.

"You win all that?"

"Yep."

"That's more'n we make in two years, and you done it in three days!"

Rich had been thinking along the same lines and was seriously considering cutting loose from the ranch and making the rodeos.

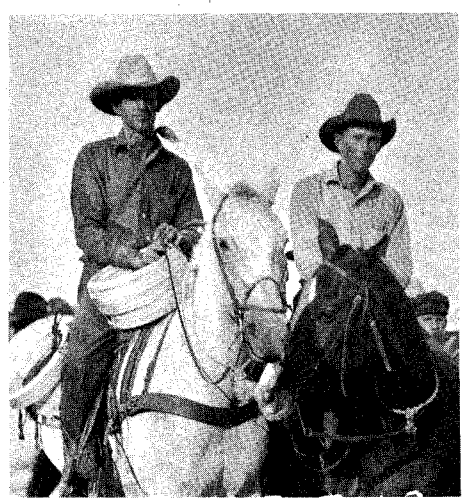
After making tops in the next three local ones, he hit for New York. Tex Austin was putting on a show there. Rich shipped his horse, Blue Dog, from Carlsbad to Rocky Ford, Colorado, where Leonard Stroud was organizing a group for a party movement. By taking twenty-five passengers in a Pullman the party got also the use of a baggage car for gear and horses on the same train.

THAT WAS Richard Merchant's first big rodeo. He entered the calf roping, the bulldogging, rode for Stroud's trick roping, and competed in the bed race. Rich used two of Stroud's horses and Blue Dog. In the bed race the cowboys were in their bed rolls, with boots and hats off. At the signal to start they donned hat and boots, saddled one horse and put their bed rolls on another, and raced around the arena. On arriving at the starting point they reversed the process and the first man in his bed roll won. Richard took first in each of these races.

In the calf roping he took first money for eight days and was in the lead on nine calves. On the tenth, and last, his horse slipped. The contest was held on a concrete floor upon which loose earth had been placed. Rich's horse struck a spot where the covering of the cement was thin, and he fell toward the calf. He was unable to pull in the slack of his rope and the calf got away. He mounted again, but his horse was lame, and that cost him first place.

He won $800 in calf day money; fourth place in bulldogging which brought him $200; and his part of the bed race money was $225. In addition to that, the take from the last performance was split equally among the contestants, and it

Rich Merchant and Jack Sellers at Cheyenne Frontier Day, 1936



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amounted to $500 each. In those days his winnings were considered very good.

In addition, he'd had a good time in New York, had tested his ability to compete with the world-famous, and knew that he had little to fear from competition with them. Rich returned to the San Simon, content to spend the winter there, but eager to return the next spring for a career in rodeo.

He found that Bob Crosby, because of a prolonged drouth on the Llano, did not plan to make the local rodeos. Bob's favorite mount, Governor Brown, had an injured leg which Rich undertook to heal. Having put Old Governor into good hands, Bob took his wife, Thelma, and their small daughter to Bristow, Oklahoma, where a job awaited him. For the first and only time in his life, Bob was working for wages. And he was very grateful for the opportunity—for enough cash to pay taxes and to buy cake for the mother cows was the difference between owning and losing a ranch.

Bob got two letters simultaneously. The one from his brother on the Cross B told of a good rain, enough to insure good grass in a short time. The other was from Rich, again in New York. Governor Brown's leg was as good as new, and Rich was using him at Yankee Stadium, where Tex Austin was holding his show (Madison Square Garden was undergoing repairs). Rich urged Bob to join him, for the pickings were good.

Bob read the letters at six one evening; at eight-thirty Thelma put her husband on a day coach and tried to get him to take a pillow she'd brought for use during the trip. He refused it. Dressed in the clothes he used for work on the ranch Bob went to New York.

At Union Station he asked a taxi driver the price of going to the Stadium and was told he'd be taken there for five dollars. Five dollars! Bob made the trip by streetcar for five cents, with saddle, bridle, bed roll, clothing and other gear in his arms. When he arrived at the entrance, he was refused admittance. Before they'd let him in, they called Rich to identify him and vouch for his ability in the arena.

BOTH MEN used Governor, and when one hazed for the other he borrowed a mount. Before Bob's arrival Rich had teamed up with Chet Byers whom Tex Austin had guaranteed $1,500 for his trick roping. When Bob arrived they made him a third partner in the venture. That insured him of getting at least $500 from the contest.

Then he and Rich entered the wild horse riding. That was a three-man event, and they took in Charlie Johnson. Both Johnson and Rich were top riders, and Rich still says that Bob was the best ear-down man he ever saw. He was as strong as a gorilla. He'd run in and ear a wild horse down just as he might have a calf.

"After Johnson and I got the horse saddled, Bob would run alongside whoever rode him, and hold the rider on or grab the horse by the front or hind leg, head him in the right direction, and do just anything necessary to keep him from bucking the rider off. The horses used in the race were really *bronco*, and they'd always buck. We had to saddle the horse at one end of the arena and ride him across a line at the other. We usually had our mount saddled before any other team got started. And did we rake in the firsts! Out of twenty-one races we won nineteen firsts and two seconds."

The show was scheduled for six days and nights. But the attendance was so good and profits to the promoter so great that Tex Austin decided upon two additional performances. On six calves, Rich was 58 seconds in the lead. When it was decided to add a seventh calf roping contest there was some dissent among the performers. The ropers who were behind wanted the extra calf to be counted in the average. Crosby, Chet Byers, and Rich were splitting their winnings, and that made Rich feel that he could not ignore their interest in the matter. Both Bob and Chet felt that since Rich had won on six calves, the seventh should not be considered in computing the average, and that only day money should be paid on the seventh.

Rich was much less concerned with money than either of the others. With him it was, "easy come, easy go." Unlike them he was not married. Even had he been, there was always the San Simon. Tex talked the matter over with him and said that he'd leave the decision up to Rich. And Rich replied that if he couldn't go on and win when he was already 58 seconds in the lead, he didn't deserve first place, anyway.

On his seventh calf he won second place, bringing his average to 59 seconds. He should have, he felt, won first; but Paddy Ryan was untying the calves after the judge had passed on the tie. Paddy kept yelling to Rich to take another wrap; to put his foot on the calf's leg and pull the string tight. Rich tied his calf in 18-1 and 18 flat took first money. Bob Crosby won first, and everybody was happy.

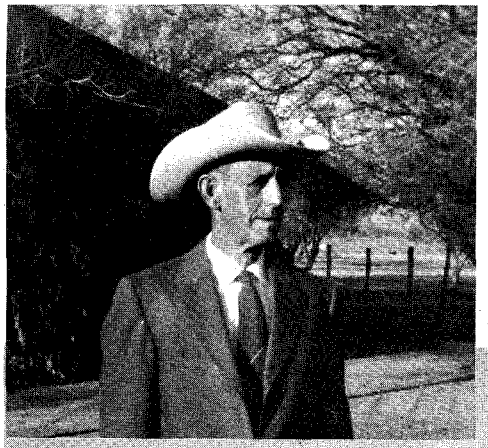
Incidentally, Rich had a side bet on the outcome of the calf roping. Lee Robeson had bet him $100 that Rich would win it. He'd won in the last five roping contests he'd entered, including a tough one at Denver; moreover he'd won first day money with his second loop. "A man as lucky as you are," Lee said, "is bound to win his next show." So he knew that if he himself lost he'd still have that hundred.

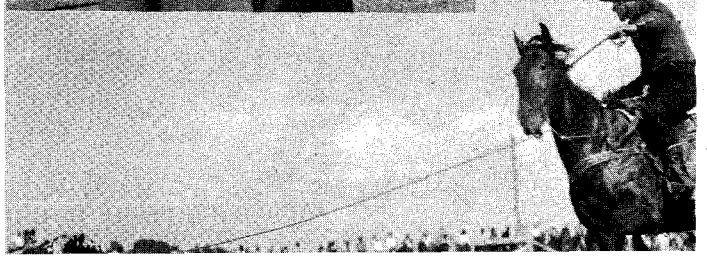
"Bob was sure mad at me," Rich said. "He said, 'Merchant, if you go completely out of the average, think where we'll be'."

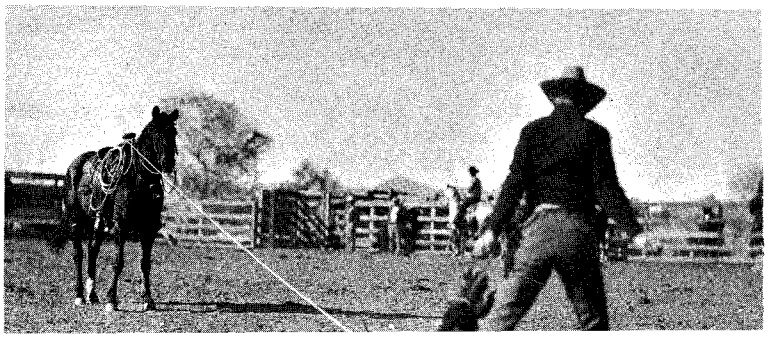
Rich soothed him, "Bob, we'll still be in New York, money or no money."

WHEN RICH returned to Carlsbad the first thing he did was pay off a note at the bank; even so, he was still well supplied with spending money. The banker, an old friend of the family, had lent him money for the trip to New York, but had attempted to talk Rich out of going. By the time he brought home the bacon, there had been a slump in the cattle market which almost paralyzed business, and the banker was happy to have someone from whom he could collect.

Bob Crosby and his brother still had that drouth on the Cross B to lick, but Rich loved poker. Losing didn't discourage him. Bob cautioned him repeatedly, but with little effect. On their next trip to the Garden they shared a room and Rich kept part of his winnings in a pillow case. As Bob anticipated, the pile shrank regardless of how much Rich won in the arena. Of course, he always







Left: Recent photo of Rich Merchant. Action shots of Rich, below, depict his performances at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and Arizona Biltmore Hotel rodeos. Photos on opposite page show him as a star performer at Prescott, Arizona during rodeos in 1929 and 1937.

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carried a little cash in his pockets.

One night at the Garden Rich felt for his wallet and discovered that it was missing. That didn't disturb him until he found that the pillow case was flat. Previously if he'd asked Crosby for a loan Bob would say, "You can't do anything with fifty; take a hundred." With Rich flat broke he began doling out a dollar at a time for him. Before going to sleep he'd say, "Merchant, got enough for breakfast?"

"Got thirty cents."

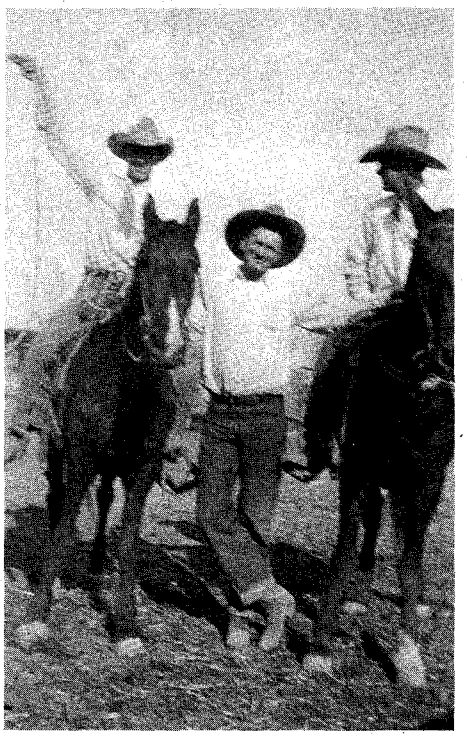
"Well, you won't be hungry in the morning." But when breakfast time came, so did the dollar. Crosby kept that up two weeks. Then he got Rich in a crowd and handed over the lost wallet. He added to it a receipt from the hotel for the money he'd taken from the pillow case.

They left New York to make the rodeo circuit on a Pullman carrying twenty-five passengers. Neither returned to the ranch, for they had the rodeo bug, and bad. They did well in the contests held during the summer and returned to Madison Square Garden that fall.

At the World's Fair in Chicago, Rich was the boss-man; he was in charge not only of the performances but the construction of arena and chutes. Contestants competed there only by invitation; and those were given only to champions in various events. Again each distinguished himself, but Rich is far too modest to admit that again he was top man.

When he and Dorothy were married he took her to the Garden. It was not only their honeymoon, but her first trip to New York. She begged Rich to write for reservations at the Belvedere, where he was accustomed to staying. He assured her that it was unnecessary—that he'd get a room. Old Bob might beat the rest of the boys to the only chair in the lobby, but Rich Merchant would get a room. She'd see.

She did. He was received cordially by the proprietor but informed that not only were all his rooms full but that every other hotel in New York was overflowing. As Rich turned from the desk, Thelma Crosby rushed to shake hands with him; and he introduced his wife. Thelma assured them that conditions were just as he had been told, but that she'd take them to her own room. A cot had been placed in it for Bob Junior, who was three years old. If by night the Merchants hadn't found a place, Dorothy was to stay with her. And Bob? Oh, he'd bunk down in a room with some of the boys.



Left to right: Rich Merchant; Polly Pace; and Mike Stuart in Casa Grande, Arizona, 1927.

"And Richard?" asked Dorothy.

"Oh, some of the boys'll have a poker game going and they always play all night. They'll let Rich and Bob have their beds."

AFTER Rich went to the Santa Lucia, he continued to participate in a few rodeos. He was constantly in demand to act as judge, and he sometimes worked the cattle for the show. At Cheyenne he and Carl Arnold performed that task.

The love of the contest and the applause of the crowds gets into a man's blood until he hates to relinquish the thrills of the arena. While to most performers money meant much, ten or twelve thousand a year from winning contests was of minor importance to Richard Merchant. Had the rodeos paid nothing he'd still have attended them.

Whether or not he realized it, he was the living symbol of not only the arena, but of the West.

Porter's of Tucson knew it. They outfitted cowmen with the best tailored garments, the best custom-made boots, and the best saddles obtainable. When somebody ridiculed the statue of the horse upon which they displayed their saddles and said that it looked like an old buggy plug, they began looking about for a sculptor to make a replica of a top horse and a top rider. They'd already selected Rich Merchant as the model.

They got Frank Polk, cowboy carver and sculptor, to create a life-size replica of both horse and rider for display in their shop window. So well did he succeed that it was said that only by seeing one move could the difference between the statue and Rich be determined.

During the time that he and Bob Crosby split their winnings Bob saved a lot of money; and at the end of it Rich was in debt a thousand dollars. But, he added, "I'd had a good time, seen all the good shows, and a lot of better poker hands than mine."

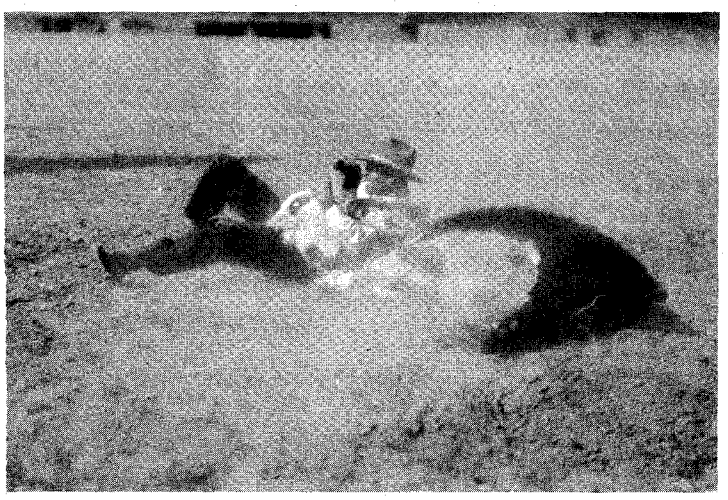
In 1963 at Prescott, Arizona, Rich entered the "old-timers" contest. It was a three-steer average, and he was teamed with Cort Carter. He had not considered entering until Ike Rude offered to lend his good horse and urged Rich to compete. Early in the morning an inch of rain had fallen and the arena was very muddy.

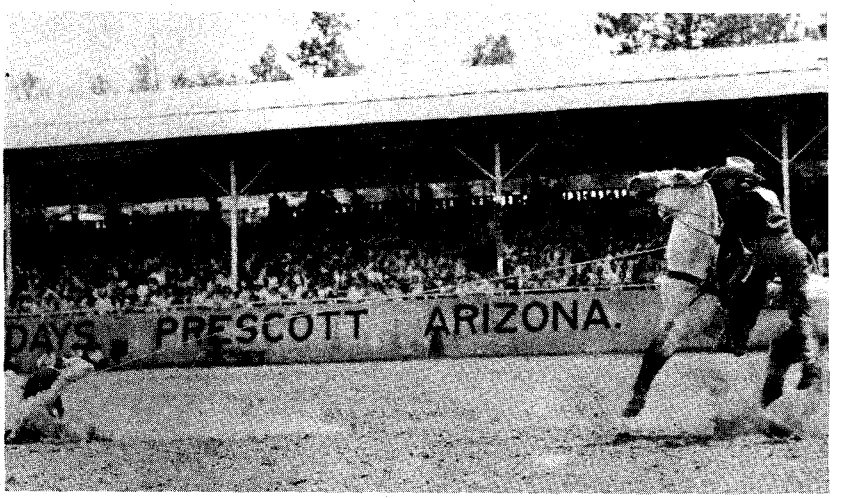
"I was surprised," he said, to find that I roped my three steers clean by both horns. My foot work was a little slow, but a lot of ropers had the same trouble. We had to be past sixty to qualify. It was the first time in twelve years that I'd roped but we took third."

A list of the ropings in which Richard Merchant competed, and in which he placed first, second and third, contains the names of more than a hundred rodeos, and covers a period of nearly fifteen years. He competed all over the United States, in Canada, and twice in London.

When he conducted or judged contests, he was universally esteemed for his knowledge and fairness. Those who know him praise his sportsmanship as highly as his ability. He says that his decision to stop competing was influenced by his beginning to distrust his ability "to see fast enough."

That he'll never be forgotten as long as there's a horse to ride is attested by mention in *The Arizona Daily Star*, of February 8, 1965. In "Desert Notebook," J. F. Weadock says, "The only trouble was that fellows like Richard Merchant, Ike Rude, Bob Crosby and a bunch of others were catching and tying so fast that unless a guy was not only good, but lucky, he was just wasting his entry fee going against them."





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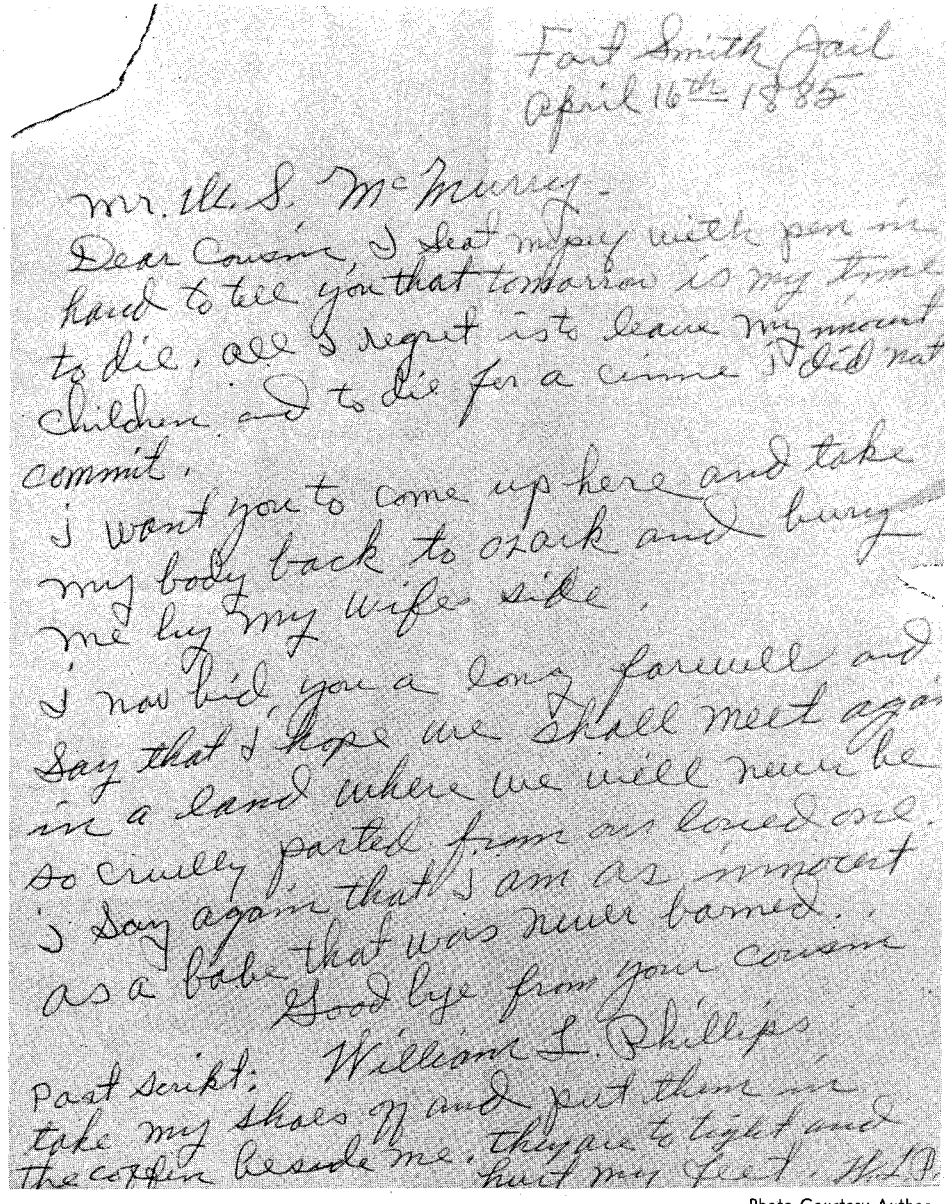
Not until the day before Phillips was slated to die did his faith in a possible reprieve—possible justice—fade. On that day, when all was lost, he wrote a letter home . . .

THE INNOCENT WERE HANGED, TOO

By OLEVIA E. MYERS



Fort Smith Jail
April 16th 1885

Mr. W. S. McMurry -
Dear Cousin, I seat myself with pen in hand to tell you that tomorrow is my time to die, all I regret is to leave my innocent children and to die for a crime I did not commit.
I want you to come up here and take my body back to Ozark and bury me by my wife side.
I now bid you a long farewell and say that I hope we shall meet again in a land where we will never be so cruelly parted from our loved one.
I say again that I am as innocent as a babe that was never barned.
Good bye from your cousin
William L. Phillips
Past scrikt: take my shoes off and put them in the coffin beside me. they are to tight and hurt my feet. W.L.P.

Photo Courtesy Author

Letter written by William L. Phillips the day before he was hanged

UNDER THE terrible "Court of No Appeal," over which Isaac Parker reigned supreme for several years, William Phillips died on the old gallows at Fort Smith in 1885 for the simple reason that he had big feet, and that he had talked too much and made idle threats.

Will was a man of great strength, weighing around 180 and standing just under six feet. He was always first to show up at a log-rolling or a house-raising or a land-clearing around the small village of Ozark, Arkansas, some twenty-five miles from Fort Smith.

He was an Irishman and his heritage was apparent in his good looks, gay laughter, and willingness to fight at the drop of a hat. Will was never known to use anything other than his ham-like fists and few were the fights he ever lost; but on the rare occasion when he did lose, he would laugh heartily, get up, shake the hand of his opponent and say, while ruefully rubbing a sore jaw, "Man, man! You sure do pack a wallop!" Will held no grudges and the only two men who ever bested him in a fist fight were, to the day of his untimely death, his warm friends.

Will's folks lived around Ozark, White Oak and Altus, Arkansas, all small villages and all recently carved out of the wilderness. Will's family had come from Virginia.

When he was twenty, Will married a neighbor girl, and by the time he was twenty-eight, there were three children. The following year his wife was taken by the scourge of the early settlers, typhoid fever, and the three children were parceled out among his kin.

Will worked here and there, not being able to stand the loneliness of his own cabin after the death of his wife. He drifted over into the Cherokee Nation just across the river from Fort Smith and about a year later he married again.

Although he was only thirty-five miles or so from home, transportation consisted of a lumber wagon pulled either by a team of horses or by slow-moving oxen and he did not go home to visit very often after making a trip back to get his children, whom he loved devotedly. Will lived quietly in the Nation until trouble came which cost him his life under the Hanging Judge, and left his helpless little children orphans.

WILL'S SECOND WIFE was Mary Hill. Her father, William Hill, was a cranky, mean old man who was a tyrant with his own family and known to his neighbors as hard to get along with. Hill had had trouble with a Mr. Lackey who lived on a neighboring farm, and the quarrel had almost come to blows, but Hill was not a man to fight with his fists, preferring to vent his anger on his family or someone who would not, or could not, fight back.

Hill and Lackey had had trouble over the latter's livestock which kept getting into Hill's crops, and Hill had threatened to kill them if it happened again. Lackey countered by telling him that if he would fix his old broken-down fences, the cattle could not bother him. He also stated that if Hill killed the livestock he, Lackey, would shoot him for it.

Hill had a son just sixteen, a big, overgrown boy who stood in deathly fear of his father, having felt the lash of a rawhide quirt many a time. A camp meeting was in progress in a brush arbor just down the road from old man Hill's place, and the boy, Bob, had been attending. One night he walked a neighbor girl home from meeting.

Hill had told him to leave the girl

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Photo Courtesy Glenn Shirley Collection

The old Federal building with its basement jail at Fort Smith, Arkansas, where thousands of prisoners were confined. Judge Parker's courtroom was on the first floor above basement jail to left.

alone and get right home from the meeting, with no fooling around. For a night or two Bob did as his father ordered, but the girl was pretty, the moon was full, and once again Bob walked the little girl home. They arrived at her gate and as they stood there talking for a moment, Hill suddenly appeared from behind some blackberry briars that grew outside the gate. He had the dreaded rawhide quirt coiled in his hand and he must have been a frightful sight indeed to the little girl and to his son. Bob well knew what was coming though even he, knowing his father as he did, could not imagine the sick humiliation he was to suffer here.

With a hard, loud snap the dreadful whip descended and, when it was withdrawn for the second blow, a path of red was already showing across Bob Hill's shoulders. The girl stood in petrified silence witnessing the terrible thing that was happening here in the darkness. Gripped in violent rage, the old man poured blow after cutting blow upon his son. Bob was writhing upon the ground when at last the girl fled screaming from the gate and her father came running from the house to find Hill stripping the clothing from his son. When Bob Hill lay completely naked, the father once again brought the whip down, and commanded that his son get up and walk. They disappeared down the road with the whip still cracking across the back of the hapless youth.

Mary, the Hill girl whom Will Phillips had married, was a good looking woman, but according to all reports she had nothing else good to her credit. Will was having trouble with his new wife, and the children were being neglected. Will worked hard and kept his troubles to himself, but the whole neighborhood soon knew that the new marriage was not going smoothly. Every time they had a fuss, Mary would go home and stay for a day or two. It seems that old man Hill had a soft spot somewhere in his heart for this girl, for he warned Will that he had better never touch her or he would have to answer for it.

Hill and his son-in-law were having trouble, also, over the farm's broken-down old fences; there was just no way to keep livestock, which had open range, out of the green fields of corn. A lot of bickering back and forth and a lot of threats made on both sides took place before Will said flatly, "You shoot my cows or bother me again, and I'm going to put a hole through you."

THREE WEEKS later, Hill was dead, shot at close range with a 12-gauge shotgun loaded with buckshot. It was July and very hot in the bottoms along the Poteau River where Hill and Phillips lived. The old man had knocked the mud chinking from between the logs of his house near where his bed stood, in order to catch a little of the vagrant breeze that blows in Oklahoma during the summer, and he had lain down early, about 8:30, and gone to sleep. His back was to the logs where he had knocked out the chinking, and his small granddaughter, three years old, was asleep on his arm.

The killer poked the barrel of the shotgun between the logs smack up against the back of Hill's head and pulled the trigger. Mrs. Hill was asleep on a pallet near the front door. Hill's head was almost severed from the shoulders, but the child slept on, not a shot touching her.

Within a few days, Mr. Lackey, Bob Hill, and Will Phillips were rounded up and brought before the U. S. Commissioner at Fort Smith for questioning. All three had threatened to kill Hill, but at the scene of the murder, just outside the cabin, was a clear and distinct set of footprints of large size, leading toward Phillips' cabin. Will Phillips had the largest feet in the neighborhood. He also owned a 12-gauge shotgun, but so did Mr. Lackey.

After questioning, Lackey and Bob were released but Will Phillips was bound to the old Fort Smith jail to await trial for murder.

He steadfastly denied that he knew anything about the killing and maintained at all times that Bob Hill had borrowed Lackey's gun and had killed his own father. It was known that Bob had been visiting Lackey quite frequently after the affair of the whipping, and it was also common talk that Bob had said his father would pay for beating him and stripping him naked.

Time dragged for Will, locked up in the dungeons of the old Fort Smith jail, and he wrote several letters to his folks, especially to a cousin, William Sanford McMurry, who lived at Ozark and who was helping to care for Phillips' children. In all his letters he declared his innocence, and he fully expected to be released when his case came to trial, as he said simply, "You can't hang a man for having big feet." That is where Will Phillips was wrong.

EARLY IN 1885, Will was brought to trial and sat stunned in the old courtroom, which had seen so many men go to their deaths, when Parker pronounced, "You shall hang by the neck until you are dead."

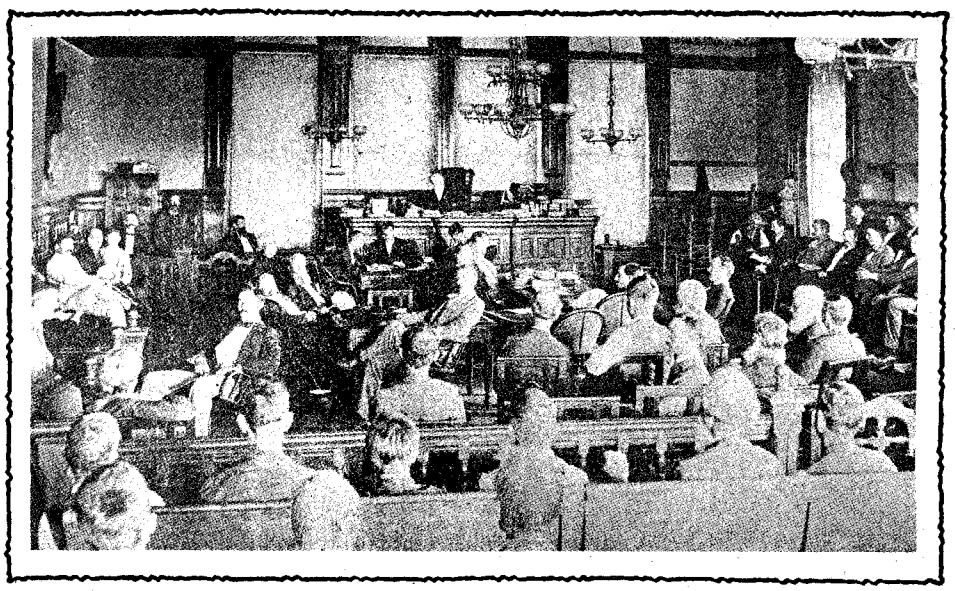
He sat unbelieving. To hang for a crime he never committed, upon such small evidence as a set of footprints and a threat made in anger, was something he couldn't accept. Will had told over and over again that he had lent Bob Hill a pair of shoes to wear to the camp meeting, since Bob had none of his own fit to wear, and that the shoes had never been returned.

William Sanford McMurry was present in the courtroom as the sentence of doom fell upon his cousin, and well he knew there was no appeal. This very thing had given this seat of justice the name of "Hell Court." It was done now. Will's

(Continued on page 66)

A courtroom scene in the old Federal building at Fort Smith, Arkansas. Judge Isaac Parker on the bench, trial jury on the right.

Photo Courtesy Glenn Shirley Collection



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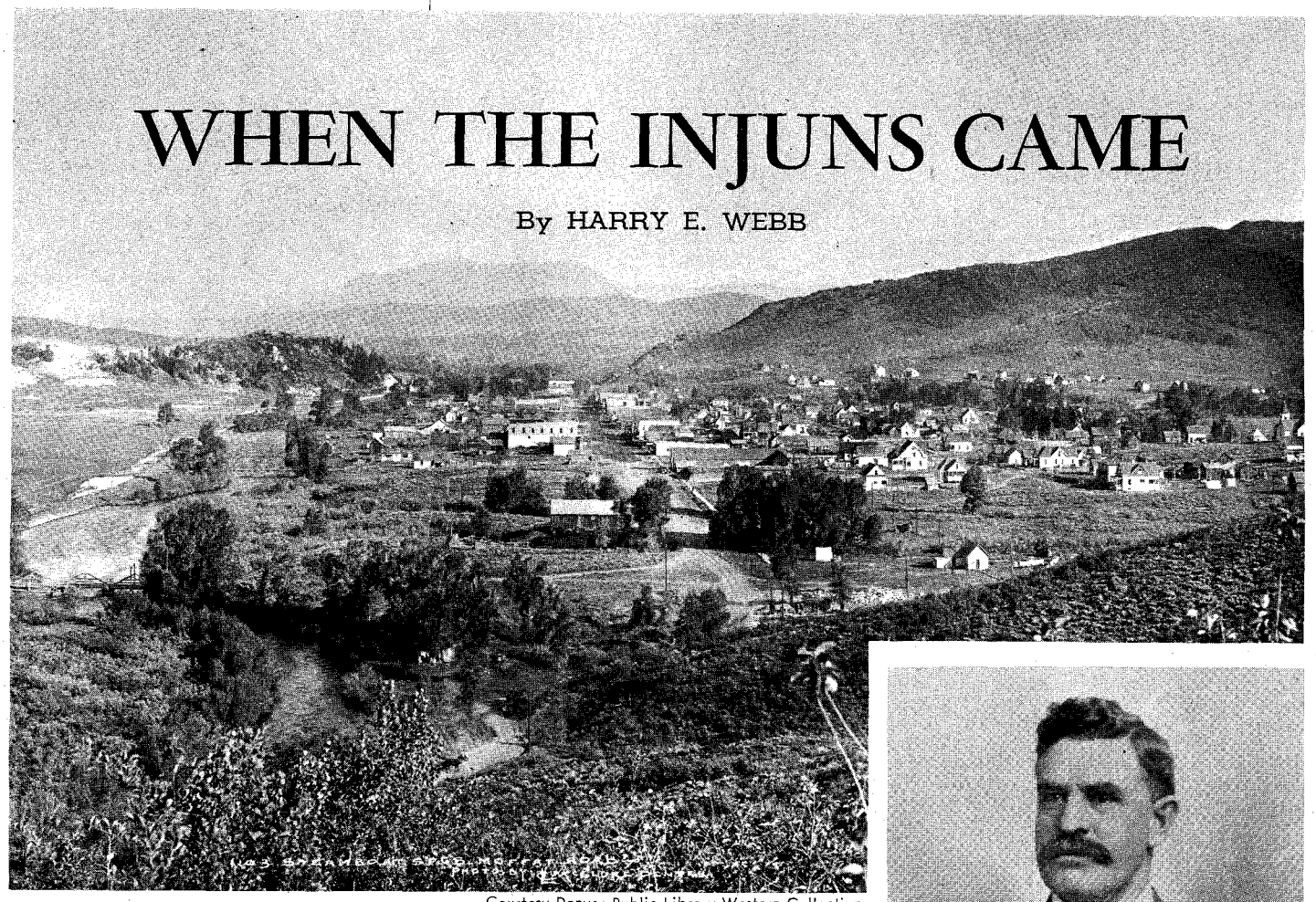
WHEN THE INJUNS CAME

By HARRY E. WEBB



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Steamboat Springs, 1890; Yampa River and Steamboat Mountain on left, Woodchuck Mountain on right, the Soda Spring at far end of street in center. Portrait is of Logan Crawford, age twenty-eight, about ten years after the Indian scare.

Courtesy Lulita Crawford Pritchett

IT COULD HAVE BEEN the earth-shaking thunder or the heavy boot-toe against our door that brought us all awake that rain-lashed night in the fall of 1897.

"Who is it?" we kids heard Mother's quavery voice asking.

"Niggah Geo'ge," came the answer. "Lemme in!"

George Bratten, "Nigger George," was known and loved by everybody in our little town. For any favor or in any emergency George could be depended on to fulfill the job *free gratis*.

Mother hurried to open the never-locked door, and mud and rain poured in along with George. Without preamble his words tumbled over each other.

"The Injuns is on us, Miss Webb," he panted, "so don't make no light! Bring all the guns, ca'tridges an' powder an' hurry to Brotherton's. Ise got to git folks up, so gotta run now. An' don't make no noise!" he admonished as he hurried off.

Even before Mother could say, "God help us!" my sisters and younger brother were squalling bloody murder, for George's news had not been wholly unexpected. The town had had its warning.

Donning clothing wrongside out, shoes on wrong feet due to no light except the lightning flashes, hunting and finally finding powder and shot for Dad's six-gauge shotgun, we kids were herded out into the howling night. Whimpering, falling, losing unbuttoned shoes in ankle-deep mud we ran toward the Ed Brotherton home at the far end of town. And to add impetus to our flight was the intermittent red tongues of two signal fires, one directly behind us on Woodchuck Mountain, the other atop Steamboat Mountain.

Here and there we joined other breathless families and although "quiet" had been the watchword, the barking of dozens of dogs, coupled with crying children and mothers, only went to heighten the terror. Added to this weird cacophony were the curses of men as they damned the town's supine unpreparedness with emphasis on a newly-appointed game warden. In his fervor to uphold a new, detestable game law, which couldn't even be enforced on the whites much less a band of hungry Utes, Warden Wilcox had certainly got us in a mess.

On hearing that a hunting party had sneaked off the Uinta Reservation and was slaughtering deer some miles to the northwest, Warden Wilcox had deputized Ed Brotherton and Jack White and set off to put the game-hungry redskins in their place.

When he reached the hunting camp of some thirty bucks and half as many squaws the Warden found the sagebrush blossoming deerskins, and lines of meat drying in the sun.

Having finished their kill, the tribe was just breaking camp when Wilcox and his deputies arrived on the scene. Knowing not a word of Ute it was with difficulty that Wilcox singled out those he believed responsible for the expedition. Noting that they were well supplied with modern firearms he flashed his badge and six-shooter in one motion and proceeded to make arrests.

It was a foolhardy act and one that none but a rank "tenderfoot" would have attempted. But, while criticizing the Warden's lack of judgment, we must credit him with plenty of guts to attempt taking half a dozen surly bucks from among their fellows. With three .45s at their backs the red men caught their ponies and started off without protest. So far so good, and the Warden had reason to feel pretty biggety.

HIS ELATION, however, was short-lived. As they passed a tepee a young squaw flung back the flap and blasted away at Wilcox with a heavy calibre pistol. Wheeling and firing almost before he took time to look, Wilcox put a bullet through the squaw's stomach. Without further ado the trio forgot their prisoners and ducked for a deep wash where they had left their horses. Then all hell broke loose as the Indians grabbed whatever firearm was handy and from the cover of buckboards and tepees began throwing lead.

The law's position made up for the lack in numbers and the camp was indiscriminately sprayed by Winchester and six-shooter fire. Before Wilcox and Company leaped into saddles and rode for dear life, they knew their shots had at least felled two women. Arriving back in Steamboat Springs their faces were ashen as they recounted their close brush with death.

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Signal fires were burning on three sides of town. There was no doubt the settlement was in for trouble, all on account of a doggone greenhorn game warden!

Wilcox was shaken by the encounter and he was to learn the downright agony of worried days and dream-haunted nights. Through a half-breed, one Neal Hart, the Chief of these vengeful people sent a message. Two boys had talked with Neal at the "Soda Spring" below town and raced panting to relay the fateful news that not only put deep lines in the faces of the Wilcox household, but set plenty of other scalps acrawl: Unless our people delivered up to them within ten suns the man who had shot down their women they would come and take him. A horrible punishment was in store for Wilcox, as the emissary served notice that in punishment for his deed he would be tied in a den of rattlesnakes. And unless our people complied with their request others would suffer the same fate.

This threat was far from being met with a "To hell with you!" attitude. Too many of our townspeople knew all about this intended torture-chamber. Rattlesnake Mountain lay but half a day's ride down towards the Uinta Reservation and its caves and slides fairly writhed with thousands of the reptiles.

Twelve days passed with nothing happening. Then came a second message: "We are coming to take him!" That was all. But to most souls in Steamboat this terse message spelled volumes. With less than three hundred heads in our town, all told, the odds sent against us would, no doubt, be overwhelming.

While some of our gun-toting badmen pooh-poohed the threat, others felt it to be no idle boast, for the "Meeker Massacre" could still be remembered by many. But no actual preparedness steps were taken, though there was talk of removing the women and children to the town of Yampa, some miles south.

Some boys, fishing down below town, reported glimpsing an individual running but this was catalogued as overworked imagination. Then a mysterious copper-skinned stranger was seen loitering about the bridge above town late one evening, but by the time someone decided to investigate he had vanished. Immediately the word ran rife that he was, no doubt, a spy to look over our numbers and quite probably to locate the Wilcox home. With this, the atmosphere really became electrified. Hurried plans were made to get the women and young children to Yampa the following day. But in the dead of night, with one of the worst storms in years lashing the valley, more immediate action developed.

AROUND MIDNIGHT a flame was seen to flare up among the scrub-oaks on Woodchuck Mountain on the north skirts of town. As curious eyes scanned the rainswept blackness another fire suddenly sprang up on Steamboat Mountain directly across the river to the west. The watcher stood spellbound as the dim flames alternately boomed up, then died down, only to flare and die, flare and die.

"Signal fires!" some trembling, quavering voice said and pandemonium was loosened all over town.

My older brother, fifteen years of age, toted Pa's old six-gauge shotgun while I guarded against the rain a canvas bag of "the greatest breakthrough of the age," semi-smokeless powder. On reaching the Brotherton home we found every room bulging at the seams with a panting, steaming, squalling mob. Several women, including Mother, had husbands off on ranches along the path of the Indians and this added to their terror. Their men were, without doubt, already mangled corpses!

Boys scurried here and there running errands. Our druggist, Charlie Baer, and two others pushed their way inside, their arms full of guns of every description and calibre. Along with drugs Charlie carried a line of fine guns and had just received several of the latest nickel-steel barreled .30-30s. Pistols, rifles and shotguns were hurriedly passed out to the town's best shots, their pockets and belts filled with shiny cartridges.

It was then my brother remembered he had forgotten the shells for the six-gauge. Handing me the ten-pound weapon he hurried back through the flooded night to get the sack of shells, mostly empties, and reloading tools. The gun, using four-inch length shells, was the only one of its kind in the country, perhaps the world, since the gun had been made to special order in England.

The Brotherton home had been chosen as a fortress not only for its size but for the fact that, with the exception of "Mayor" Crawford's house at the base of Woodchuck Mountain, it was the only stone building in town.

From the looks of the artillery which included every model from muzzle loaders down to the ultra-modern .30-30 Winchester, not to mention the sabers and bayonets, it was plain our lives would go dearly. Pistols half a century old were loaded and primed while shells were handed out by the handful for the more modern weapons. Fires roared in every stove as bullet-ladles flashed in and out to pour their molten lead into molds of every kind and bore. Boys who were old enough to handle a jack-knife were put to whittling the feather edges and shaggy tails off the hot bullets while others scooped the remnants back into ladles.

My brother came in exhausted from running, and crying because he had lost one of his new copper-toed boots. Someone grabbed the reloading tools from his dripping hands and began pouring lead into the shot mold. Though originally made for one ball almost the size of a half dollar, our blunderbuss, since Father got it, had been used with buckshot. These, the size of a .44 bullet, three tiers high, twelve to the charge, made up the load that at a distance of fifty yards patterned fifteen feet.

The "Parkinson Boys," as they were known, Kansas, Jim, and another whose name I've forgotten, and whose collective height towered twenty feet, nine inches, took our minds off our impending deaths by their ludicrous antics as they stood on chairs and rammed great charges in their long-barreled muskets. Now that the real test of battle drew close, it was surprising and edifying to see the mass of fearless men going about the grim business of loading shells, issuing orders and trying to school, in a moment's time, an army of men, women and boys to fight to the finish there in the dark without the possible shooting of their cohorts.

Elmer Briteman, a tall, skinny boy, asked me to accompany him home to get some weapons. Trying to ape the fearless oldsters, and regardless of the fact that I, too, had lost one of my shoes, we set out across town with every dim object becoming a skulking, scalp-lifting Indian.

Courtesy Alma Baer

Charlie Baer, as the author knew him when he handed out every gun (including five of the first .30-30 Winchesters to be manufactured) and every cartridge in his store. Many guns were never returned.

Once in the basement of Elmer's home he lighted a candle and took two broad-bladed cutlasses from the wall. Then he dragged a grinding stone from a corner. I had never before seen a foot-pedal stone and almost forgot our life or death predicament as I watched Elmer work the heavy blades back and forth, the sparks flying in a steady stream while his bare, muddy feet shot up and down on the treadles. Tongue in cheek, Elmer tested the blades with his thumb and handed me one. It is remarkable the uplifting effect the feel of those weapons had and as we hurried back to our fort we told each other it would be an unfortunate Indian who came within our range!

A LULL had come in the storm and seasoned plainsmen predicted the attack might come with it. In corroboration of their grim surmise both signal fires suddenly belched and spouted their sinister messages in high, venomous spurts. It was then agreed that the best move was to hurry the women and youngsters away. Those with babies would go in the Morrison wagon, others would have to walk.

With a pretense at bravery, wives and sweethearts kissed their men and were out sloshing across the watery yard for their trek southward when some keen-eyed youngster let out a yell and pointed. Like a tiny ruby, at first it glowed off there in the valley to our south, gradually gaining dimension until it, too, shot flames skyward. Someone estimated it to be about two miles distant where the Yampa and Rabbit Ear Range road branched. We were cut off! Surrounded! The three signal fires now formed a perfect triangle.

Everyone tried to swarm back indoors. Men cursed the fatal delay while women cried or prayed. Two young wives, soon to become mothers, broke into screaming hysteria, pleading for someone to shoot them. At the same time our local "character," Skinny Smith, hobbled around shouting that "Somebody a damsite better shoot Wilcox instead!"

The doctor's wife threw her arms around her husband's neck coaxing him for a merciful death. Whispers ran among the men and the doctor freed his wife's fingers, stood his rifle in a corner and hurried away. Then someone re-

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membered the Moores. The Moore ranch bordered the town to the east and two boys were off on a run to warn them. Half an hour later the bedraggled family of seven swelled our steaming numbers. Willis, the oldest boy, and his bushy-whiskered father added a double-barreled shotgun, a cap and ball revolver and two .45-90 Sharp's rifles to the truly amazing arsenal.

"They won't jump us 'fore daylight," old Moore said. "I've fit th' Apaches under Miles an' th' Sioux with Crook an' I know. Just rest yer britches a spell, 'cause thar's plenty o' time. Meantime, we'll git organized."

Moore's assurance that the Indians would not attack until dawn sort of gave us a new lease on life, for it would greatly lessen the disadvantage in numbers. A hand-to-hand conflict in the dark, outnumbered perhaps ten to one, was enough to strike terror into the bravest of hearts; but with daylight our men would certainly give a first-class account of themselves.

Moore ordered a heavy guard thrown about the building. Four "pioneer" women who thoroughly understood the business were to reload shells while several boys were to act as carriers. At this point the mud-smeared doctor ran in bearing the familiar black satchel and was seen to take from it a glass-stoppered bottle. This he handed to his wife, then with a few mumbled words hurriedly picked up his rifle and joined the guard.

Sebe Brobeck, a tall, hard-muscled man, suggested that he reconnoiter among the scrub-oaks on Woodchuck Mountain and try to ascertain our foe's numbers. "Suicide!" some argued. Brobeck won out, and a moment later with four .45 Colt's buckled around him he set out afoot for Woodchuck Mountain, while Bruce Burgess got a horse and investigated the war party to our south. Once again the rain turned loose in torrents and as we awaited developments someone produced a pair of field glasses. With these the lookers swore they could see hundreds of forms circling the fires. Moore said before going into battle the Injuns always went through the rituals of a war dance.

An hour passed, with nerves strained to the breaking point. Then a sentry was heard to call out. It was Brobeck, and stumbling along in his lead was a sopping wet, shame-faced lad whom everyone recognized, Logan Crawford, the son of the town's so-called Mayor.

"HERE'S your blankety blank redskins!" said Brobeck, so riled up he couldn't talk without cussing. "Somebody go fetch the other son-of-a-so-and-so that's across th' river!"

Folks poured out of the building and crowded around Brobeck and his prisoner. As the east grew gray the second youthful prankster was literally dragged in by John Eads, a miner, and "One-eyed Griff" a two-gun character, the twenty-year-old having been surprised in the act of tossing a tomato-can of blasting powder into the dying flames. The powder, two kegs of it, had been taken from Mr. Crawford's nearby onyx quarry by the youth and toted atop the two peaks to lend realism to the "Injun signals." The oak on Woodchuck and the pine on Steamboat Mountain had supplied all the fuel needed to keep their fires alive. If there had been any doubts in their minds as to the effectiveness of their work they had but to view this yardful of concentrated misery.

They had planned to send up a few more signals then hurry unseen to their beds, but they had not reckoned with the iron nerves of Brobeck. The queer part of it was that not a soul had noted their absence from the assemblage.

The third fire proved to be nothing but a drowned-out freighter who had "rolled a few logs on the coals to dry out the atmosphere."

From the stern tones, as the youths were ordered to appear in "Court" at ten that morning, the boys knew it to be no laughing matter. The pranksters sensed they were in for something far more drastic than a mere reprimand.

Their hearing was held in the little wooden church with "Judge" Dunfield, at the request of the citizenry, presiding as referee. At the appointed hour every pew and seat was filled and the hallway overflowing, even to the outside. A strange court and a queer proceeding, that. In every pew sat men with coat-tails bulging from a heavy gun beneath. Far back, their backs to the wall, sat the two culprits with six-shooters dangling from their belts. No request or attempt was made to disarm them. The situation was tense—for this was no ordinary court of law with the accused sitting helpless before the bar.

From the pulpit lanky, lawyer McClelland began his excoriation; he hadn't had a "case" or a chance to orate for a year, and now wasted no words in preamble. With shouted emphasis he pointed out the gravity of the joke which came near precipitating a mass suicide. He ranted about over-wrought nerves and a wholesale pact of self-destruction. Several women had vowed not to be taken alive and the accidental discharge of one of those old weapons might have touched off a tragedy. Enough poison, he said, had "come into the Brotherton home in that black satchel to send every woman there to kingdom come in the flash of an eye!"

A HUSH fell over the gloomy room. Dunfield, who had sat stoically at the lawyer's elbow, stared out over the sea of faces. It was, in fact, a vigilante court, with every man present a judge of sorts.

But there was no danger of mob rule. Every man there respected Dunfield to the point that he was willing to leave the case in the Judge's hands. Besides, the crowd expected to hear momentarily the words which would mean "take 'em out and hang 'em," for the Dunfield family had suffered no less terror than others. The room was very quiet.

Author Webb, mounted, posed for this publicity shot in 1911, while a performer in Wild West shows.

Photo Courtesy Author

As Dunfield continued to stare vacantly and drum his fingers, as if carefully weighing the outcome of his decision, a strange thing happened. Strange, because many believed that it influenced his meting out of justice.

All forenoon the big room had been murky and gloom-laden, when suddenly the heavy mist had lifted as if snatched away by some great hand and once again the valley was bathed in the sun's inspiring warmth. Outside a robin sang. Life was good.

Dunfield sat in deep meditation. He had a choice of two decisions. One would mean plenty of bloodshed the moment anyone attempted to lay hands on the heavily-armed, thoroughly scared young men. The other would mean the repudiation of McClelland's plea to "string 'em up!"

Perhaps his decision was influenced by his deep respect for the youths' parents—for the boys themselves. He had known them a long time, had watched them through high school, as they grew to useful citizens. Perhaps something else, something inanimate, influenced him. Anyway, what was already done could never be undone.

"Logan," he began, "just why did you do this?"

"Just for fun," came Logan's weak and thoroughly repentant answer. "And I'm terribly sorry."

Dunfield wiped his glasses, blew his nose and stared at the stained-glass of a window. After a while he turned and addressed the other youth, Harry Jones.

"Harry, what have you to say for yourself?"

"We just wanted to scare hell out of old Wilcox, I guess," said Harry in all meekness.

For some moments Judge Dunfield remained silent.

"Boys," he said at last, "there are a great many present who will say that I would be doing your parents, and possibly yourselves, and the community at large a great favor by dealing with you most severely. However, I am not going to let last night's episode sway me from the belief that you have learned a great lesson. Also, that the trust I am placing in you boys shall ever have been misplaced. Go home and let this be a lesson to you."

So ended, with rare jurisprudence, a case which might have been truly tragic. As for Warden Wilcox and his family, their nerves had near snapped under the strain and they soon moved away.

The dreaded coming of the Indians never materialized. In fact, so far as anyone could ascertain, none had been planned, save in the minds of the two pranksters, the idea hatching when Neal Hart had concocted his story simply because Warden Wilcox was in such disfavor in the community. As for the "copper-skinned" stranger seen at the Bear River bridge, that was a bona fide statement. The individual was a Mexican, and few in our parts had ever before seen one of his breed.

The following Sunday our usually grim-faced minister looked down on his flock with a beaming smile. He observed several citizens there who had never before seen the inside of a church.

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By A. L. SCHAFER

JOE RANKIN'S RIDE

He clicked off the miles one by one—just Joe and his pony—with nothing in his favor but the prayers of the soldiers he'd left trapped in the pits . . .

Joe Rankin

Denver Public Library Western Collection

WHO TODAY would consider riding horseback from Denver to Walsenburg—or east to west across the state of Indiana—or from Carson City, Nevada, to San Francisco Bay—in just over twenty-seven hours?

The midnight ride of Paul Revere was a bridle-path jaunt in the park compared to the ride of Joe Rankin, 100 years later and 2,000 miles west of Boston.

Even the seven-day-seventeen-hour trip from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, by Pony Express with Lincoln's First Inaugural Address cannot equal the 160-mile, 27½-hour ride from Milk Creek, Colorado, to Rawlins, Wyoming, in September, 1879. Pony Express riders changed horses every twenty-five miles at way stations, but Joe Rankin caught his own on the range and drove them to the corral.

While much of the Pony Express route was over flat or rolling country, Joe Rankin, the livery stable owner from Rawlins, crossed several mountainous divides, all the while riding above 6,000 feet. And the Utes were on the warpath.

They had attacked the 153 men in the Thornburgh expedition. Already ten men were dead, forty were wounded, and most of the horses were down. The men and women and children at the White River Agency were probably dead. Assuredly, they were captives.

Nathan C. Meeker, a dreamer of Utopias, had been appointed Indian agent at White River on the western slope of Colorado the year before. The Utes, pony Indians for a couple of hundred years, hunters of the elk and the mule deer and the black bear, were going to become farmers, Meeker had said.

He did more than say it. He ordered plows, seed wheat, shovels and wheelbarrows. Since the Ute bucks refused to cooperate, Meeker hired white plowmen from Greeley. They destroyed the grass of the pony pasture and the race track that Ute Jack, Chief Johnson, Chief Douglas and old, fat Colorow, the biscuit-beggar, had laid out in the meadow. The Utes shot at the plowmen from the brush.

So confident was Meeker that he bought a threshing machine, now on display at Hayden, to clean the grain that the Utes would grow.

Meeker's biggest mistake, however, was calling for the Army. General Crook ordered Thomas Tipton Thornburgh, commanding Fort Steel, east of Rawlins, Wyoming, to proceed under special instructions to the Agency more than 150 miles south, to assist Meeker.

Major Thornburgh, new in the territory, took his four companies to Rawlins. They were not a full complement, but they were seasoned Indian fighters. Thornburgh, however, was not. Only a year before he had taken his troops to stop two bands of Cheyenne Indians headed north in Nebraska, became lost in fog, took wrong trails, and had to be rescued from the sand hills. They never saw the Cheyenne Indians they were chasing.

The handsome major had learned from that experience, however, and for this expedition demanded good scouts. He was advised to hire Joe Rankin, the operator of the livery stable in Rawlins.

RANKIN, thirty-four, quiet, and a former soldier, agreed to guide the Major to the reservation. They started southward on September 22. With 220 mules, 33 wagons with supplies, and a horse for each man, Rankin led the cavalry down the rugged Colorado Plateau.

At the crossing of the Bear (Yampa) River, they were met by Ute Jack and several Indians who had just purchased the remaining ammunition and whiskey at Peck Trading Post at the river crossing.

In the talks which followed, Major Thornburgh was told by the Utes not to come closer or cross the reservation boundary, to return to Rawlins, and to find a new agent to replace Mr. Meeker.

Thornburgh, however, had his orders from General Crook and told Joe Rankin to lead on. Across the divide to Williams Fork, across to Stinking Gulch, across another divide to Milk Creek, Rankin led them.

At the head of Coal Creek Canyon, about twenty miles from the agency headquarters in Powell Park, they stopped. They had reached the boundary of the reservation.

But they didn't stay there and, instead, headed southwest into the reservation. Utes appeared on the hills above the creek. After a few moments of hesitancy, the battle was on.

Somewhere, along the stretched-out column of cavalry and wagons, or from the hills above the creekbed, shots rang out. Before the Major could really assemble his forces, he fell from his horse with a rifle bullet in his head. Captain J. Scott Payne, himself wounded, was now in command. He ordered the wagons into a crude barricade.

Before the pits had been dug and

(Continued on page 51)

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The old, old story of a little doublecross and how it grew—

By JOE K. PARRISH

Illustrated by Al M. Napoletano

The DISAPPEARING GOLD Of LA NARIZ

MANY STORIES of buried treasure are fakes, folk tales or fantasies. Not this one. Three cowboys accidentally discovered a real treasure in a cave near Juarez, Mexico, in May, 1963—and a whopper it was, too.

It consisted of nineteen leather sacks full of gold coins, and six solid gold ingots weighing forty *kilos*, or eighty-eight pounds, each. The gold bars alone are worth $295,680, and the value of the coins, if they're old and rare, is literally incalculable. But, due to the treachery of one of the finders, the treasure was stolen the day after it was discovered. And to this very day *no one* has realized

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so much as a *peso* from this fabulous hoard of boodle, including the traitor.

The theft made a splash that rippled outward in ever-widening circles which eventually involved the Juarez police, the governor, treasurer and attorney general of the State of Chihuahua, and the comptroller general of the Republic of Mexico.

In telling this story I have stuck to what I believe to be the facts, as nearly as I could make them out through the smoke screen of lies, larceny, devious dealings and doublecrossings that enveloped this treasure almost from the instant it was found.

I've changed many of the names of people involved because all except one are still very much alive. Nerves are still raw from the accusations, mud-slinging and name-calling that went on. Besides, the men who stole this treasure are sitting on it, biding their time, waiting for the ruckus to die down so that they may quietly dispose of it and retire from the proceeds.

OUR STORY begins on a mountain known as La Naríz (The Nose), so-named because it is shaped for all the world like a giant proboscis. It is located some forty miles south of Juárez.

Three ranch hands, Juan Garcia, Jose Gonzales and Jesus Rodriguez (not their real names), were out riding the range when a sudden rainstorm came up. They were near the mountain, so they spurred their horses in its direction to seek shelter.

One of them thought he saw a cave on the slope, and they left their mounts and climbed up to investigate. Sure enough, in the hillside there was a cavern into which they crawled to await the passing of the storm.

They gathered twigs and dried vegetation left by packrats and built a fire to warm and dry themselves. When the flames blazed up one of the men noticed something in the back of the cave. He went to investigate and in a few moments called to his companions.

"*Amigos*—come look at this!"

The other two crawled to join him. Arrayed along the back wall of the cave they saw a row of small, ancient leather sacks, folded over and tied by thongs. This description is remarkably similar to one given by Josiah Gregg in *Commerce of the Prairies*, when he describes the sacks used to carry silver bullion and coins on muleback by traders on the old Santa Fe Trail.

Eagerly the three cowboys opened one of the bags and discovered it to be full of gleaming gold coins! They counted eighteen more of the sacks, half buried under blown sand and dust, all similarly filled.

That wasn't all. One of the trio accidentally kicked a small pile of debris and nearly broke his toe. He scraped away the sand and uncovered those six enormous gold bars.

The cowboys were stunned at their good fortune. Never, even in their wildest dreams, had it ever occurred to them that they might someday rise above their humble stations as poor but honest *campesinos*. Yet here they were, maybe richer even than the wealthy rancher for whom they worked.

Their senses returned. In their joy they shouted jests and pummeled each other and did crazy, happy things. Then they settled down around the fire to lay plans.

Obviously they couldn't carry all that swag on three horses. After much debate they decided to return in a few days with a borrowed pick-up truck, gather up their fortune, and sell the stuff in Juárez.

They agreed on a day. When the rain stopped they scrambled back down to their horses and went about their work, hearts bursting with happiness and wonder.

The appointed day came, and Garcia and Gonzales were at the rendezvous with the truck. They waited for Rodriguez. Time passed, and their missing companion failed to appear. Finally they decided to proceed without him and give him his share of the loot later.

They drove to La Naríz, backed the truck as close to the base of the mountain as they could, and clambered up to the treasure cave. They entered and, turning on flashlights, crawled toward the gold that was to free them from their lives of toil and poverty.

But something was wrong. Where there had been nineteen leather sacks of gold coins, there now were nineteen empty little craters in the sand. Where there had been six gold ingots, there now was just a pile of disturbed dust. They rubbed their eyes and looked again. Still no treasure.

Quickly they descended the mountain, piled into the truck and, wheels spraying gravel, roared away. They drove to the Juárez police station and filed a complaint against Rodriguez charging him with grand theft.

Rodriguez was arrested and jailed. His story was that on the appointed day he had been in Chihuahua City on a family emergency and hadn't been able to keep the rendezvous. He emphatically denied stealing the treasure and professed to be as mystified as everybody else.

Now the Juárez newspapers got hold of the story and had themselves a ball. *La Cronica*, a daily, played it up with big, black, blazing headlines for days. Circulation soared.

Rodriguez was described as a "Judas" and "traitor." It was pretty plain what had happened. Rodriguez undoubtedly had returned to the treasure ahead of time and removed it. But there was no evidence, no proof. Indeed, the very existence of such a treasure was, in the eyes of the hard-bitten police officers, a matter for conjecture.

IN AN EFFORT to dig up a concrete clue, the police decided to re-enact the crime. An "Incredible Odyssey to Look for the Great Treasure" (headline in *La Cronica*, May 30, 1963) was organized. Traveling in a "resplendent" 1962 Chevrolet police station wagon, were Alfredo Reza, Luis Silva and Moises Longoria (real names) of the Judicial Police; Garcia and Gonzales, the victims; Rodriquez, the suspect; and two Juárez newsmen.

The expedition took the old *Camino Real* (now the Pan-American Highway) to Samalayuca, a village about twenty-five miles south of Juárez. Three kilometers beyond they turned west on a back-country road. According to *La Cronica*, they passed through the ranches of El Vergel, Joluco, Sancho, Dos Hermanos and La Noria. They stopped briefly at the latter ranch, then proceeded through Cañon de Nopal and arrived at the mountain named La Naríz at two o'clock in the morning. They camped till dawn with one of the police officers on guard. At sun-up they climbed to the cave. Sure enough, it was empty.

The police and the victims then began putting pressure on Rodriguez. He maintained his innocence for quite a while but finally broke down, confessing that he had, indeed, gone back to the cave before the rendezvous. Acting on orders, he said, of Pedro Sanchez (false name), a ranch foreman, he had loaded the boodle onto a truck and taken it to Sanchez, who in turn had transferred it to Ricardo Vasquez (false name), manager of a large Juárez industrial concern. Sanchez told him that Vasquez would know how to dispose of the loot. Rodriguez said nothing about any plans to share the proceeds with his two friends.

Now that the crime was solved, everybody scrambled back down the mountain, piled into the station wagon, and drove to El Barreal Ranch headquarters, where the cops put the cuffs on Sanchez.

When Sanchez asked why he was being arrested, Rodriguez said, "Don't

(Continued on page 70)

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Practically every farmer—at one time or another—has thought there surely must be some easier way to make a living—like maybe putting in a little stock of goods somewhere? setting up a little business?

SINCE THE PEOPLE who settled in the trade area where my father established his store, came from just about every state and territory, their tastes and needs were as varied as their backgrounds. He located in old Faxon, that had started out as Slogan, in Comanche County, Oklahoma Territory. This was about two miles northwest of the present town of Faxon. The time was March, 1902, following the opening of the country the fall before.

Dad had no previous experience in the mercantile business. He had enjoyed several prosperous years on our farm in Marshall County, Kansas. But now he had sold his farm at an unheard-of price, and was seeking two things: cheap land which would grow in value, and an easier way than farming for an old man to make a living.

We hauled the lumber for the store building from Lawton, about twenty miles to the northeast. The building's dimensions were twenty by sixty feet, and it was of box-type construction. It was sealed, had a shingle roof, and sat on stone piers at four-foot intervals. I think the best recommendation for our construction is that sixty-two years later it is still in use. We later moved it five miles overland to the town of Chattanooga. It stands on the main street, the oldest building in town. I confess that it is showing its age.

Having no preconceived idea about what he should stock or exactly how a store should be run proved a decided advantage. Father's problems were to be different from those facing a country store in a Kansas farming community. And I don't recall that we even considered that we might have Indian customers as well as white; yet we soon had Indian business that for probably three years actually overshadowed our white homesteader trade.

An example of the diversity of tastes, though an extreme one, is tobacco. My guess at this time is that at least eight out of ten men chewed, and many both chewed and smoked. There were five popular brands of chewing tobacco, led by Star and Horseshoe. We also carried at least ten lesser brands. Our sales of chewing tobacco, in due time, were well over one hundred pounds a week. Because we tried to satisfy everyone's taste, many people gave us their business in preference to trading at a store which carried only two or three brands, expecting their customers to take what they could get.

Duke's Mixture and Bull Durham took care of most of the cigarette smokers' needs, and about four other brands took care of the rest of the smokers. The ladies' snuff wants were not so diversified. Honest, Garretts, and Tube Rose, each in five, ten and twenty-five cent sizes, comprised the inventory.

For the first year or so, as there was no drugstore closer than Lawton, a stock of standard drugs was a must. Generally speaking, Indian country is malaria country. Though the Indian had built up a resistance to the disease, his mosquito friends played havoc with white people coming from a non-malarial area.

Calomel, quinine, castor oil, Grove's Chill Tonic, Black Draught, and Epsom salts were musts. Castoria and Chamberlain's were mostly for the little folks. Then, of course, there was need of spirits and oil of turpentine for antiseptics, camphor and oil of cloves for the aching teeth, and Sloan's liniment for those who developed rheumatism. Sick horses had to have spirits of niter.

REGARDLESS of where people came from, they could bring but little food along. Few arrived in time to get out a garden the first year, and of course there were no orchards. They could make their old clothes last over, but they had to buy food. There were lots of cattle in the country, but no butcher shops. Because there was no ice, during warm weather we could get fresh meat only when someone would butcher his animals in the hope that he could sell the meat before it spoiled.

The biggest selling meat in our store was dry-salt pork sides and bellies. People from Arkansas, the Indian Nations, and Texas were the biggest buyers of this type of meat; but many from other areas who purchased the higher-priced smoked meat at the start switched to the cheaper dry-salt before they got their claims on a make-living basis.

As I was only in the beginning of my fifteenth year, and had lived all my life in one community, many things touched off my funny bone; and I had to learn to keep my face straight and roll with the punch. For instance, we had numer-

Early photo shows "Uncle Sim" Gilles and Mrs. Gilles in the doorway of the old store, which is standing today.

Uncle Sim's TRADING

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ous people who asked for canned roasting ears, when they wanted canned corn. Others asked for a dime's worth of cheese and crackers. What they wanted was for you to cut the cheese a little short and give them some crackers to eat with it.

For some time there was no restaurant in town, and we had a table at the back of the store where people could sit and eat canned salmon, sardines, Vienna suasage, potted ham, etc. We had a few forks and spoons, a bottle of vinegar, and one of pepper sauce on the table, along with an open box of crackers. There were few hours of the day when there wasn't someone eating at the table.

We didn't have the shelf room to carry a stock of shoes. Besides, Dad did not have the money it takes to carry a stock of shoes the year around. What he did was to shoe his customers twice a year. About the first of September, or a little later, we would get in several dozen pairs of shoes, for both men and women. The men's shoes were mostly of the work-shoe variety, with a few pairs of dress shoes.

We set the cases up on end at the rear of the store, took the lids off, and sold the shoes directly from the case. In a couple of weeks we would have all of our "regulars" shod for the winter and only the occasional pairs left would find their way to the shelf. This scene was repeated in the spring. When we learned what kind of shoes the Indians bought for their children, especially the girls, we kept shoes in stock for them as they bought throughout the year.

We handled the bedding situation in much the same way. Dad would buy a bale of cotton blankets and a bale of cotton comforts for fall delivery, and our customers would supply their winter needs. Often we would have the whole supply sold out before the discount date ran out on the invoice.

Women of the community attending a party at the Ben Baker home. This photo was taken within a year of the time the store picture was taken. Only last names are available. Seated from left to right: author's mother; Bain; Lowrey; Fender. Standing, left to right: Mangan; Opsal; Baker; Sharp; Arnett; Murphy; Shull; Little.

STORE

By ALBERT S. GILLES

Photos Courtesy Author

Mother bought our piece goods, notions, and findings. She, too, had to feel her way. I am sure it was her taste in the selection of calicos, ginghams, and braid that was originally responsible for attracting the Indian women to our store.

It had been Dad's intention to do our own freighting. But as trade developed, freighting became too heavy a burden. He had bought a large team, wagon, and harness soon after we arrived. To get a load of stock for the store was a hard trip and a long day. He would leave early, stable and feed the team, do his running around, hitch up and load his merchandise from the several locations, and then drive the twenty miles home with a heavy load. I am sure he must have found this about as tiring as a day at harvest time on the farm.

There was an unpleasant side to freighting besides the long days. Two creeks near our town, West Cache and Blue Beaver, had to be forded. Both of these creeks headed in the Wichita Mountains, and had substantial watersheds after they left the mountains. One or both could be out of their banks, although there had been no rain locally. Freight wagons were held up for hours or days on numerous occasions. Also it was not always possible to get started on the day planned.

I remember one trip when Mother went with Dad, and it rained on them nearly all the way home. Dark hit them before they got to West Cache, and they decided to come on in before the creek could rise and maroon them. Mother waded the creek and climbed the muddy bank before rejoining the wagon. It was probably eleven o'clock when they drove in. I had closed the store and gone to bed. Now I had to roll out, let them in, and care for the team, and then we had to unload the freight out of the rain. I think that was about the time Dad decided to use the regular freight haulers.

Those making their living from hauling freight were mostly men who had come into the country and registered for land. Having failed to draw a claim, and finding work with their teams plentiful, they remained. Mostly middle-aged, they had probably made other land openings before. As everyone was a stranger to everyone else, you accepted the other fellow by faith.

The merchant was dependent on the freight hauler to deposit his money for him in the bank at Lawton. Before we had been in business very long, Dad was sending around five hundred dollars a week to Lawton by the men hauling our freight. I never knew of one being unfaithful to his trust. Had he seen fit to abscond, he could have driven east to the Nations and easily had thirty-six hours', or more, start on any pursuit.

CARING for the store's money was a disturbing chore. It was nearly two years before we were able to get a safe, and another year before we had a local bank. About the time we got our store started, Dad bought the relinquishment on an improved claim. It was about a mile and a half from the store to the house on the claim. The homesteader was returning to Texas by wagon, so he sold us his furniture as well. When we began living on the claim, it meant carrying the money back and forth.

As it was always dark, winter or summer, before we could close the store, we worked various and sundry schemes to transport the money. It was my job to hitch up the team, as well as to carry the silver. We could easily have two to three hundred dollars in silver if the freight wagons had been held up a day or two.

After I tied the team out front, I would continue working around the store, including making necessary trips out to the tent warehouse in the rear. Finally I would stroll out into the darkness and not come back. I would have the coin sacks, my shotgun, and my bird dog. I tried to go a little different route each night, and before I approached the house I would send the dog ahead to inspect the house and barn to see if we had any company.

Mother handled the paper money and checks. She had a brownish tan wallet like the ones men carried in their inside coat pockets in those days. It was about the color of mesquite grass, and she had several feet of black thread fastened to the wallet. She planned, if anyone stopped her, to throw the wallet out onto the prairie. The thread would help us find it the next morning.

Our Indian business just seemed to happen. At least we had made no conscious effort to attract it. In fact Dad and Mother never made any effort to learn the Comanche language. We were surprised to learn later that many merchants made it a practice to boost the price when an Indian was buying. I am sure that idea never occurred to any of us. We were later to find that the missionaries had been checking our prices and bookkeeping, and had passed the word on to the Indians that we had one price for all.

We had no family history of past trouble with Indians, so when an Indian

(Continued on page 53)

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By FERRIS WEDDLE

Old Camps ALONG THE NEZ PERCÉ TRAIL

THERE'S a story of a mule freight train trudging the fifty miles from Mt. Idaho, near Grangeville, to Elk City, Idaho, with a lady on one side of a mule's pack saddle and the lady's cookstove on the other to balance the load. The tale doesn't reveal how much the lady and the stove weighed, but some of the big pack mules could carry around 300 pounds. One thing is certain—if the lady was to get to the robust mining camp, she had to either walk, or ride a horse or a mule.

It wasn't until the late 1890s that a crude wagon road was chopped through the wilderness country to Elk City; and even then, during the winter months, wagons and pack animals were useless when the snow piled six to ten feet deep. Supplies and mail went in on men's backs, or were pulled on sleds by men and, sometimes, dogs.

Today's State 14 into Elk City is a super-highway compared with yesterday's paths, but winter-time travel into and out of Elk City can still be an adventure. Floods have caused extensive damage at times. Nevertheless, the drive along the South Fork of the Clearwater River and Red River is one of the most scenic in north-central Idaho.

It's unlikely that the lady with her cookstove gave much thought to the fact she was traversing one of the Northwest's famed trails—the old Nez Percé Trail. It had been used by the Indians for centuries to cross over the Bitterroot Range into what is now Montana to hunt buffalo. This is the trail, too, which the Lewis and Clark expedition missed on their historic journey. Instead they took the northern route, the Lolo Trail, which is much more difficult. And the party almost perished.

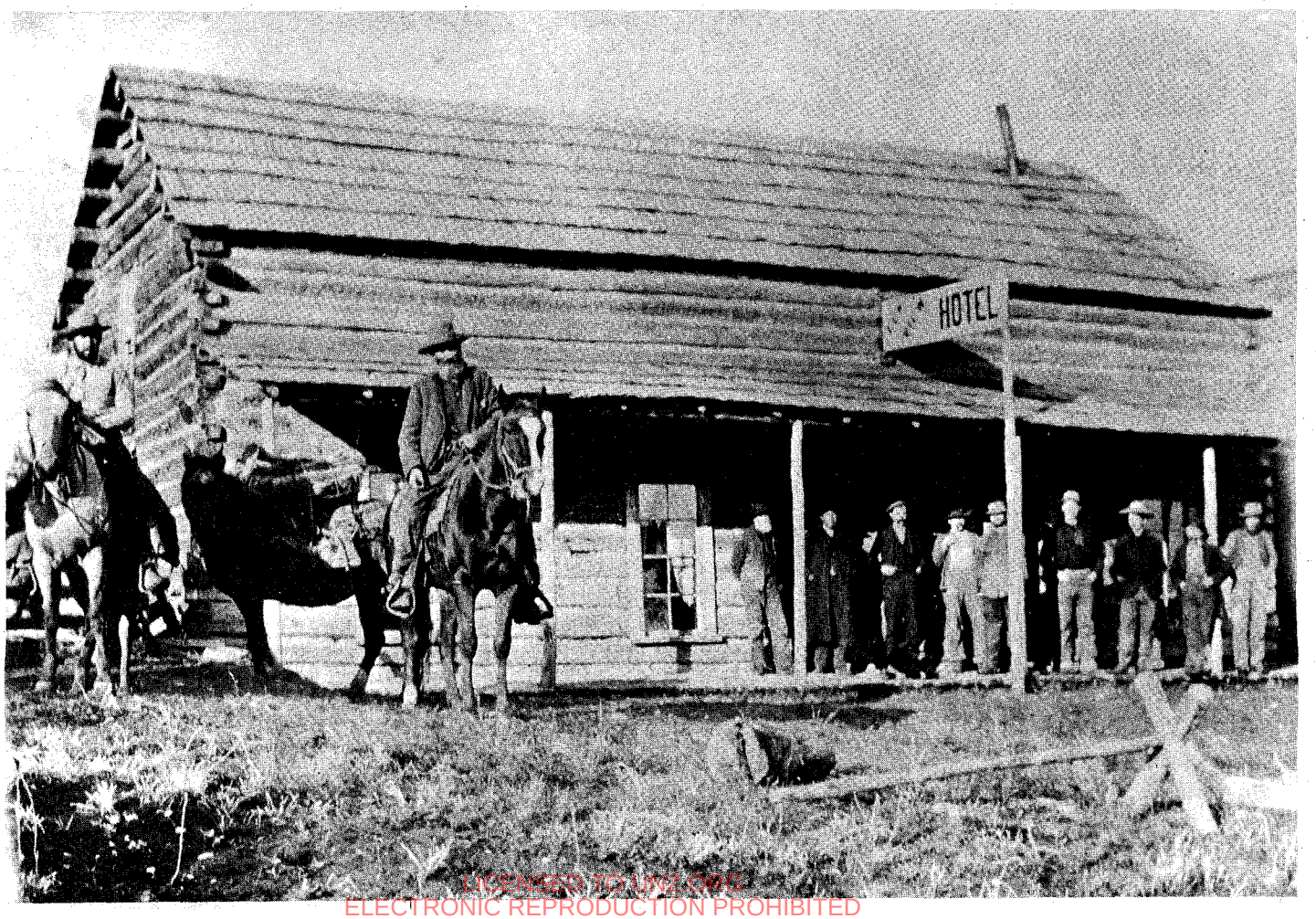
Elk City, the queen mining village, celebrated its centennial in the fall of 1961. The anniversary was notable for several reasons other than 100 years of existence. For the first time in its history, Elk City had electricity from the outside. And a short time before, the town had acquired its first permanent church and its first permanent elementary school. Recently, telephone service was installed.

The excitement over Elk City's 20th Century events could not have equaled the excitement in Portland, Oregon, when news of the new strike reached the city in the spring of 1861. A Portland newspaper reporter put it this way: "As the news radiated, picks and shovels were thrown down, claims deserted, and turn your eye where you would you could see droves of people coming in hot haste to town . . . all intent on taking up a claim in the new El Dorado."

It had begun in May, 1861 when fifty-two prospectors left the overcrowded Pierce City area to explore the South Fork of the Clearwater. About six miles from present-day Stites, the party ran into an obstacle in the form of a Nez Percé Indian Chief with the appropriate name of Chief Cool-cool-snee-nee. The chief was definitely cool to any prospecting, citing the 1855 treaty which stated that there was to be none on the

Several disastrous fires have destroyed most of Elk City's historic buildings—including the Elk View Hotel shown here. It was built in the early 1890s by N. B. Pettibone, a businessman and mining operator, who traded it for the historic Newsome House in the nearby town of Newsome. The new owner, J. G. Chesebro, operated the Elk View for only a year before it burned down in 1897.

Photo Courtesy Idaho Historical Society



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Even if the miner stopped only a little while, he left evidences of his stay—a few boards leaning against the wind, a roof of sorts to shed the rain, and always a free-swinging door which he seldom bothered to close when he headed for the next strike . . .

south side of the Clearwater River and its tributaries. Despite his threats to use force, twenty-two of the gold-hungry prospectors continued their journey along the Nez Percé Trail.

IN A spacious meadow which they named Elk Valley for the numerous elk in the vicinity, they found placer gold. The entire Nez Percé tribe could not have kept out the miners when this find was reported in Pierce City in June. The first claim was recorded June 14—and by September the town had been named and laid out. By the end of the 1862 mining season, almost one million dollars in gold dust had been shipped out of the district. Elk City became a thriving camp with several general stores, five saloons, two main hotels, Ralph's and the Marsten House, and many dwellings. The area population numbered three or four thousand, although new finds southward in Florence and Warrens, and over in Montana Territory, drew a great many miners to the new strikes.

Among the prominent merchants who had businesses in Elk City was Lloyd Magruder, who also had holdings in Lewiston, the main supply point. The story of Magruder's murder in the Bitterroots in the autumn of 1863 is well known—a murder which resulted in the hanging of three of the four men responsible in Lewiston, March 4, 1864.

With no organized law enforcement, Elk City had its share of crime—and took care of most of it with Miners' Courts and informal vigilante action—or action by individuals. There was the case of a miner named Bull who gave two men shelter and food one night. When Bull awakened the next morning his guests were gone—and so were five of his horses. Bull wasted no time. He started after the pair—and 265 miles and twenty days later he caught up with them.

Recognizing their enraged pursuer, the thieves made a run for it. Bull killed one, a man named William Arnett. The other escaped, but was later captured and hanged.

It was usually "quick justice" for the Chinese miners who flocked into the area. When an Oriental badman named Lee Chung killed two of his own countrymen, the Chinese preferred to handle the case themselves and refused to cooperate with Sheriff Al Talkingwater. The lawman was determined, however, to hunt down the killer. The big problem was that all the Chinese looked alike to him, so he simply rounded up all those he could find and detained them in Mount Idaho, the county seat at the time.

Then the sheriff and a deputy stationed themselves in a cabin they figured the murderer might use. Late at night, in pitch darkness, a man entered—and the lawmen blasted away with shotguns. The intruder could have been anyone, but as luck would have it, the man was Lee Chung—a very dead man after this unorthodox ambush.

At various times, Elk City was taken over almost entirely by the thrifty Chinese who worked the diggings left by white men. In the 1880s only about a dozen white men were left, but there were probably close to five hundred Chinese.

Not everyone was antagonistic toward these strange men in floppy trousers and skull caps. One of the most respected citizens of Elk City was Lee Mann, who was one of the seven pupils to attend the first school established in 1895. At the time, Lee Mann was forty-one years old—but he knew that his future would be in America. He had arrived in Elk City in 1885 and had opened up a general store. Prior to that, he had been in the California gold fields and had ranched in Oregon. He had been fifteen when he arrived in San Francisco from Canton. A few years later, with a small fortune, he returned to Canton to marry.

But China had lost its appeal for Lee Mann. His wife refused to return to America with him, so he left her and his six-weeks-old-son to return again to the New World. He engaged in mining, livestock raising, the mercantile business, and in fruit growing in Washington State. He continued to send money to his wife and son through the years. In 1928, he received word Mrs. Mann was quite ill. He made the long trip home again—and found that his wife had died three weeks before his arrival. His son was grown, married, and had seven children.

China was not "home" anymore for Mann. He returned to America, and to Elk City in 1931. In September, 1942, at age eighty-seven, the pioneering Oriental died in Grangeville.

IN ELK CITY you'll hear stories about about Lee Mann and other Chinese and tales about "Mother" Young and J. C. "Brigham" Young. Mrs. Young was Mrs. Masterson when she first opened up a boarding house which was to become the most popular in town. Not only was Mrs. Masterson's cooking appreciated, but so were her stories. She said she was the second white woman to come from England to San Francisco; and she also claimed she had worked in the household of the poet, Lord Byron. It appeared, too, she had cooked for Queen Victoria.

She was a widow and obviously lonely, so the miners decided that something should be done about it. A bachelor named J. C. Young appeared to be the best prospect for the lady. Young wasn't overly ambitious and he liked to drink—but he also liked the Widow Masterson. Friends suggested he ask for her hand in marriage. Young thought this was a good idea, but since he had only "some ground he called a ranch" and no cows, he didn't think she'd go for it. The men promised him a cow if the Widow Masterson accepted. They even did the proposing on "Brigham's" behalf—and the man almost fainted when the lady said, "Yes."

The miners gave the newly-weds the cow, and later others were added until on June 15, 1889, the Grangeville *Free Press* stated: "Brigham Young of Elk City visited Grangeville this week for the first time in three years. He has designed a hydraulic churn which makes twenty-five pounds of butter an hour. Mr. Young milks twenty-five cows in Elk City and supplies the camp with butter."

In spite of Mother Young's threats to leave Brigham because of his drinking, the match seemed a good one to those who had brought it about. At any rate, it lasted!

Although few historic buildings remain because of disastrous fires in 1930 and in 1939, Elk City has the aura of the Old West. The timber industry has kept it alive and growing, and some mining activity continues. Tourists throng the town in spring and summer. Hundreds of hunters arrive in the fall—men seeking elk herds in the Clearwater

(Continued on page 70)

The old mill at Orogrande was built around 1902. Today it is silent and empty, its framework crumbling.

Photo Courtesy Author

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TWENTY YEARS among our HOSTILE INDIANS

From a book by J. Lee Humfreville, describing the characteristics, customs, habits, religion, marriages, dances and battles of the wild Indians in their natural state. Hunter & Company, Publishers, New York, 1899

Photos from book courtesy Ben Carlton Mead

The One Who Hits The Bear, Blackfoot Indian with red stone pipe and pipe stem decorated with scalp locks

Queer Customs and Superstitions

THE INDIAN has been frequently, I may say generally, represented as having been endowed with great powers of observation and extraordinary gifts of natural cunning. This is only partly true. The Indian's mental faculties were sharpened by the necessities of his existence, but, like all other savage people, his intellectual gifts were limited. From his mode of life his physical senses were highly developed. His vision was usually perfect, and his sense of hearing was exceptionally acute. He could put his ear to the ground and detect the tramp of men, horses or other animals, at long distances. He could appear with the celerity of thought and vanish like an apparition. In following a trail he was as sure as fate. What to the ordinary observer was unnoticeable, was to him as plain as a well-beaten path, and his patience in following the trail was untiring. A broken twig, an upturned stone, or the appearance of the grass where trodden, had for him a significant meaning.

He would find evidences of the presence of man or animal where the white man could not detect a sign. His intuitive perceptions enabled him to arrive quickly at a conclusion from the lay of the land or other material things. He depended upon his natural animal instinct more than on human judgment. Yet, granting his superiority in these and other ways, he could not compete with civilized man.

There was in the Indian nature a trait of intractability not found in any other portion of the human race. . . . He could not be enslaved. The Spaniards in the early days of discovery endeavored to enslave the Indian; the result was that he died in his chains. He was the same when I first knew him as he was then—unamenable to law and impatient of restraint. . . . He might be brought up in the midst of civilized surroundings and educated, but at the first opportunity he would relapse into his original barbarism. . . .

He was the very impersonation of duplicity. He might enter the cabin of a frontiersman, or a military fort, or an Indian agency, and listen to all that was said, without giving the slightest evidence that he understood what he heard, or that he was taking notice of his surroundings. In his attitude and facial expressions, he might appear as taciturn as a Sphynx, and yet understand every word that was uttered and be planning a murderous raid at the same moment.

Occasionally, it is true, the Indian evinced some commendable traits of character. But these were the exception to the rule. Doubtless there are also instances of truthfulness and fidelity on his part. But granting this, it is still an indisputable fact that the Indian, of all uncivilized people, has offered the greatest degree of opposition to the influences of civilization.

Apropos of the intellectual qualities of the Indian, a prevailing idea is that he was a master of oratory. We read imaginary speeches of Indian chiefs in school books, and untrustworthy sources, then jump to the conclusion that the Red Man was a wonderfully eloquent though untutored child of nature. Nothing could be more foreign to the fact. The Indian vocabulary was extremely limited, and was confined to material ideas. All the poetic rhapsody and oratorical fireworks attributed to him are but the delusion of writers who have given free rein to their imagination. The alleged masterful speeches at council fires, and pathetic appeals to the justice of the white man, protesting against intrusion on Indian hunting grounds, belong to fiction not to fact.

It is difficult to place the Indian intellectually. Other savage races when brought within the environment of civilization have afforded brilliant instances of individual effort, but the Indian never. There is no instance in the four hundred years of American history of an Indian who attained greatness through the channels of civilization. The few Indians who stand out prominently in our history from King Philip down to Sitting Bull, achieved greatness not by adopting the ways of the white man, but by opposing them.

The Indian was proud by nature. He was animal in his instincts, and he neither knew nor cared about anything not connected with his material wants. He had an insatiable desire to excel. He wanted to be the bravest brave in his tribe. He resented injustice, even though he did not practice justice himself.

The Indian nations differed from most other savage people in that each had a different language. Except in a few instances there were no dialects among the different nations. The great Athabascan family, comprising as it did the Zunis, who attained the highest degree of civilization of any of its branches, the Mohaves, the Navajos, and the Apaches, could communicate with each other through their somewhat varying dialect. But no distinct nation that I have ever known would communicate in the oral language of the other. Neither would they intermarry with one another, although sometimes it occurred that a female captive, especially if young and handsome, became the wife of the man who captured her. Even then her life was little more than a living death, as the women of the nation treated their captive sisters with great severity and contempt, although they might be the wives of prominent chiefs.

West of the Mississippi River there were many distinct languages spoken by the various Indian nations. This diversity . . . explains the existence of their sign language. This was the only common means of communication that they possessed; though it varied somewhat among the different nations they could nearly all understand it. . . .

The Indian was never demonstrative.

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He rarely manifested surprise. He was reticent by nature; what he could not understand did not trouble him in the least. A few things, however, excited his admiration beyond the power of silence. One of these was the mystery of how the white man could read. He imagined that the paper talked to the white man, and the reason it did not talk to the Indian was a puzzle he could not solve. I have seen Indians pore over an old newspaper by the hour, turn it upside down and inside out, manipulate it in every conceivable manner, then throw it away in disgust because it did not talk to them as to the white man.

The Indian had no regular method of computing time. He knew neither years, months, weeks, nor days. He counted days by the number of "sleeps," that is, nights; months by the number of moons; and longer intervals by the recurrence of winter and summer. To him every day was the same; he had neither Sundays nor week days.

He was very much surprised to see his civilized brother look at his watch to ascertain the time of day. I have seen Indians stare at a watch for hours, in utter amazement. We could not make them understand how, by looking at a watch, we could tell precisely where the sun was in the sky, although not visible at the time.

SOME OF THE nations or tribes cut their hair; namely, the Osages, Otoes, Pawnees, Iowas, Sacs and Foxes. Some of them cut it off from both sides of the head, leaving only one stiff tuft, two or three inches in length and a couple of inches in width, on the top of the head from the forehead back to the scalp lock. All the Indians who did this lived along the Missouri River above the mouth of the Kansas River. How they acquired this custom I am unable to state. It probably originated among themselves.

The custom of warriors cutting their hair as a sign of mourning differed from that which prevailed among those whom I have quoted. An Indian on losing a wife or child would sometimes cut off all his hair except the scalp lock. In those days it was difficult for Indians to obtain scissors, as the trading posts were widely scattered. Accordingly, they cut their hair with a knife, or burned it, leaving it uneven and ragged. These are the only instances among North American Indians where the hair was cut short, it being the general custom to let it grow in the most abundant profusion. An Indian woman sometimes mourned the loss of a near relative by cutting off one of her braids; then unbraiding the other she would let it hang down her back, and over her shoulder in front.

The surest evidence that a scalp when taken was really that of an Indian was the fact that the hairs were covered with nits. Any person acquainted with Indians would always look for these nits to be assured that it was the scalp lock of an Indian. Sometimes the hair of the scalp was coarse and a tuft of a horse's tail might be substituted for it; but the presence of these nits in the hair was proof positive that the scalp lock was that of an Indian.

The manner of taking a scalp in battle was to cut with a knife, around the braid of the scalp lock, a circle two or three inches in diameter, and then with a jerk tear it from the skull. Occasionally, especially if not pressed by danger and there was plenty of time, he would cut around the entire scalp, tearing it from the head. Such a scalp was often divided into numerous small locks, which were used in ornamenting his war shirt or other personal belongings. Half a dozen or more scalp locks often represented but a single victim. A few people who have been scalped by the savages . . . have recovered, but were great sufferers ever after.

The majority of Indians had a peculiar custom in relation to claiming the scalp. The one who first struck an enemy after he was down and supposed to be dead, could claim the scalp, although the person killing him had made every effort to strike the prostrate body and demand the trophy. This custom I attribute to the warrior's desire to be the first to strike the enemy, so that he could claim to be in advance of all others in the battle, and therefore the foremost brave.

Scalps when taken in this way were the personal property of the individual who struck the dead body first; they were kept and exhibited by him and his family as a token of bravery. They would take a twig off a bush and make a hoop five or six inches in diameter; then thongs of rawhide were put through the scalp around the edges and fastened to the inside of the hoop, thus stretching the scalp tight, when it was left to dry. When a scalp dance took place, these scalps, stretched in their tiny hoops and frequently ornamented with fur and other articles, were fastened to long poles, which the women carried in an upright position. Scalp dances were always held on the return of a victorious war party, especially if, in addition to scalps, it had secured a large amount of booty in the way of horses and mules.

When one Indian scalped another who had a feather in his scalp lock, this feather was fastened to the scalp, and dangled from the pole on which the trophy was carried. Such a scalp was the special admiration of the dancers, for the presence of the feather was supposed to be evidence of the superior bravery of the slain, and the still greater bravery of the captor.

I HAVE NEVER seen a North American Indian who was bald-headed. Their hair was coarse, luxuriant, black and straight. The men and women plaited it in two plaits, as a schoolgirl wears it, letting it hang over both shoulders. These plaits were frequently covered with the fur of the beaver or otter, cut in strips from one to two inches wide.

Men and women alike usually parted their hair in the middle, the end of the part on the man's head reaching back to the scalp lock. This scalp lock was two or three inches in diameter, and was formed of the hair drawn together in a circle at the crown of the head. It was plaited in a braid by itself, to which the man sometimes attached a strap ornamented with tin or silver disks, a brass button being often fastened in the middle of each. The disks were fastened on the strap as close together as possible without touching, the first disk next to the scalp lock being as large as an ordinary teacup and diminishing in size until they reached the end of the strap, which frequently extended to the heels of the wearer, the last disk being not larger than a twenty-five cent piece. Sometimes the disks were uniform in size. Men did not cut their scalp locks, as it was considered an act of cowardice to deprive themselves of this appendage. Indian women did not wear scalp locks, but Indian male children had a scalp lock from the time they first began to dress their hair.

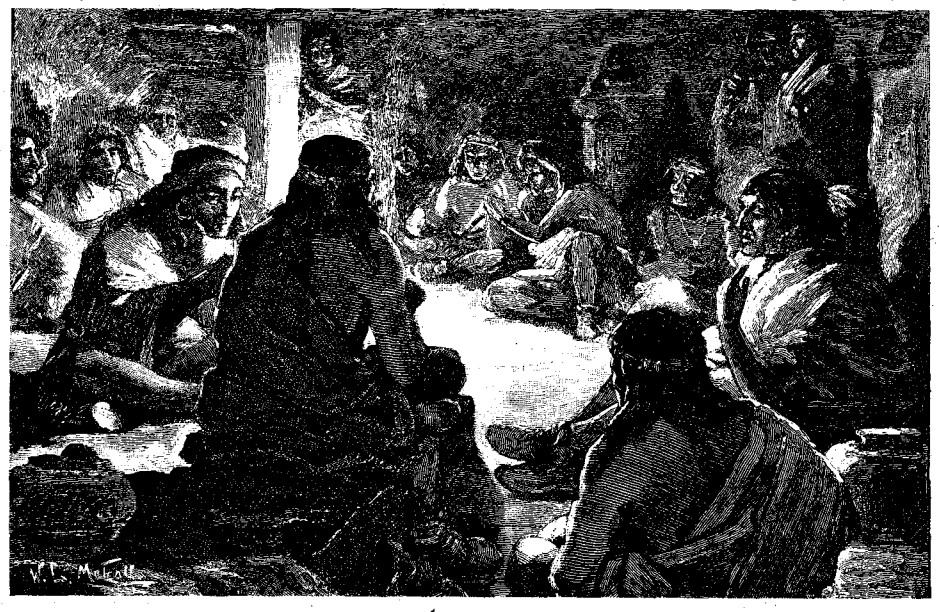
The more intelligent Indians, such as the Cheyennes, Sioux, Assiniboines, and Crows, took great care of their hair, oiling it and keeping it smooth and shiny, though not clean. When they had no combs, they would use a substitute. The stem of a weed on which were prickly points was often used for this purpose. They also used a straight stick or pointed bone which, after a manner, would separate and comb the hair. As they only unbraided their hair at long intervals, it was not a great inconvenience to be without a comb. After they were able to secure combs from the whites, they were highly prized, and the Indians were rarely without them.

The Indians did not have beards. I have never seen an Indian with more than a few straggling hairs which would sometimes appear on his face, and which he would immediately proceed to pluck

(Continued on page 55)

Zunis around the council fire

W. L. Metcalf—Harper's Magazine, June, 1882



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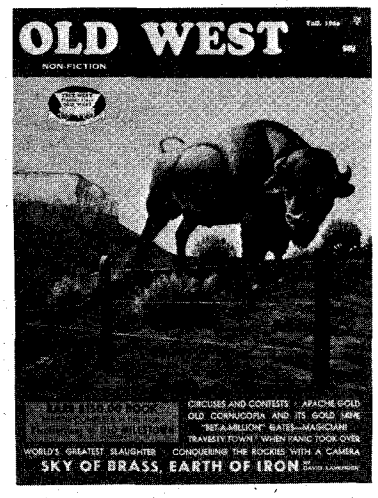

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE . . . **SKY OF BRASS, EARTH OF IRON** by David Lavender, **WORLD'S GREATEST SLAUGHTER!** by Norm Wiltsey, **CIRCUSES AND CONTESTS** by Milt Hinkle, **TRAVESTY TOWN** by William B. Secrest. Also, **APACHE GOLD** and **PAWNEE BILL.** Plus stories from your favorite authors: Raymond W. Thorp, Maurice Kildare, Bob Karolevitz and many others.

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Paulina—Deadly Raider

(Continued from page 10)

Others of the band took their share of the season's loot and returned to their own villages to spend the winter. All would meet again in the spring for another season of raiding.

Paulina waited in the Modoc village for further news of his wife. She had been captured a month earlier by J. W. P. Huntington, who was the superintendent of Indian affairs in Oregon. Later, word reached Paulina that the white Indian Agent at Fort Klamath promised him safe conduct if he would come in and "talk treaty."

Paulina appeared at Fort Klamath in the late autumn of 1864, and spent the winter there. While he was at the fort, a photographer happened to be present. Paulina was induced, or ordered, to have his picture taken. We have the photograph which was made, and a story of how it was made.

The photographer said, "Sit here," pointing to a stool, and Chief Paulina sat. He showed no emotion or curiosity—only the poker face that the Indian adopted when he was exposed to strangers. When the photographer turned away to check his camera and plates, Paulina's eyes darted about, taking in as much as possible of this strange setup. He had never seen a camera. Never heard of one. He didn't know whether this thing was harmless or was a concealed weapon. The inserted plate didn't look like any kind of ammunition.

The photographer was very careful to protect the plate from exposure to light. He inserted it into the camera slowly, sliding it from its cover into the camera. Paulina, watching intently, knew only that something had been put in that machine (the camera) that he hadn't been permitted to see. Maybe it was a machine to steal his spirit.

The photographer ordered, "Hold still," and squeezed the bulb. The camera recorded a picture of an aging Indian dressed mostly in white man's dirty work clothes. He was sitting in dignity, as a chief should sit. But his eyes were shut tight and his hand was pressed hard over his heart.

He must have decided that his spirit hadn't been tampered with, for a few months later he left the vicinity of Fort Klamath and when next heard from, had resumed his former activities.

NOW, a hundred years later, we can't know with any precision what those activities were. Available sources tell us nothing of his whereabouts in 1865, beyond saying that he left Fort Klamath in the spring, with a promise to return. There is no information that he did return. The Army units, made up of cavalry and mounted infantry, which had the arduous task of keeping the military road to Canyon City from Fort Klamath safe for travel, were kept busy. They were only partly successful.

Camp Watson, named for the young lieutenant who was killed in the fight with Paulina, was built on the Dalles-Canyon City road in 1864. Its strength was kept at around 100 men until it was abandoned in 1868, the year after Paulina died. Forty men from Camp Watson patrolled the 150 miles of road and the nearby hills continuously. These were in addition to the patrols from Fort Dalles.

Did all this effort make the road safe? In 1866 Paulina made three more successful forays on the road, and crossed it once with a herd of stolen cattle.

On a spring morning, rancher James N. Clark and his young nephew, George Masterson, hitched a team of horses to a wagon and set off, up the road from Clark's ranch home on the John Day River beside the Fort Dalles—Canyon City road. Mrs. Clark was visiting relatives in the Willamette Valley, and as Clark and Masterson disappeared around the bend of the road leading up Cherry Creek, Paulina and his watching raiders mounted up and rode down the steep hill, winding through the sage, heedless of the loosened gravel that rolled down the slope ahead of them. There was no need for stealth. The ranch was unattended.

The raiders rode up to the ranch yard, dismounted, put their horses in the empty horse corral, rubbed them down and fed them oats. They filed into the unfamiliar house and examined the simple furnishings. Simple, that is, in the eyes of Mrs. Clark; to the dazzled Indians, all this was untold wealth. The feather mattress intrigued them, and they cut open a mattress and scattered armsful of feathers about the house and out in the yard. Each raider took what he could carry, and scattered with the others through the ranch buildings, looking for more loot. One man stayed behind in the house to break the coal-oil lamp, spill the fuel around, and fire the house with a lucifer match.

The intense heat from the burning house drove them from the ranch yard. Returning to the horse corral, they took off the nose bags and carefully saved them. Then they mounted, and rode out to get the twenty or so horses grazing in the fenced pasture.

Clark and Masterson came around the bend. Intent on gathering driftwood from the creek bank and loading it in the wagon, they hadn't yet looked toward the ranch, a mile away.

PAULINA saw the ranchers and their wagon at the same time they saw him. Both parties sprang to instant action. From Paulina's viewpoint, either close pursuit or an early alarm was a needless business risk. Leaving four men to continue with the stolen horses, he took the others with him in a prompt chase of the two ranchers. He had a little over a mile to make up before he could eliminate this unexpected risk.

Clark and his nephew sprang to unharness their only riding horse. The other was a colt, in training to pull a load under the light-work conditions of gathering firewood, and still too young to be ridden. They mounted, riding double, and fled upstream along the bank of the John Day River. Their mount couldn't set any speed records, carrying double. Looking back, they could see the Indians were closing fast. Ahead, the river bank was pinched out where the river cut into a sheer cliff almost a thousand feet high.

George Masterson told his uncle to ride for help, and to pay no attention when George slipped off the horse. He would feel safer taking a bath than being run down by the Indians.

When Clark turned his running horse into the river and splashed toward the other side, George slipped off and waded back to the bank and a little upstream, where he had seen some willows lodged. Ducking under the brush, George found a tiny cave under the bank, just big enough for his head. With his body lying

(Continued on page 48)

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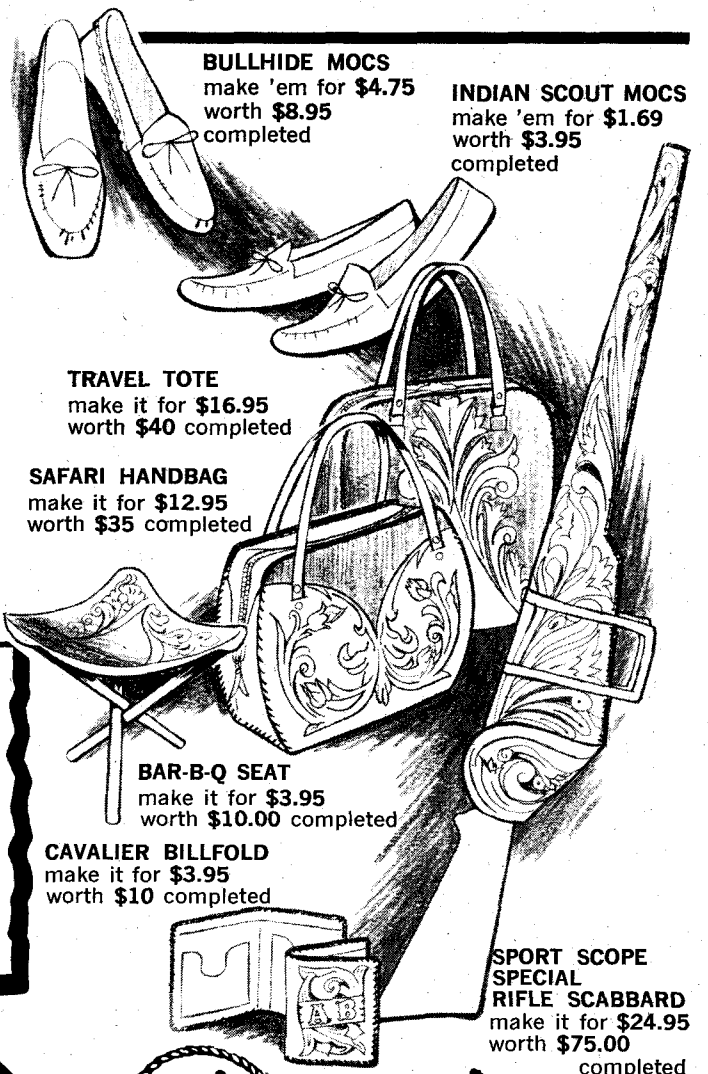

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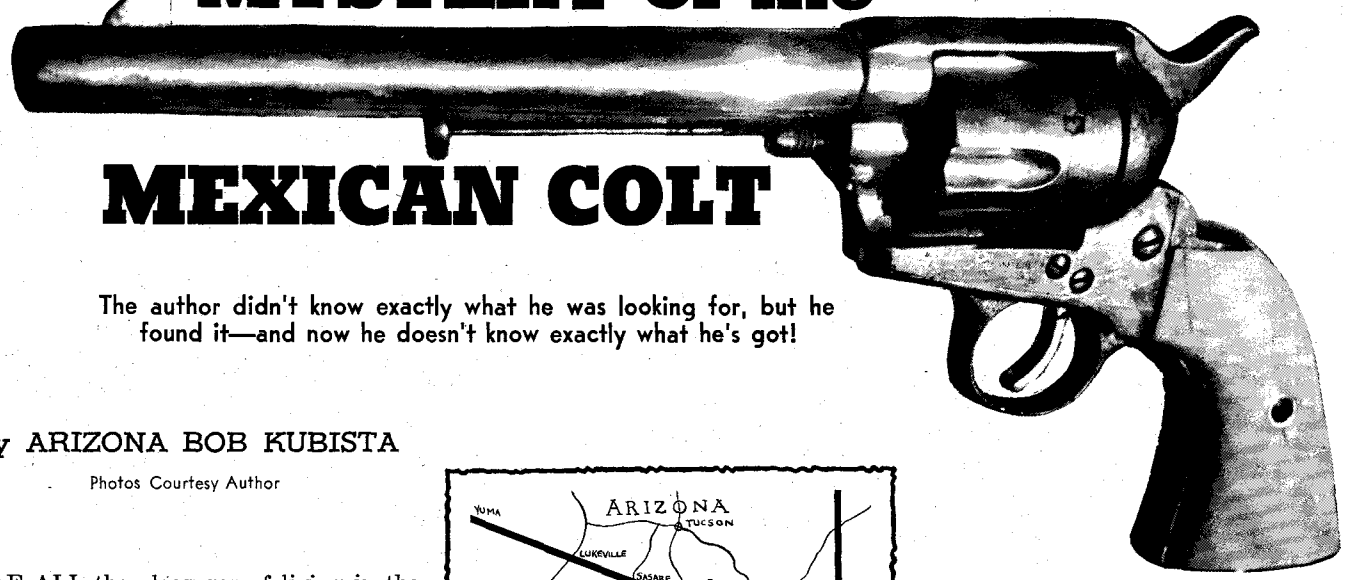
MYSTERY of the MEXICAN COLT



The author didn't know exactly what he was looking for, but he found it—and now he doesn't know exactly what he's got!

By ARIZONA BOB KUBISTA

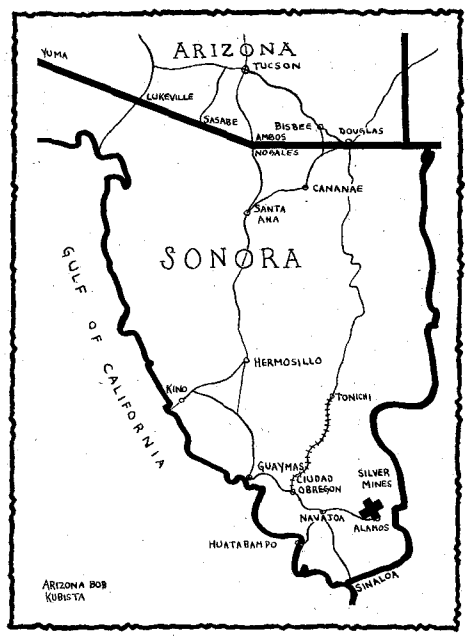
Photos Courtesy Author

OF ALL the pleasures of living in the West the most rewarding is finding some lost item out of the past. It may be the site of an abandoned fort, a ghost town, or a mine that hasn't been worked for years. Many of my Sundays have been spent driving down back roads and in walking carefully across empty pastures seeking traces of a homestead. Objects of all sorts turn up, with suggestions about where to find others, usually in the next county.

Many of the items which one finds are plows, pieces of barbed wire, tools, branding irons and household goods. Old guns and molds, loading tools and holsters, or knives and swords can be found in the most unexpected places. These things become quite common once ranchers know that you will make an honest effort to preserve them, or will see to it that they are re-sold to other collectors.

After a while you settle down to one general type of relic. I was no different from any other collector, I just couldn't specialize in everything and had to limit myself to long barreled single-action "Frontier" revolvers. I soon began to hear vague stories of a "Mexican Silver Colt" which someone had seen once upon a time. Could it be true? I followed faint clues for five years, crossing and recrossing the Mexican border hoping that I wasn't chasing a revolver that did not exist!

On a vacation in 1961 I had my first definite clue when a rancher mentioned a long-barreled Mexican Colt he had seen down in Sonora "last year." He did not know the owner's name but knew that he lived near Cananea, about forty miles south of Bisbee, Arizona. The next year, after moving to Arizona, I was closer to the source and quite frequently I would hear remarks about a Mexican Colt, a Spanish Colt, a handmade Colt with bone grips or, more often than not, simply something about an "odd" Colt which someone owned once but had since sold. It is hard to trace down a rumor of an unusual revolver because you encounter unexpected problems. You need to spread the news of your search but when you do, either the price goes up out of reach or the gun disappears quietly into another man's collection. Then you lose all track of it and you begin to wonder if it ever existed!



Map, above, shows general locale where the gun was found in the State of Sonora, Mexico.

I decided the best solution was to buy all long-barreled Colts which came my way, carefully recording their markings and then reselling them to other collectors as far north of the border as possible. Sometimes a little money could be made but I was satisfied if only on each deal I had lost nothing. Numbers were especially noted so that some enterprising dealer would not take one of my own guns and have it nickel-plated before slipping to back to me.

Usually when I went near the border I could expect to hear some passing reference to my elusive pistol. By never repeating the story I avoided the mistake of feeding myself my own rumor. By 1963 the area had been narrowed down geographically to the stretch between Ambos Nogales and Douglas, Arizona.

Hundreds of self-addressed postal cards were left in hardware stores, gun shops, filling stations and general stores —or with anyone who might hear of a long-barreled Frontier pistol. Never once did I refer to any *particular* pistol. Every gun show held in Yuma, Phoenix or Tucson was religiously attended and all stories checked. In that year alone, eleven such Colts passed through my hands, even though I knew in advance that they were not the one I wanted.

If you never buy, collectors and dealers soon regard you as a "talker" and not a "buyer" and naturally, will hold back information. Over and over again vague references to a "strange" Colt were made, with no mention of target sights, engraving, Buntline barrel or silver grips. I reasoned then that I was searching for a working-gun and that possibly the present owner had bought, or would have had made, a long holster to fit. Northern Sonora produces beautiful leather work, and so leather shops, saddle makers and even shoe repair shops were visited on each trip south of the border. There are over two dozen leather makers in Ambos Nogales alone, and with my very limited Spanish the conversations held in back rooms were something to hear! Ordinarily retail stores and "*turista* traps" were entered in the hope that some day I would see an extra-long holster made for a customer who was coming back later. Eventually, the search came to an end without my moving a finger.

ONE SUNDAY MORNING in January, 1965, a knock at my door brought me my prize. There stood a friend of mine who was a clerk in a liquor store on Obregon street in Nogales, Sonora and in his hand was a paper bag wrapped around an object long familiar to me in my dreams. He was going on a vacation to Chicago and thought I might want to buy a gun something like the one I had been asking about. One quick look was enough to convince me, and the deal was settled for cash in minutes.

Mike was on his way but the Mexican Colt was mine and stayed in Tucson. Four years of casual friendship and the pleasant exchange of greetings each time I was in the vicinity had brought its own reward. Now, I had my prize. The problem was to find out *what* I had.

In my hands lay a carefully made long-barreled, nickel-plated Frontier single action revolver with smoothly polished two-piece genuine bone grips. The barrel seemed to be the standard Colt 7½-inch length and the low serial number appeared on all the major parts. The re-

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volver was a black-powder model with the cylinder locking screw set into the front face of the frame. The barrel was surprisingly good inside with wide and shallow rifling. It was obviously safe to fire and a light cleaning was all that was necessary to convince me that the pistol was tight with all chambers lined up correctly.

It was indeed a single-action "Frontier" revolver, almost exactly like a genuine Colt, but there was something unusual about it. The more I examined it, the more I found different about the gun. It closely fit factory dimensions, but not quite. Each variation added to the mystery of who made it, and why. "Why" is the most intriguing question of all. If it were meant to be a copy, why was it not a true copy? Why were very obvious changes made, and not necessarily as improvements, either? For example, a Colt with this barrel length should measure 12½ inches. Mine measured 12 7/8 inches.

On top of the barrel are clear markings that are almost correct, but the maker chose to carefully make this gun of good materials and then deliberately leave the letter "T" out of the Colt name. The patent markings on the left side exhibit the same deliberate changes. The markings must have been copied from another Colt to get the correct days, months, and years involved. Why then, misspell "Pat" and mark the gun as "Bat, Set 9,1871" and not repeat the use of the abbreviation "Pat" on the next two lines? Instead, a single apostrophe is used on the second line, and a double-apostrophe on the third, all the while preserving the correct dates. And why is the month of September spelled wrong? *Quien Sabe?*

The ".44 cal" marking is in the correct place and the low serial number "87" appears in all the regular places, plus some unusual proof markings. These include a small "acorn" on the extractor rod, a capital letter "U" on the left side of the frame under the grip, and an inverted, mirror-image large capital letter "R" on the right side, under the right grip.

Copies of Colt revolvers are known to have been made prior to World War II in Belgium, Germany, and Spain. Wherever they were made and for whatever purpose, the originating countries always insisted on national proof marks even though they were hidden underneath grips in places where they would not be noticed.

These proof marks, if genuine, were neither Spanish nor Belgian, but they might have been German. In Germany the "acorn" has been used by Gustav Genschow (RWS) as a headstamp on cartridges and on some guns handled by them. The proof mark "U" is found on revolvers, as provided for under the terms of the German Proof Law of 1891. The "U" stands for *untersuchung* or "inspected," which corresponds to the British mark of "V" for "viewed." Although their proof laws were changed in 1911, the marking remained the same, with slightly different requirements for passing inspection.

When the capital letter "R" appears on Belgian or British pistols it stands for *raye* or "rifled," while German makers use the letter "g" for *gezogen*. The German mark usually is found on their rifles, with the imperial crown above the letter. Up to this point, I had found no real explanation for the large inverted and reversed letter "R."

BACK IN 1940 and 1941, the Lee Sales Company and the J. L. Galef Company, both of New York City, sold a line of Spanish copies of Colt "Frontier" revolvers under the trade names of "Famous Texas Ranger" and the "Texas Ranger Special." These were .38 special caliber and with barrels about 5¼ inches. They carried all the regular Spanish proof markings and had the cylinder locking screw on the left side of the frame, not in front.

About this time, Belgium was busily making copies of modern and antique pistols, always being careful to provide a complete set of proof marks even though they were placed out of sight. No Belgian markings appear on my ususual pistol from Mexico.

The most unexpected feature of all was the manner of rifling used in making this Mexican Colt. The revolver has five lands and grooves of equal width, with a left-hand twist. Genuine Colts use a left-hand twist and have six lands and grooves, with the grooves approximately twice the width of the lands. On the other hand, Smith & Wesson revolvers have an opposite twist, but do have five lands and grooves of about equal widths.

Here we have a "Frontier" revolver with Colt-style left-hand twist and Smith & Wesson style of rifling. It is a well made revolver, definitely not a counterfeit or a fake. To me there is just one possible explanation: The maker never intended to confuse or fool the unwary. He made a fine pistol that he was proud of and deliberately marked it as his own.

The last question that remained was his name and when the revolver was made. So far, only a partial answer has been found. Searching out past Mexican owners is far from easy. There are many shooting and hunting clubs in Mexico but collectors' groups, as we know them, are uncommon. In addition, Mexican gun laws are such that owners are naturally reticent with a stranger trying to trace a gun. Eventually it was possible to go back through three previous owners to learn the name of the owner before them —Juan Reales, a machinist or tool maker, who worked for various mining companies in Alamos, Sonora, until 1911.

It is interesting to remember that Alvero Obregon was the mayor of nearby Huatabampo, when he was called upon to organize a citizen-army in January, 1912 and move north to fight in the "Revolution," which is always spelled with a capital "R" by all loyal Mexicans. Alvero Obregon later became President of the Republic in 1920, succeeding Acting President Venustiano Carranza. It is possible, but not proven, that the reversed letter "R" on the frame might stand for "Reales" or "Revolution" because it was most certainly made in that period.

There were large metal-working shops with extensive repair and foundry facilities in Alamos, all of which were necessary in the operation of the La Quintera silver mine, in production until the Revolution. There was also a Richardson Construction Company operating the Promontorio and the Minas Nueva mine, and this outfit used a property mark of "R."

Where are the first eighty-six revolvers of this series, if they were ever made? Are there other collectors with similar Colts who have more information, or is this Mexican Colt unique? Mr. Charles Sweet, a well-known Colt collector in the Southwest, is following this trail and has provided many clues. However, he feels that the trail runs the other way and recalls that in the 1920s a Denver gunsmith made five replica guns and marked them in a distinctive manner. Perhaps this is a sixth gun and there may be even more. Certainly there were plenty of guns to copy from, for the single action "Frontier" Colt was made in large quantities from 1873 until 1891. The United States Army purchased 37,000 such revolvers in .45 caliber, most of which had barrels 7½ inches long.

Do any of you have the solution?

The original bone grips on the long-barreled Mexican cowboy gun are sharp in contrast to the rough and weathered ribs of a saguaro lying beside a pair of hand-made spurs.

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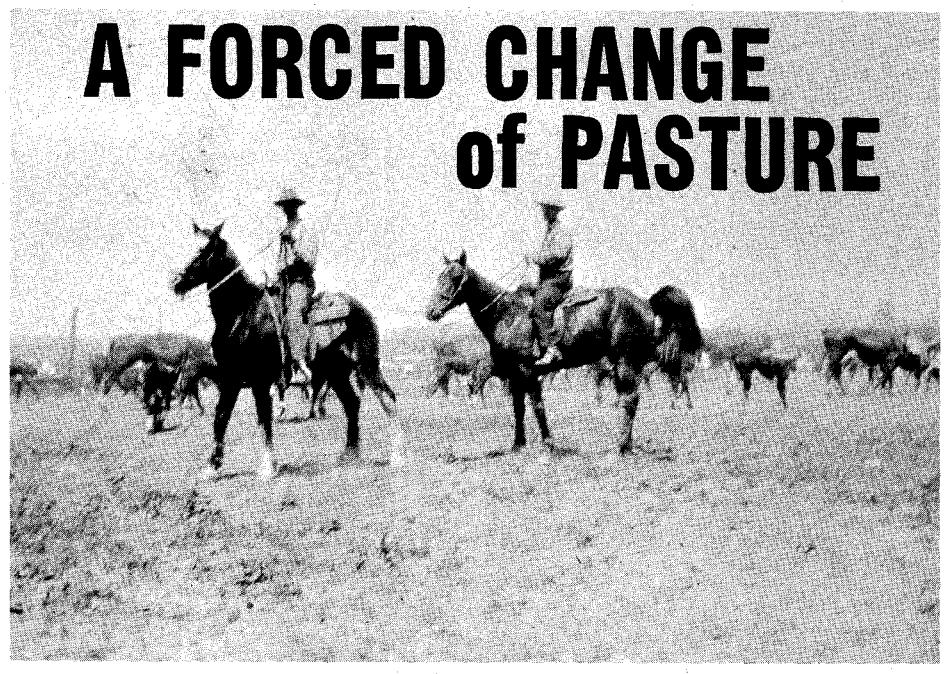
By FRED H. ROOT

Photos Courtesy Author

A FORCED CHANGE of PASTURE



Cowhands and horses in an early range pose

I HAPPENED to be the ramrod on one of the last of the old type cattle drives of the Old West.

In the last two years there have been several simulated cattle drives—really publicity stunts, though in each case they served a material purpose of changing pastures or moving to market.

All of these drives have been accompanied by cars and trucks, were never far from cabin camps and eating houses. There was no shortage of water. At no time were the men more than one to three hours from a hospital, doctors, and all the comforts of life. My experience was different.

In the fall the creeks failed, and we resorted to shallow wells. In the winter and spring it was still dry. I sold all but fifty three-year-old heifers and cleaned up all debts. I also bought a quarter of land to square out a section. In the spring of 1907, homesteaders in South Dakota took every available quarter of land. I rented a school section and also started a small grocery store and established a post office. We had forty patrons and named the office Inavale.

We were served three times a week by a star route from Powell on the railroad. We operated through the drouth until there was open range again, except that it was bare ground with scarcely any grass. By that time there were only three patrons left, so we closed the post office and ate the groceries.

Fred Collins came over to say he was going to move over to the northwest part of the state where grass and water were more plentiful. He had about one thousand head of cattle to move so I sold my heifers, took three good saddle horses, my bedroll and a few extra clothes, and started out on the cattle drive. There were four of us riders. Mr. Collins, Sr., drove the chuckwagon. He was a good cook and he surely fed us.

It was only the twentieth of April, but it was hot and the cattle were weak. Grazing was short and water scarce. We hit the first water the second night just about sundown. We had twenty saddle horses and a big work team that hadn't seen water for thirty-six hours.

Our water keg was empty and by the time we got down to the waterhole it was just a sheet of shallow, black muck, almost another dry camp. We fought those cattle along all the next day but I don't think we made over twelve miles. We had yelled so much that not a man could speak over a whisper. We hit another dry camp, but before dark it started raining. We spread some tarps and soon had water. "Dad," as we called him, had a good meal and water or tea to drink.

The rain continued. Two men went on guard. I had first watch. We were to be relieved at 10:00 p.m. but by 10 the rain had turned into a wet blizzard. We rode back and forth in front of a long line of cattle. With their heads to the ground, they were ever pushing us back. All we could see was the static electricity playing on their horns.

Our relief boys came then. As the four of us rode, I wondered if I would live until daylight. All of us would have quit but we knew we couldn't find camp.

Daylight showed at last. As we rode back to camp we would shoot a cow, calf or yearling here and there which were trampled in the mud and snow.

When we arrived, the worst of the storm was over, and the waterholes were full. We four crawled into the tent. My right boot was full of water and my hands wouldn't open. Dad pulled off our boots and gloves for us. Hot coffee, slices of ham, fried potatoes and biscuits that would melt in your mouth were served for breakfast.

We went out about evening and moved the cattle up toward the wagon. The next day we didn't move.

WHEN WE got to Braddock Crossing on the Cheyenne, we wanted to ford the river, but darkness was coming on and we just couldn't make it with those weakened cattle. We surely put in a tough day.

Dad Collins pitched camp on the riverbank about one-half mile above Braddock's ranch house. We dropped the cattle between the river breaker, a line fence and the river. We didn't even think it necessary to stand guard.

We had pulled our saddles, changed to our night horses, staked them, and were waiting for the call "come and get it" when a rider appeared.

He looked at Fred Collins and asked, "Your outfit?"

"Yes, sir."

Well," he replied grudgingly, "we just got a message from Pedro. A big flood is coming down. I have seen four feet of water where your wagon stands."

With that he turned and rode down the river. He was J. F. Braddock, my future father-in-law.

Fred said, "If Braddock says flood, it is flood. We are moving."

We packed everything, caught the team and moved up to a higher bench. The next morning the river was a mile wide. I am sure there was fifteen feet of water where we made our first encampment.

We waited four days. The water was still well above flood stage but we thought we should try to cross. Braddock had a cable boat but the cable had broken. However, he had re-anchored the cable with a rowboat and the use of a team of horses. Fred Collins and I crossed on the ferry and contacted the Diamond A Camp.

We got six men. They bought their saddles over and they rode our horses. One of our hands, Jack Muters, couldn't swim. I told him to turn back before hitting swimming water. We worked three hours, running, swimming our horses, shooting, flapping slickers, and all the time Jack got braver and more excited. We were on our last try when Jack got too far out. He had a game little paint pony, but he weighed about 170 pounds and he had a big water-soaked saddle, just too much weight to swim with. When the horse went under, Jack let all holds go. I had told him never to let go of his horse as he could float out on a dead horse if he had to, but he forgot all that.

I wasn't far from him. I saw him bob up near me. My horse shied away from him so I jumped off and grabbed Jack. A Diamond A boy threw me a rope and dragged us out. Jack was dead weight, and it took several minutes to bring him back to life.

WHILE Braddock's ferry was still out of commission, two riders came into camp. They were well-known men, Teet Hoxby and John DeGrose. They were going to a dance west of the river, and had on shiny boots, silk shirts, and silk neckerchiefs. They wanted someone to swim their horses across. They could take their saddles and get over in a rowboat. I told them I could take them over but it was chilly that morning and I didn't relish the job much.

Teet said, "We will sure pay you good."

I looked down at my worn-out boots; then I looked at their's and said, "A new pair of #6 Olathe boots and the horses will be over there."

John said, "That's about $8.00 each."

"Yes, it's steep but suit yourselves."

"OK, it's a deal," they said.

I changed to Bad River Dick, so named because he was the best swimming horse on Bad River. I stripped to my underwear and mounted bareback. The two horses led up good and Dick was swimming well. As I neared the west bank the two horses passed me. They saw the trees just ahead, and as they passed I just dropped their ropes and turned Dick back to the east shore.

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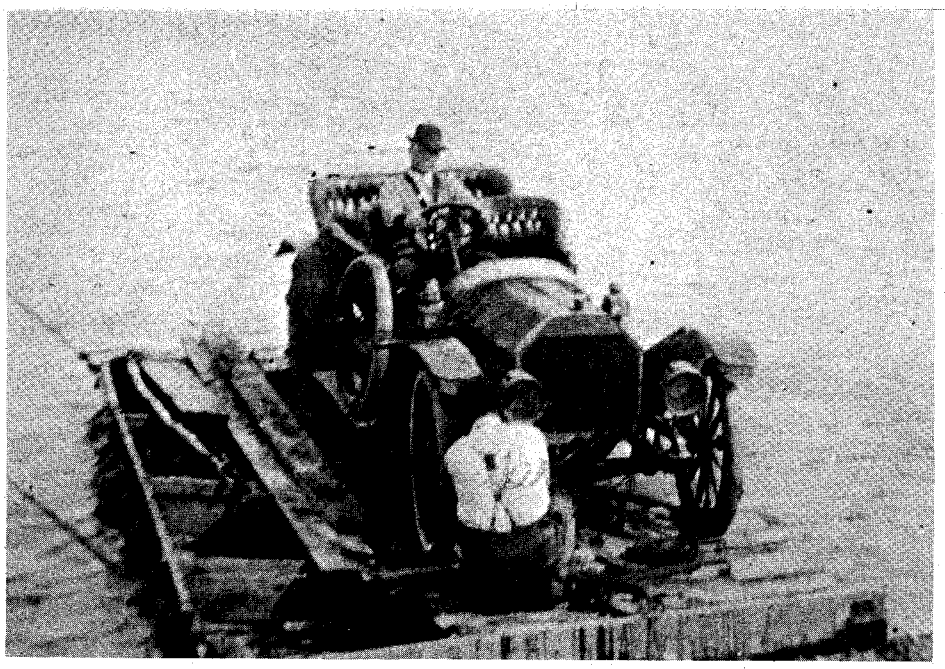
It's surprising how much water a man can encounter on a month-long drive to escape a drouth!



Braddock's ferry across the Bad River

When their riders came back, the ferry boat was operating again, so they just loaded their horses and crossed. Shortly thereafter they rode past and cheerfully left me with a new pair of $16.00 boots.

One morning while we were laying over there, Ted took the outside circle to throw back any cattle that were trying to escape. He didn't show up till well past noon. When he left, he had a saddle blanket that was almost worn out and not fit to put on a horse's back; his bridle bit had one broken shank, and the head stall was broken and wired together with baling wire.

When he rode in, we just stared at him. He had a nearly new pommel slicker, a good Navajo saddle blanket, and a real good riding bridle.

We all chorused, "Where did you make the raid?"

"Well," he said, "I followed cattle tracks and came to a homesteader who was just pulling out. I saw this stuff on his wagon and struck him for a trade. I had a ten-dollar bill sewed up in my shirt so I flashed it on him and he grabbed at the chance. Short of money, I guess."

The next morning Fred Collins took the outside circle. He also got back about 2:00 p.m. He called Ted out to one side and had a talk.

Then Ted saddled up and we didn't see him till the breakfast call. We noticed that he had his old blanket and slicker and the same old wired-up bridle.

We others talked it over and decided not to even mention it to Ted. Poor devil, the temptation was too great for him. Fred told me the place was deserted, the owner probably having gone to Philip, a three-day trip. But Ted didn't profit by our leniency. Six years later he was the head man in a horse and cattle stealing gang.

I was, by that time, sheriff of a newly organized county. Ted and the gang were on the dodge. Ted cut out from the rest and made it to Canada where he enlisted in World War I, Canadian Volunteers, went to Europe, and was killed along with thousands of other Canadians. With their leader gone, the gang broke up and all left the country.

ON THE twelfth day we used the Indians. The river had dropped some, so we planned a big drive although the channel was still swimming. On this bright May morning we had forty men, all well mounted and all well versed in crossing cattle.

That morning another rancher rode in and offered to help. We were glad to see him, probably the most experienced man on the river. This was Ledger LaBreque, first a Franch trapper, then Indian scout and bull-train operator from Pierre to Deadwood.

Ledger talked like an Indian, making just a few words express his thoughts or observations. He rode a tall brown horse he called Whistler, so named because the slightest move or sound brought a loud snort.

One of the Diamond A boys said, "LaBreque, you ought to turn old Whistler out and let him get fat."

Ledger grinned and said, "No. When I ride heem he look like hell! When I don't ride heem he buck like hell!"

Well, we spent the morning trying to cross but to no avail. The cattle landed back on the same side. We stuck three cows and old Whistler in the quicksand. With many men and lots of rope we soon had the cows out, but old Whistler's long legs were buried up to his body and we couldn't budge him.

Ledger looked on and said, "Don't break hees legs. Go to camp, get water pail and shovels."

This was done. We shoveled down beside each leg, then filled the hole with water. Then with our super manpower, we skidded him to solid ground. He staggered around a little while, then Ledger mounted and said, "Two days I be back; we cross."

On the sixteenth day the river was well within its banks. Only the calves and small yearlings had to swim. With only the help of Braddock's men, the Diamond A boys, and old Ledger, we crossed. It didn't take thirty minutes.

During this time we used Braddock's corral. I was down there several times, but I hadn't seen Braddock at the ranch. I did find out that he had lost his wife when his older child, a girl, was nine. There were twins—a boy and girl aged five—all shy little things. I liked the twins and tried to make friends with them. Finally the boy did respond but both girls were wild as antelope! Just look at them and they would run for the house. At that time it didn't occur to me that Maude, the elder girl, would become my wife. They had a nice log house and the kids were well dressed and clean. (The Braddock log house has been in continuous use all these years.)

We hit lots of grass and water about fifteen miles east of Newell, South Dakota. The next day we scattered the cattle up both branches of Elm Creek. The second day in camp we borrowed horses from Collins' string and rode into Newell.

The town was about one year old. There were no bathing facilities but the bed and eats were good at the hotel. The hotel owners were old friends. We got our clothes washed and haircuts and shaves. As for the bath, we used the creek.

We made it back to camp the next day and the following morning I took my horses and with one of the other boys, Jack, headed home. We had been gone thirty-eight days—and still no rain in our area. It took three days to ride home. Our horses were all fat. Thus ended the cattle drive.

The Braddock homestead

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Wild Old Days!

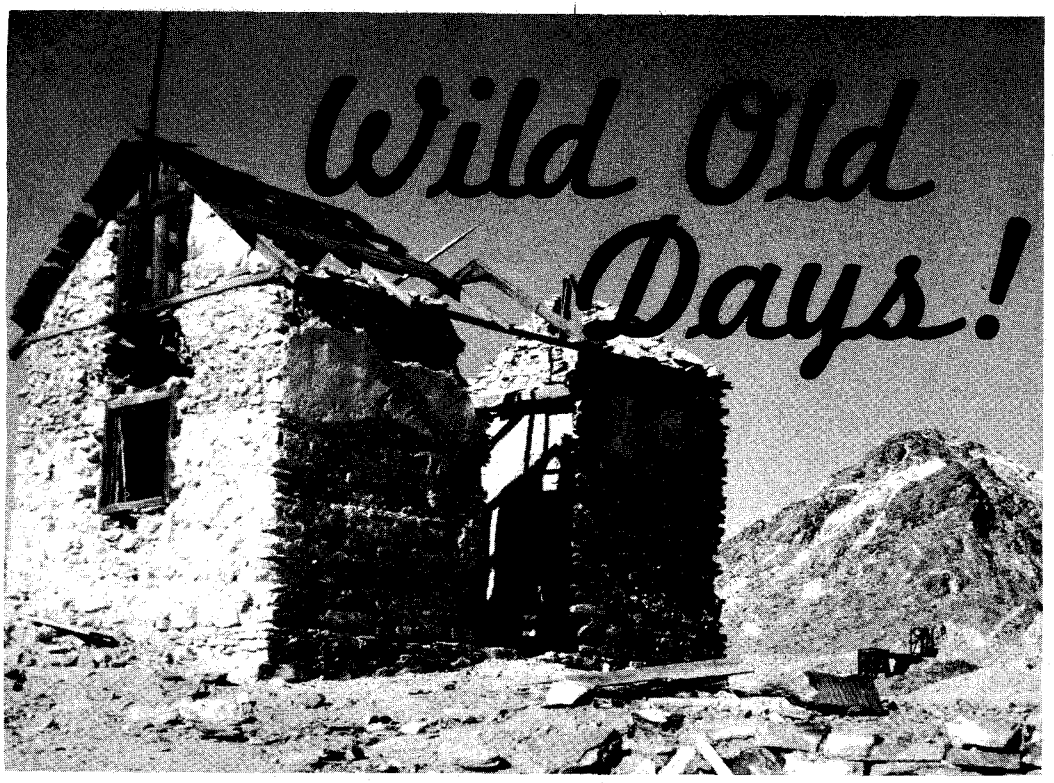

Photo Courtesy Peter Odens

The deserted post office at Tumco stands as a silent reminder of mining operations in the area sixty years ago.

TUMCO WHERE POOR ORE PRODUCED MILLIONS

By Peter Odens

A FEW MILES off U. S. Highway 80, between Holtville, California, and the Colorado River, where the highway emerges from the sand dunes known as the "American Sahara," we find the ruins of a fascinating ghost town known as Tumco, once one of the richest in the country.

To find the old diggings, take the road leading off toward the north and marked "Ogilby." However, that old railroad town, once a jumping-off place for the Palo Verde Valley, does not exist any longer. It was located where the paved road ends and the graded road curves to cross the railroad tracks. A sign directs the traveler to the Gold Rock Ranch, a few miles away. You may stop by the ranch and chat with its owners, Carl S. Walker and his wife, whose son Robert now owns the area which formerly belonged to the Trumbell United Mining Company. It was from the initials of that company—TUMCO—that the mine and the town which sprang up around it was known.

The mine originally was worked by the Hedges Mining Company which began operations about 1880. In the years intervening and by 1909, close to twenty million dollars' worth of gold was mined. The Tumco diggings were the second largest in the United States producing gold from low grade ore. Some three to four thousand people flocked to the area.

Directly opposite the Gold Rock Ranch, a dirt road leads into the corner of the Cargo Muchacho Mountains which is now the ghost town of Tumco. What is most amazing is the vastness of the area—a huge spread of land, acres and acres, with ruins of residential houses, stores, warehouses and mills, with mine shafts probing each little hill and corner. Somewhere to the north of the valley, near the ruins of an old mica talc mine, is a little building, well preserved, which used to be a company post office. The old mill, which stood on a mesa in the center of the valley, now lies in charred ruins, due to a fire.

There is nothing much left of the cemetery, and vandals at one time dug out the remains of some of the people buried in the graves in the hope of finding souvenirs on the bodies.

Where thousands of people used to live and work, only rattlesnakes and coyotes can be found today, and once in a while, a party of picnickers or rockhounds.

CAMP RED WILLOW

DURING the years of Indian troubles, numerous temporary military camps were established in Nebraska, to be abandoned when the troubles subsided or failed to develop. One such temporary post was Camp Red Willow, located on the north bank of the Republican River, at the mouth of Red Willow Creek.

The camp was so short-lived that no adequate description of it has been preserved but, from references to it in the collections of the Nebraska State Historical Society, it is possible to give a slight picture of the camp and of camp life.

Camp Red Willow played no important role in the settlement of the Republican Valley, beyond its value as propaganda. Indian troubles had not been uncommon in Southwest Nebraska, for it was the last great buffalo range in the state, and both friendly and unfriendly Indian tribes, protected by treaty rights, made their annual hunts there.

By the winter of 1871-72, scattered settlements of homesteaders had appeared as far west as Furnas County, but townsite promoters, championed by Royal Buck of Nebraska City, successfully petitioned the Federal Government for the establishment of a military camp in the area to bolster the morale of prospective settlers. The troops would serve as a buffer for the lower settlements, being able to intercept any marauding Indians coming down the Republican or Frenchman Valleys.

Troops from Fort McPherson made periodic scouts through the Republican country, so they were familiar with the region. The site of the camp was "on the east bank of the Willow on section sixteen (Township 3, Range 28)." This would be just across the creek east from the present Red Willow Station, north of the Burlington Railroad. Soon after the troops arrived, a group of homesteaders, led by Royal Buck, arrived from Nebraska City and moved onto claims on the west side of the creek.

Several survey parties were in the region that summer, and the troops from Camp Red Willow made frequent scouts along the Republican and Frenchman, to see that the surveyors were not molested by Indians.

With the end of summer, the troops returned to Fort McPherson and Camp Red Willow was abandoned. The following year, 1873, there were several Indian scares in the Upper Republican Valley. The settlers feared Indian retaliation for the senseless murder by white hunters or trappers of Chief Whistler and two other Indians. They were alarmed again later when the Sioux massacred the Pawnees in the Battle of Massacre Canyon. After both Indian scares, settlers petitioned the Government for the establishment of a permanent post in the valley at the mouth of the Frenchman River, but both petitions were turned down.

Settlement continued to move west, as did the buffalo herds and, with the departure of the latter from the region, the Indians were no longer a problem. Troops from Fort McPherson continued to make scouting expeditions for two years, but their reports described cornfields and grasshoppers rather than Indians and buffalo.—*Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, "Out of Old Nebraska."*

THE MURDER OF J. A. MOORE

By Inez Christian Doshier

ONE OF THE tragedies imprinted in the minds of pioneer settlers of Armstrong County, Texas, and cowboys of the JA Ranch, was the cold-blooded murder of J. A. Moore. He was not only shot in the back by a companion whom he trusted, but with a gun that had been borrowed from Moore's very best friend.

Mr. Moore, a middle-aged bachelor, had filed on a claim a few miles north of the Palo Duro Canyon, in the west part of Armstrong County. He made his living, as did several of his neighboring homesteaders, by cutting posts in the canyon and marketing them in Amarillo. Posts were in demand at the time, for that was the era of fence building in the Panhandle, and it meant a welcome livelihood for those struggling for a foothold in a new and undeveloped country.

Mr. Moore had planned to use the profits from the sale of posts in improving his claim. He also had considerable savings in the care of his nephew in Collin County, Texas, his former residence. When a neighbor was in need of money, Moore very often wrote to his nephew for the amount needed, and lent it to the neighbor. A kindly deed of this kind played a major part in his untimely and tragic death.

Mr. Moore had received a letter from the nephew saying he was sending $50

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as Moore had requested him to do. Since Mr. Moore could neither read nor write, he asked J. T. Baker, the neighbor to whom he was lending the money, to read the letter to him. In their presence was a young man by the name of Hutchinson, who had recently been hired by another neighbor to help with the post work. Hutchinson overheard the reading of the letter. Mr. Baker misread the letter, calling the $50 "$500." There was evidently nothing in the letter which indicated that the money was for a loan, as Hutchinson's actions later proved that he believed Moore to have $500 in his possession.

Hutchinson had worked a day or so at the derrick which was owned by his employer, Mr. Barringer, along with Baker and Moore. The derrick was an apparatus used to pull posts from the canyon floor. He was greatly impressed with the scenic beauty of the canyon as he viewed it from the caprock, but being an inexperienced hand, he was not allowed to work below.

Mr. Moore maintained a dugout near the foot of the derrick for his convenience at canyon work. He stayed here during the week, but on weekends went out to his claim on top, or to secure supplies. On his return to his canyon camp one Sunday morning, he went by Mr. Barringer's. Young Hutchinson spoke of his eagerness to explore the canyon, and Moore invited him to join him, saying they would make a day of it.

The two were on foot and, en route to the canyon, they passed the home of Mr. Baker. The Baker family had company, and the men were sitting by the corral fence visiting when the two arrived. Hutchinson asked to borrow a gun, saying they might find something to shoot. Mr. Baker lent them his Winchester and the men soon went out of sight into the breaks.

THAT EVENING before the Baker company had left, Hutchinson returned alone. The men were sitting around outside as they had been during the morning. Hutchinson returned the gun, and seemed in a hurry to press on. They asked him if he had seen anything to shoot, and he replied that he had not, and left. They thought little of the incident, or of Hutchinson's return alone, for it was customary for Moore to remain in the canyon after a trip out.

Mr. Baker was informed that Hutchinson, on returning to the Barringer home, acted so nervous and talked so incoherently concerning the day's happenings and the whereabouts of Mr. Moore, that Mr. and Mrs. Barringer became suspicious. They pretended they had to go to Mr. King's (a mile or more away) to sit up with a sick baby, and they took Hutchinson along.

On arriving at the King home, the suspicion was whispered around and after observing Hutchinson a while, Mr. King took his Winchester down from the front door and arrested him. Mr. Barringer went for the sheriff.

Settlements were sparse but word had traveled fast, and quite a posse was made up. They asked Mr. Baker to join them in search of Moore whom they suspected had been murdered.

Frightened, weak and nervous as Hutchinson was, he never broke down and admitted his guilt until the group escorted him down the long, narrow trail to the bottom of the canyon. For miles they followed the canyon floor the two men had traversed the day before—Moore's tracks always in the lead.

Coming onto a gulch piled with brush and fresh dirt, they were confident it would reveal what they had suspected. Making a hurried excavation, they found Moore's body, his cap covering his face. The body was taken to the creek where the blood was washed off. An ugly bullet hole was found in the back of the head—how little did Mr. Baker imagine his good friend would die from the gun borrowed from Baker for a day's pleasant outing!

The men went to Moore's dugout, and found it had been ransacked. The money which Hutchinson thought Moore to possess had, of course, been lent to Mr. Baker. Hutchinson's brutal plan had profited him nothing, which partially accounted for his nervous state at the time of his return.

The long limbs of the cottonwoods and cedars tempted the group to string Hutchinson up, but they decided to let the law take its course. Had they known he would receive a life sentence instead of death, they would have proceeded to hang him. Hutchinson's parents testified at his trial that he had never been of sound mind—thus he escaped the gallows only to die in prison a few years later.

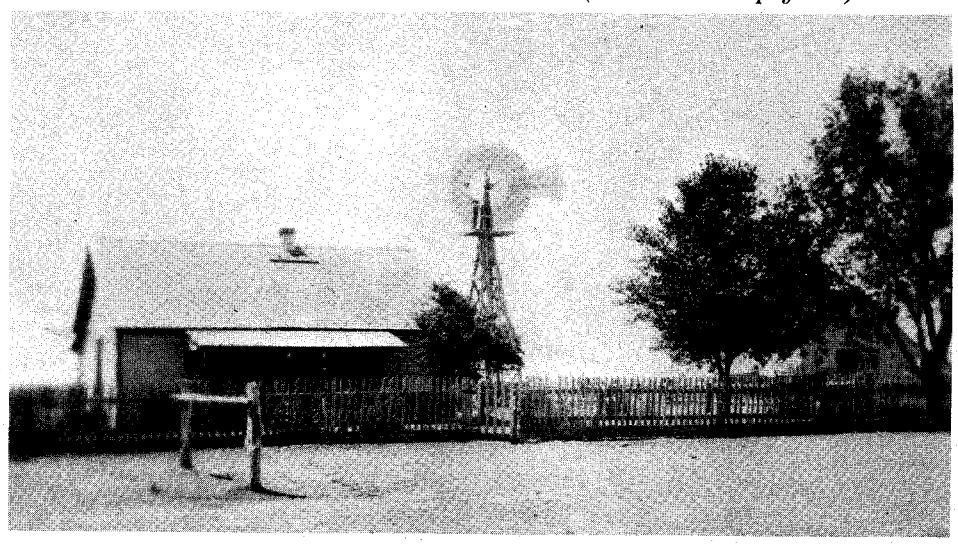
Mr. Moore's body was wrapped in a blanket from his own bed and brought out on the derrick. It grieved Mr. Baker to see the body taken out in such a manner, for in working with Mr. Moore, he had heard him say so many times, while watching a load go up the derrick, "My, how I would hate to ride that thing out." Unfortunately, there was no alternative.

Near Moore's dugout is a huge rock, which serves as a natural monument, for it bears this inscription:

J. A. Moore, March 27, 1892

It was so inscribed on the day and by those who found his murdered body. J. A. Moore was among the first to be buried in the little new cemetery northwest of Claude.

(Continued on page 58)



Above is the Baker home where the posse assembled before going into the canyon. J. T. Baker (below) led the posse that found Moore's body; the girls are Baker's daughter, Bonnye (left) and her friend, Mae Lane.

Photos Courtesy Bonnye Beth Baker

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Paiute WAR

—a trophy of death and the end of a boyhood friendship

Courtesy Nevada State Museum

The war bonnet Alex Flemming took from his friend—a Paiute sub-chief in an encounter during the Indian uprising of 1860—as it appears today at the Nevada State Museum, Carson City.

By RUBY ROBISON

THE PAIUTE war bonnet displayed for so long in the corner of Dr. Simon Lee's office at Carson City, Nevada, was a beautiful thing to see. Fashioned of soft brown beaver skin, with thirty-three eagle tail feathers fanned out long and straight, it was intricately ornamented with tufts from the woodpecker and the mountain quail. It was a war bonnet regal enough to grace the stern brow of the proudest Indian chief. It had been brought to Dr. Lee, a collector of Indian artifacts, about 1880 by a friend who said Alex Flemming wanted him to have it.

The war bonnet had a tragic story behind it; a story of broken friendship, poignant and sad; a story of treachery, happiness, enmity, and love all jumbled together; emotions which left one man dead and the other only haunting memories.

The story began in the early fall of 1849, when a California-bound caravan stopped for the night on the lush green Truckee Meadow, a few miles east of present-day Reno. Flemming, one of the emigrants, and his nine-year-old son Alex went exploring along the banks of the Truckee River in early twilight. They breathed the pure, invigorating air of the broad valley. Their eyes feasted on the steep slopes of the Sierra to the west. They watched the glowing sun sink behind the rugged peaks in a wondrous flaming glory of blue and old rose that cast long shadows across the silent meadow. They liked what they saw.

Next morning when the wagontrain moved along westward, Mr. Flemming and Alex remained behind. This rich grassy plain on the edge of the desert was their chosen homeland.

A few days later, Alex was scrambling by a clump of willows on the bank of the Truckee River. He had a strange feeling that he was not alone. Sure enough, peering about, he saw a little dark-eyed Indian boy just his own size watching him through the golden leaves of a tall cottonwood tree. Momentarily, Alex was startled, for this was his first real encounter with an Indian, but the other little fellow looked frightened, too, as he crouched on the big tree limb.

With a disarming smile, Alex raised his right arm in greeting. "Howdy!" he said, "I'm Alex Flemming."

Warily the Indian lad raised his arm and said, "Paiute."

"Where did you come from?" asked Alex.

"No sabe! Me no sabe!"

Though neither spoke the language of the other, this was the beginning of a warm friendship between the white boy and the son of a war chief, a friendship which grew closer as years passed by.

Author's Note: In all of my research I have been unable to learn the real name of this young sub-chief, a member of Chief Winnemucca's tribe. Somewhere along the way I began to think of him as Ki-wa and that is what he is called in this story.

Alex soon learned to speak Paiute almost as well as Ki-wa, and Ki-wa learned English before the Flemming hearth in the evenings he spent with his white friends.

The two boys became almost inseparable. Ki-wa was as much at home in the Flemming cabin as in his father's wicki-up, and Alex was always welcomed in the Indian camp. It was here Alex first saw the war bonnet and learned that Ki-wa would some day wear it as a proud chief. Evenings Alex enjoyed sitting with the Paiutes about the campfire; then he would snuggle down in the soft rabbit-skin blankets with Ki-wa to spend the night.

The boys snared rabbits in the sage-brush-covered hills. They stalked deer in the Virginia Mountains. They followed Mr. Flemming as he plowed long, brown furrows in the fertile soil, and snatched squirming earthworms from the freshly turned rows for bait to catch trout in the Truckee.

Alex showed Ki-wa how to plant corn in long rows. Ki-wa was amazed when he saw the little green shoots spring up where they had dropped the seeds, for he'd never seen anyone plant a garden before. When the corn ripened, Ki-wa enjoyed the succulent goodness every bit as much as Alex.

Days spent under the hot desert sun seared Alex's fair skin until he was almost as brown as Ki-wa. Only his deep-set blue eyes and brown curly hair set him apart from Ki-wa whose straight black hair hung almost to his shoulders and whose eyes were like onyx.

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BONNET

WHEN FALL CAME each year, Alex looked forward to pinenutting in the mountains with Ki-wa and his tribesmen. For several weeks the Paiutes moved far into the Pinenut Range or the Virginia or Flowery Mountains to harvest their winter's supply. This was a joyous time. Indian men beat the full brown cones from the trees. The women gathered the cones in huge burden baskets and carried them to camp. Slowly roasted by a warm fire and hot rocks, the burrs opened and the fat little brown nuts loosened. The fruit of the piñon was one of the main foods of the Paiutes during the winter. Pinenut soup, pinenut bread, pinenut mush! Just plain pinenuts.

In the evening, beside the campfire, Alex enjoyed hearing tales of brave deeds, and chanting Indian songs. All entered into the merriment and laughed and danced and offered prayers to the great God of the Spirit Land. It was a happy time.

Season followed season, and year followed year. Alex and Ki-wa grew tall and wise as outdoorsmen do. They could ride and shoot with the best of them.

In the spring of 1860, when the boys were about twenty years old, trouble between the Indians and the whites seemed to be brewing. Late in April Alex and Ki-wa were discussing this feeling of unrest. Finally Ki-wa said, "Alex, if war does come between our people, I suppose you will go with your people, as I shall go with mine."

"Yes," replied Alex, "I shall. But, Ki-wa, remember we will always be friends!"

To this Ki-wa made no answer but turned and walked away.

The next day the wickiup where Ki-wa lived with his family was deserted. They had left without even a goodbye, which puzzled Alex.

In a matter of days the Flemmings heard that the Paiutes had attacked Williams Station on the Carson River, murdered the station tender and four others, then set fire to the station and burned it to the ground. These white men had been holding two Paiute girls captives at the post. Seething with resentment, a band of warriors, in a sudden ferocious onslaught, swooped down on the station and wiped it out.

Not pausing to question the cause of the massacre, the white people of Virginia City, Carson City, and Genoa were indignant. They must strike in retaliation, and teach these savages a lesson they wouldn't forget. A volunteer company of white men, led by Major William Ormsby, bravely rode out from Buckland's Station May 9, 1860. Full of confidence, this seemed just a new adventure to many of them. Unorganized as they were, they planned to annihilate the savages. As they passed Williams Station, the party paused long enough to bury the dead men, and to pick up the trail of the Indians who fled directly to the main Paiute camp at Pyramid Lake.

Three days later as Major Ormsby and his men, flags waving high, cantered through a narrow valley along the Truckee River near where it empties into Pyramid Lake, they rode directly into an ambush and were nearly exterminated by Chief Winnemucca's warriors. One hundred and five rode into the ambush; only forty-six survived. Major Ormsby was one of the first to fall. Fleeing in terror for their lives, the survivors straggled back to Virginia City bearing tales of a gory encounter which filled the territory with fear.

A second volunteer force, two weeks later, again sought to punish Winnemucca and his warriors but fared little better, though the loss of life was much less. Captain Edward Story, one of the leaders of this foray, was killed in battle.

It was two months before a treaty was negotiated and peace was restored. Meanwhile, the red man attacked and slaughtered white people at every opportunity. Usually they swooped down on small outposts along the Overland Trail. These attacks were so ferocious they even delayed the new Pony Express mail service about a month, because some of the home stations were destroyed and several of the riders harassed.

ON A SUNNY morning in mid-May, shortly after he had heard of the Indian uprising at Williams Station, Alex was riding horseback on the desert north of Peavine Mountain. He saw two Indians, in full regalia, riding swiftly toward him. In moments they were galloping, Indian fashion, in a wide circle around him. Their naked bodies were daubed with war paint and the feathers of their war bonnets flapped wildly in the wind.

Alex was petrified. He knew the Indians meant to murder him. Then he recognized Ki-wa, his closest friend. Knowing Ki-wa also recognized him, Alex rose tall in his saddle and, waving his arm frantically, called out a loud greeting.

Both Indians started shouting and yelling vile epithets at him. Alex heard Ki-wa scream, "Coyote! Coyote! White men are dirty coyotes! They steal our food! They shoot our deer! They poison our water! We will rid the land of these dirty coyotes!" They shrieked on and on in frenzy, shooting wildly all the time.

A bullet struck Alex's pony in the head and the wounded animal fell. Tumbling to the dust, Alex scrambled behind his dead horse for protection—and just in time, for the bullets of his assailants were kicking up dust all about him.

Alex seethed with a blind unreasoning fury at his erstwhile friend. Steadying his rifle on his dead pony's rump, he took careful aim and fired. Ki-wa lurched, then plunged to the earth, dead. Again Alex's rifle sounded. The other Paiute drew up sharply, one of his arms dangling limply at his side. Suddenly wheeling his horse, the Indian galloped away across the desert, and soon disappeared from sight.

Alex Flemming told this story to Dr. S. L. Lee many years later when he saw the war bonnet in its glass case in the corner of the doctor's office.

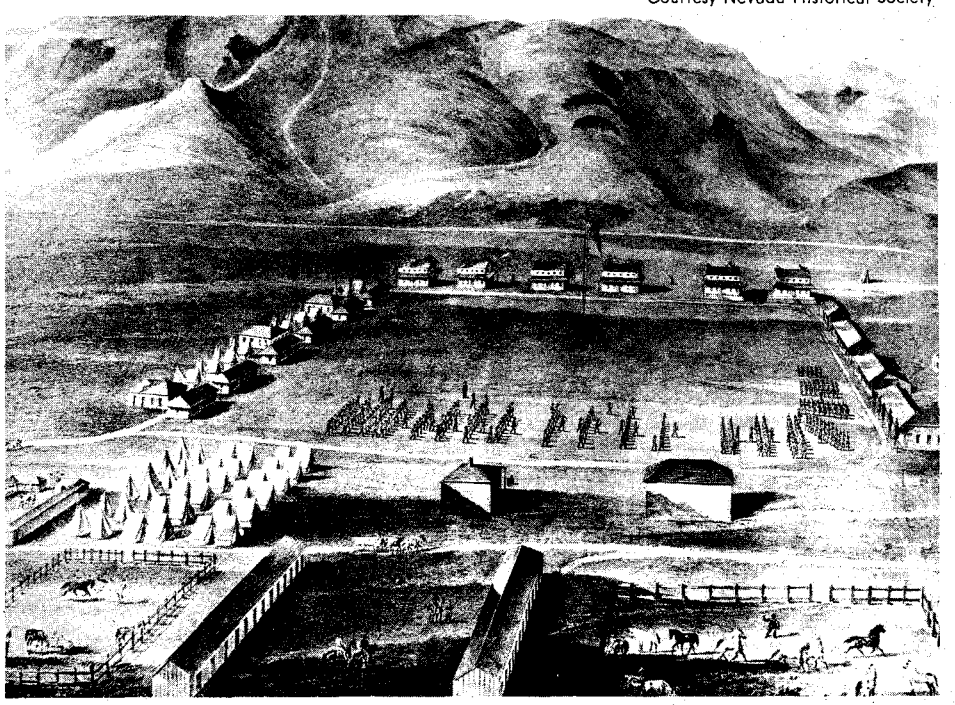
"When I looked down upon that dead Indian, I was so damn mad to think he not only tried to kill me himself, but brought along another Indian to help him, I not only took his war bonnet, but I scalped him as well."

As he finished the story, a look of gloom came over Alex's face. "That is why I sent the war bonnet to you, Dr. Lee. If I never call for it, it is yours."

Today, 106 years after that tragic encounter near Peavine Mountain, that same war bonnet is on display at the Nevada State Museum in Carson City, Nevada, along with the priceless collection of other Indian artifacts the widow of Dr. S. L. Lee donated to the State of Nevada in 1934.

Early print shows Fort Churchill, established in 1860 to protect the settlers during the Paiute uprising. The ruins of the old fort may be seen today near the Carson River in Lyon County, Nevada.

Courtesy Nevada Historical Society



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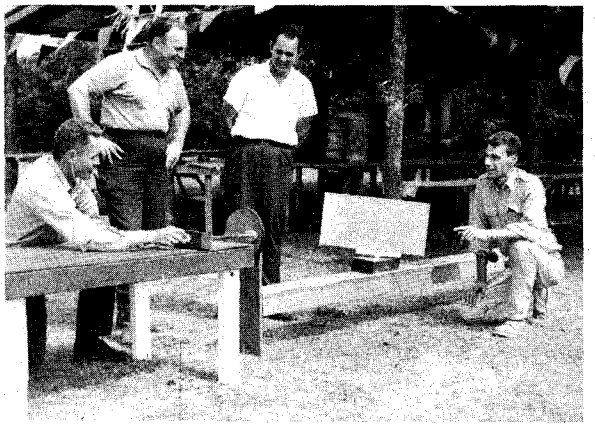
TREASURE HUNTERS' *JUBILEE*

At times the field was crowded with contestants. All makes and brands of detectors were used; even a few home-made units were present. The weather was hot, and the contestants determined to win.

Action was the order of the day with the competitors trying to outdo one another. Shown at left is Johnny Kouba of Ennis, Texas; center, going after a detected coin is Art Lassange of Alamo, California; right, Kenneth Hutton of Dallas, Texas, one of the runners-up.

Gary Mitchell of San Diego, California, came close to winning, and as a result he said he would have a sore back for weeks.



Contestants test detectors on "HONEST JOHN," a special machine that gives absolute range to a piece of metal 12"x24" and measures its sensitivity to a single coin. The machine is graduated in fractions of an inch for accuracy.

In the "free-for-all" even oldsters enjoyed searching for the coins. This search for quarters was open to everyone.

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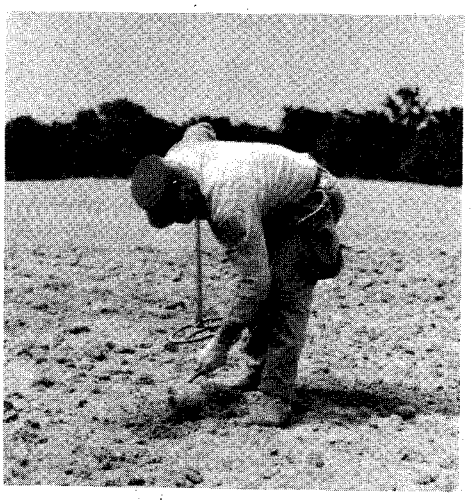
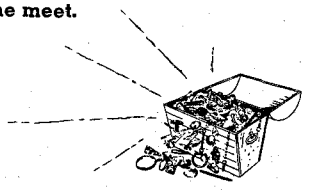


Roy Lagal, Lewiston, Idaho, shows the technique necessary to be a winner. Dig, swing and dig again. Seldom straightening up, he managed to come out overall winner to earn the title, "Best Treasure Hunter." Roy was also voted the best all-around sportsman of the meet.



By DAYNE CHASTAIN

Photos Courtesy Author

THE TREASURE HUNTERS' Field Trials held again this year at Seminole, Oklahoma were a great success. Treasure hunters from all over the United States congregated for three days of visiting, story telling and comparing notes with each other.

Contests were held to determine the "Best Treasure Hunter" and "Sign Reader." A vote was taken among the treasure hunters to determine the best all-around sportsman. People started coming in several days before the trials were to start. Several hunting expeditions were conducted in the Seminole area, and though the results were kept secret some of the hunters seemed exceptionally happy.

A mechanical device called "Honest John" was furnished for the manufacturers' contest. All treasure hunters were allowed to test their own units on this machine. Honest John was equipped with a rack to locate the search heads of the various makes of detectors. A movable box with a rotating motor rotated a sheet of metal 12" x 24" in line with the detector head. A pointer on the box, which indicated the distance to within 1/8 of an inch, left no doubt as to the actual depth any unit could detect. Honest John was also equipped with a plastic sheet on which were attached different coins for testing sensitivity.

There were booths with antiques, coins, guns, books and other items for sale. Colorful flags flew in the breeze and a carnival atmosphere prevailed over all. The contests were scattered out over the three days, leaving plenty of time for visiting and discussing past and future hunts. Campers and tents, as well as house trailers, dotted the meadow and extended down to the woods. An ever-present aroma of boiling coffee, blended with the wood smoke of several cook fires, permeated the air. To all who came, the meet was a great success and everyone is looking forward to next year's National Treasure Hunters' Field Trials.

Happy winners of the "Best Treasure Hunter" contest, Roy Lagal, champion; Darrel Vialle, second place.

A tense moment arises as the judges, Art Lassange, left, Dayne Chastain and Bob Strait of Phoenix, Arizona, count the findings of the contestants and tally up the score.

Winners of prizes line up with Dayne Chastain after the finals were completed and winners announced.

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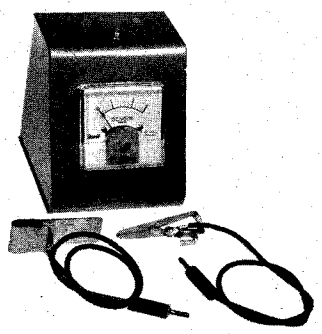
ELECTROLYSIS



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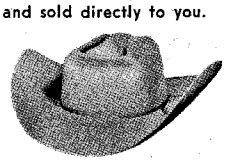

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BLACKHAWK
Umatilla, Oregon

Paulina—Deadly Raider

(Continued from page 36)

in the stream, but hidden under the willows, and with his head in the little cave, and only his face out of the water, George Masterson spent a thoroughly uncomfortable morning.

He felt the tread of the searching Indians on the riverbank over his head. A clod or two loosened by the footsteps overhead, fell into the water. George had always had a morbid horror of spiders, but the water spiders that frequented the little cave ran over his face with impunity. The water was icy. It was spring runoff water from the melting snow in the mountains.

Paulina's raiders chased after the fleeing Clark until they could see that the chase was hopeless. Then they turned back and picked up the two raiders who had been searching for the hidden Masterson. They rode on, caught up with the horse herd, and pushed on into higher country.

Clark found help a few miles away. One source says he found a troop of cavalry, and another says he met a party of packers. In either case, he returned with help to the burnt ranch—it is still called "Burnt Ranch"—to rescue Masterson. He lost an hour looking for his nephew, even though he knew where to search. Clark finally found him by diving under the brush lodged along the bank until he felt Masterson's chilled body.

The boy was so chilled that he was helpless, and the rescuers had to carry him to the bank, wrap him in blankets and rush him to the embers of the ranch house to nurse him back to life.

Leaving Masterson and Clark, the rescuers took after the Indians and stolen horses. They returned empty-handed and with one of their members wounded, but consoled Clark in the claim that they had killed five of the raiders.

Actually, Paulina, to discourage too close pursuit, had laid an ambush. When the pursuers came up, there was a noisy but long-range exchange of gunfire. The attackers returned to Burnt Ranch, with their honor satisfied, and Paulina went on, unhindered.

A month or two later, Paulina's band ran off a small herd of cattle from Andrew Clarno's ranch, down the river from Clark's Burnt Ranch, and trailed them across the Dalles-Canyon City road into the Deschutes River Country. They were milch cows, tough and bony, and Paulina learned to grade cattle more carefully in the future before stealing them.

Next, Paulina raided Maupin's for more horses. This time, the rancher heard the corral bars being taken down. He dressed quietly, and after warning his wife to remain still and to keep their sons in, opened the door and silently eased himself out into the night.

Maupin was armed with a Henry rifle, capable of firing fifteen rounds. He was a deadly shot with this gun. In later years he was to win many a side of beef with it in shooting contests in the ranching town of Mitchell. But on this black night he couldn't see to shoot. He could hear the horses as they moved off, but he could neither see nor hear the Indian horse thieves. Paulina and his raiders knew they had dangerous company. One of them had seen the door open and close.

The slow, deadly drift of horses and men through the black night crossed the first of Maupin's small horse pastures. As they approached the gap in the pasture fence, Maupin worked into position where he could see his targets against the faint skyline. When he had a target, he fired.

The shot split the night. Yelling Indians and frightened horses milled in pandemonium, then ran off into the darkness, and though Maupin caught another glimpse or two of Indian forms, he didn't fire again. He couldn't see his gunsights.

Walking back toward his house, he heard a noise ahead, and froze. Someone was coming toward him. Crouching low, he brought his rifle up, ready to squeeze the trigger as soon as he had a target. Then he heard a small clinking, like the noise from the chain on a knife he had given his older son. Quietly he asked, "That you, Garret?" Garret answered.

The next day Maupin kept another futile vigil on the hilltop with his big brass telescope, but Paulina and the horses were gone.

IN EARLY AUTUMN, the raider's interest in stagecoaches paid off. Paulina and his raiders, on September 7, 1866, sighted a stage with only two men with it—the driver and one other. They promptly attacked.

Henry H. Wheeler was driving his own stage on this run from Fort Dalles to Canyon City, about 150 miles to the southeast. H. C. Paige, a Wells-Fargo messenger, was riding gun. The attack took place on the rocky pass between Bridge and Mountains Creeks. The military road over the pass was so rough that escape with the stage was out of the question.

The rocks gave the attackers plenty of cover, and they used it. They kept the men on the stage under a heavy fire, as they worked closer through the rocks. In a desperate attempt to get away, Wheeler unhitched the lead team, though the terrified horses had never been ridden before. Paige held the Indians off as best he could with two Sharps rifles. Then, as the attackers worked closer, he got down between the wheel horses and continued firing with his Colt revolver.

Wheeler was hit. A bullet passed through his cheeks, from side to side, and smashed his jaw. Paige helped him up, and the two men mounted the plunging horses and made a wild ride through a hail of bullets to safety. To the Indians they must have presented a hilarious spectacle.

The raiders searched through the cargo, and took everything they could use, then carefully stripped the stage of its new upholstery. Containers were needed for some of their loot, so they dumped a consignment of $10,000 in paper currency out of its box, and filed off into the brush-covered hills toward their winter camps. This had been a good year.

Wheeler and Paige made it to safety. Wheeler's wound was treated at Fort Dalles, and he continued with the operation of his stage line. There is a marker on U. S. Highway 26, three miles east of Mitchell, Oregon, near the place where the stage was stripped.

WHEN PAULINA left his winter camp in April, 1867, it was with a new crew. The veterans of the past year were prosperous and respected, and were unwilling to exchange the comfort of their lodges for more hard travel, danger, and short rations.

There were plenty of young recruits clamoring to go raiding if Paulina would

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take them—young men, who had nothing, who were willing to do anything to make their mark, to earn recognition, to come home with horses and their own tales of raids and adventure.

Paulina wanted to rest for a season. Horses at a dozen villages, and other gifts, given prodigally, were a large fund of goodwill that he could draw on whenever he wished.

He could quit raiding and make his mark on a treaty with the Indian agent at Fort Klamath, for although Paulina wasn't a recognized tribal leader with his own people, he certainly was recognized by the whites. But he wasn't ready to be tied down on a reservation yet, like the hated Warm Springs Indians and the Nez Percé. He had to keep on the move.

In early April, 1867, Paulina rode north across the high Oregon desert toward the distant Blue Mountains, in company with a dozen hopeful young apprentices. Paulina had the only good rifle, a Henry, part of the Burnt Ranch loot. The others were armed with bows and lances until they could capture better. Each man provided his own horse; Paulina furnished each man with a spare.

They rode across a clean, washed desert, strewn with early spring flowers, with water running in every draw. In the distance, antelope flashed their white rumps in alarm and bounded over the horizon. The snow-covered peaks in the Cascade Range glistened to the west in the warm spring sunlight. Nearer at hand, there were seldom less than three or four rabbits hopping about, inviting the boys to start a boisterous rabbit hunt.

They saw no other travelers. The road from Klamath to the gold camps at Canyon City was empty when the raiders crossed it, although it bore plenty of recent tracks. They splashed across the Crooked River and filed up into the ponderosa covering the Blue Mountains, still in a world of their own.

It is possible to ride over their approximate route now, alone under the sky, for the high desert and mountain country of eastern Oregon is still one of the most sparsely settled areas in the United States.

Coming down the north slope, Paulina camped in a rock-sheltered cove well above the Dalles-Canyon City road. He watched the road for several days, until he had acquired a feel for the traffic pattern and the patrol habits of the soldiers from Camp Watson. Then he took his raiders across the road and on, across the John Day River, to the broken country beyond.

There were cattle everywhere. A year ago these wild hills had made a good hideout area. Then Andrew Clarno trailed in more than 300 young heifers from California, and now, with their calves, they were spreading out to cover the hills.

In the gathering twilight the young raiders went about their first theft. They rounded up about twenty-five steers and heifers that hadn't calved yet, cattle that were in very good condition, and drove them across the river to the west bank. Leaving the river, they drove the herd up the steep hills toward Deschutes River country. Paulina intended to leave them for beef on the hoof, to be available when they were needed for food. He was learning from the Army. The soldiers had depots at their various forts and camps, where tired men, in from chasing after hostiles could rest and regain the strength to pursue the enemy again.

Paulina would create depots, too, and

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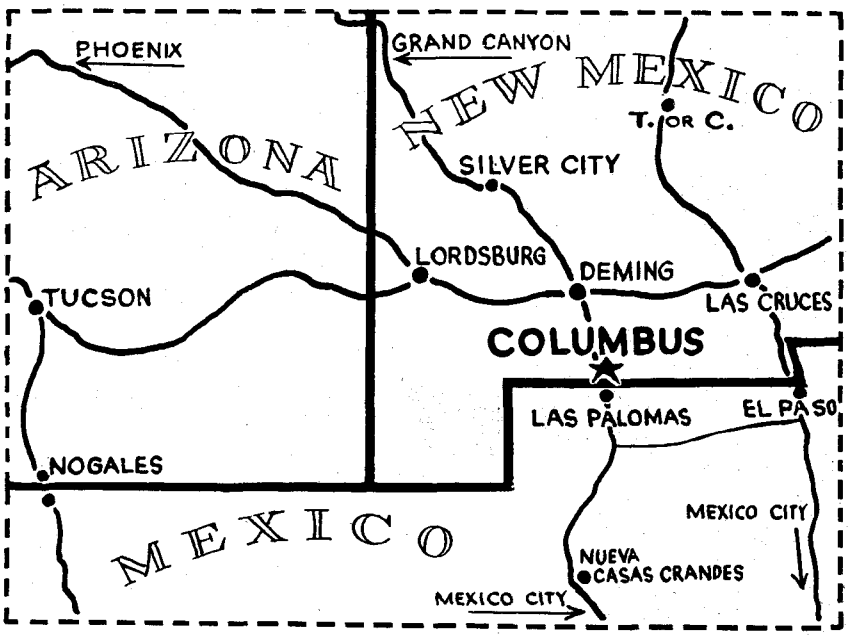

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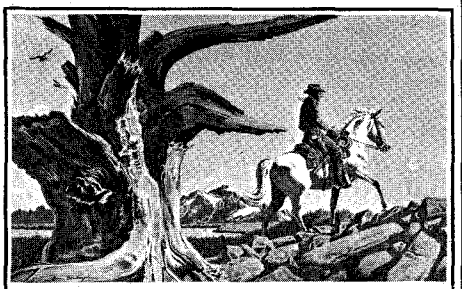

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easily. A few cooking pots and other items of camp gear, hidden in a secret cache, with some fat cattle grazing nearby, would turn a deserted forest glade into a very comfortable camp.

Paulina had to get the cattle across the Dalles-Canyon City road, unseen, before dawn, without leaving a broad trail to be intercepted. He didn't make it.

IT WAS daylight when the cattle crossed the road in the rocky bottom of a dry creek bed, leaving no trace of their passing. The road was empty, but it might not remain empty long enough for them to get the cattle out of sight on the other side. White men who saw Indians driving cattle would be sure to carry word of it to the first soldiers they could find.

As the cattle filed into the scattered juniper, Paulina saw a stage toiling up the road from the direction of Howard Maupin's overnight stop on Antelope Creek. The driver was alone.

At any other time, Paulina would have attacked instantly. The coach horses, alone, would have been ample reward, and he had never seen a stage travel with the driver alone before.

But on this spring morning, Paulina wasn't ready to do anything beyond taking the stolen cattle to a hidden valley in the Deschutes country. From cover, he watched the stage driver closely. If the driver saw the cattle through a gap in the juniper, Paulina would shoot him. He would no doubt be forced to abandon the cattle, but the six horses, a firearm or two and whatever loot they took from the stage would be a good exchange for the cattle. With last year's crew, Paulina could have kept the cattle and taken the stage, too. But until there was a good rifle for each brave, and each had been taught to use it, Paulina was forced to be wary.

The Indian watched the stage as it reached the top of the long grade from Antelope Creek. The horses were drenched in sweat from the long, hard pull, and when they reached the easy, level dirt road at the top of the grade, they stepped out smartly. The driver eased them back to a slow walk, to let them cool off on the move. The stage passed so close to Paulina's screening clump of sagebrush, that the Indian must have closed his eyes to prevent the driver from feeling watched.

After the stolen cattle had plenty of time to be out of sight of the road, Paulina mounted his horse and followed them down a long winding game trail toward Trout Creek.

UNSEEN, the stage wheeled about and rumbled back along the road toward the stage stop at Antelope Creek, as fast as the horses could go. The stolen cattle and their Indian herders had not passed unseen. The driver had been too alert to his danger to show his awareness. He had suspected that he was being watched over the sights of a rifle, and as soon as he was sure the cattle were over the hill and out of sight, he went for the nearest help.

Paulina led his weary band and their tired cattle to the nearest crossing of Trout Creek. He let the thirsty men and animals drink their fill, then, after pushing the cattle on for a mile or two, he led the men back to the creek, and camped. The Indians turned the horses loose to roll and graze, and all, except the sentry on a high hill, slept in the April sun for an hour or two.

Then the hungry—and elated—raiders started supper. It was time for a feast to celebrate their first success, and the materials were right at hand. They slaughtered a steer, and dressed it out; they gathered driftwood for a fire. For this special occasion, Paulina started a blaze the easy way. He pulled the bullet from a cartridge, and fired his rifle into the shredded tinder, getting an instant flame.

When ex-rancher James Clark of Burnt Ranch, now stagedriver James Clark, pulled his steaming horses to a stop in Maupin's ranch yard with news of the stolen cattle, Maupin instantly grasped the situation. The cattle, to be at the top of the pass, would have been stolen from Andrew Clarno's ranch, and would be on their way to a hidden and easily defended place in the rough Deschutes country. They would have to cross Trout Creek at one of two possible crossings. The cattle would be tired and the Indians were likely to spend the night at one of the crossings where the water and grazing were good. Tomorrow they would reach rougher country—country where they couldn't be headed off or flanked, where pursuers could only follow and ride straight into any ambush the Indians might set.

There was not time to get help. Maupin was no fire-breathing Indian fighter. Nor was Clark. Yet these two men set off immediately to find and attack a band of Indians who had stolen a neighbor's cattle, a band led by a man who had repeatedly out-maneuvered or outfought elements of the U. S. Army.

THEY CAUGHT and saddled up the only two fresh horses which were left. A third man, William Ragan, was there and volunteered to go along. Maupin let him have one of the tired horses from the stage team.

The route to the upper Trout Creek crossing from Maupin's Antelope Creek ranch was direct, and was well screened by small hills. It was brushy, too, with enough juniper and big grey sage to give them good cover. So they rode for the upper crossing. William Ragan's horse was unable to keep up, and he dropped behind.

When Maupin and Clark reached the upper crossing, they found no fresh tracks. The two men then headed for the lower crossing where Trout Creek was joined by Little Trout Creek. Just below this crossing, Trout Creek enters a basalt canyon. To get there faster, they swung wide of the creek bed for easier traveling, and rode down the slope of Trout Creek.

The white men spotted the Indian lookout. He was on top of a high hill, watching his back trail intently. Maupin and Clark rode on, keeping a line of small hills between themselves and the sentry.

As they neared the lower crossing, the basalt rimrock at the canyon entrance came into view. Then they made out a thin column of smoke.

While Clark stayed back with the horses to keep them quiet, Maupin crawled closer to the camp. He reached the top of a knoll, where he could see the Indians gathered about the fire, in a cove surrounded by rock walls. Maupin settled into his cover. Clark then left the horses and crept up.

Paulina, cutting another chunk of meat from the sizzling roast on the spit over the fire, heard a startled grunt. One of the raiders was staring in consternation at a knoll across the creek. Paulina then saw

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Maupin, with his deadly Henry rifle, settling into the short rabbit-brush. Diving across the fire and grabbing his own Henry, Paulina raced for the nearest cover—a cleft in a steep rock where he could fight effectively, or retreat unseen.

PAULINA might not have felt the bullet that shattered his right hip. He fell sprawling, and only gradually realized the extent of his disability as he made repeatedly futile efforts to gain the cleft, ten yards away.

The noise of firing stopped. Although Paulina heard only one rifle firing, he must have assumed that the man who fired had been the only one in a large attacking force to be in shooting position when he was sighted. He must get his young men away from this trap, if there was still time. He felt his smashed hip, and he knew he was doomed.

Paulina turned his eyes to the cleft for one last look at the future that he would never know, then looked at the brush-covered lower slope of the basalt cliff, where his men were hidden. He called out to them, and gave his orders.

They were to work their way to the horses, and get away into the Deschutes country. Give the cattle up. Go home. Do not try to save him; he was dying. Do not look for revenge. Paulina took his revenge in advance.

Go now. He was dying. To emphasize this, Paulina pulled handsful of grass and dirt, and put them on his head and chest. Four more blows in his belly and chest told him he was being shot at again. In a growing fog of pain, he heard his young men scrambling through the concealing brush, around the bend of the hill toward the horses. The obedient braves, who could easily have ambushed and riddled two white men with arrows, escaped around a fold in the steep hill from the large party of attackers which was not there.

Paulina's long training in stoicism in the presence of strangers broke down, and he writhed. His right hand continued pulling grass tufts, and placing them on his bloody chest. When he saw the two white men cautiously approach, their eyes searching the brush and rocks for Indians, he mastered the pain. Taking his knife, he plunged the blade into the ground, and with a wrenching twist, broke off the blade. These men would not scalp him with his own knife.

Paulina watched the two white ranchers. Undoubtedly he admired their courage, and reflected on their good luck in the departure of his braves. He writhed, trying to ease the torture.

When they stood over him, he saw that one of the white men, eyes filled with pity, was trying to line up a pistol on his threshing head. The Indian lay very still.

Paulina may have heard the shot that blasted out his life. He didn't hear the reverberations between the rock walls, in the flower-carpeted little cove in Paulina Basin, echoes that signaled the end of an era.

Joe Rankin's Ride

(Continued from page 27)

boxes set up, several men had been killed, many injured, and dead horses and mules were scattered all about the enclosure.

During the afternoon and evening the Indians picked off the remaining animals one by one and kept the soldiers in the pits. They lit up the dry grass and the wind blew the fire into the enclosure.

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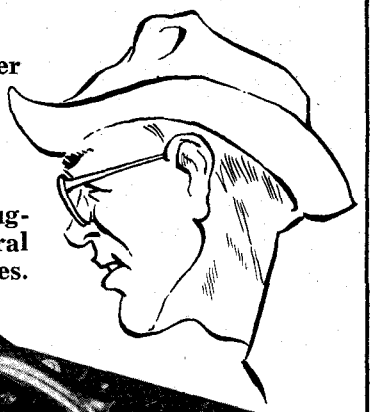

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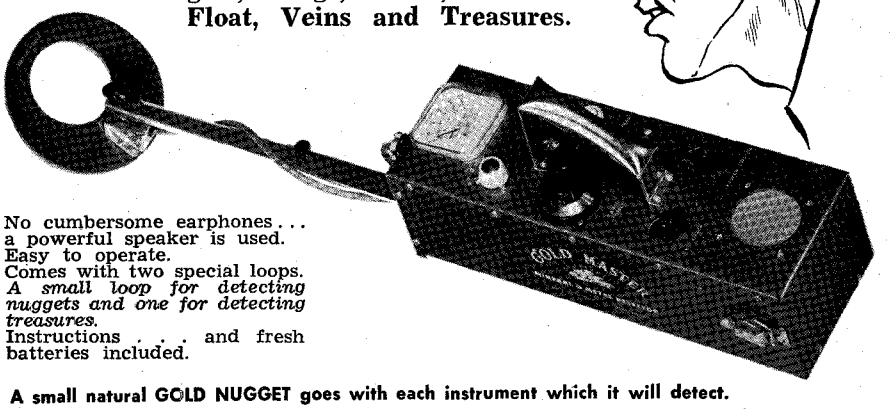

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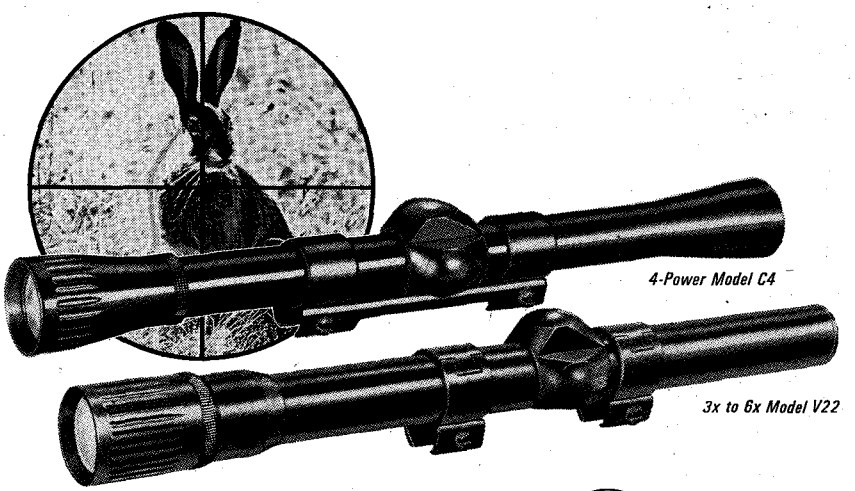

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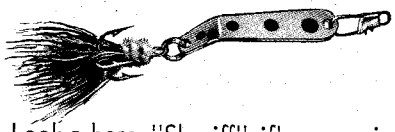

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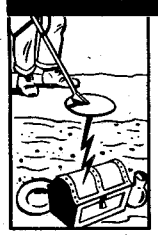

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The soldiers were several hundred feet from the September-dry creekbed, their only source of water. They were in real trouble.

Someone must ride to the nearest telgraph at Rawlins. The scout, Joe Rankin, said he would ride. So did John Gordon, a civilian. Two corporals volunteered.

It was just past ten on Monday night when they left the pits, and the weather was clear and cold. Without a sound they led the horses into the brush, crept past the Indian guards and mounted up.

To the east was Pyramid Peak; and the Flattop Mountains, gleaming white with new snow, seemed like ghosts to the four as they crossed the first divide with a silent loping gait, going away from death in the creek.

Through fall's aspen gold and red buckbrush, over wagon road and rocky trail they galloped. Every ear listened for hoofbeats that would tell them the Indians had discovered their flight.

They split up then, Gordon in an attempt to locate Captain Dodge, and the soldiers to head for the Peck Trading Post. Rankin rode to the left alone. It was midnight when he hit Morapos trail and he tensed as the drumming sound of his pony echoed in the night.

Over the rocks of the narrow trail the strawberry roan carried him into the wide Williams Forks. Ten miles from Milk Creek he rested awhile, then galloped on to the north.

To a cattle camp, forty miles from the creek, Rankin rode his roan horse all that night.

He came to the Bear River where he remembered a corral and fresh horses. In the dawn's light he could see in the flat to the east, several unsaddled mounts, beginning to eat. He rode out and bunched them and brought them all in and chose one for the ride north.

Despite the low temperature, sweat soaked his shirt as he saddled a mare and rode on. He had carried the mail, mined for gold and freighted supplies, but never had he ridden this far at one time, and the lives of hundreds of people depended on him.

Off to the right were the Bears Ears, two round granite peaks in the morning sun. And he could see Black Mountain's dark pines up ahead as he rode on and on.

At the supply depot on Fortification Creek, he left word of the fight at the creek and kept going. He had made sixty miles.

Rankin had seen a horse that he knew had speed at the ranch at Baggs' Crossing. It was owned by Frank Harrah.

At midday he arrived there, stopped, rested and ate. He was eighty miles from the quick and the dead of Thornburgh's command.

A rider at the ranch brought in the big horse that Rankin had requested. The horse was named Joe Busch.

The scout had been awake for a day and a night and a day; he'd been in the saddle for nearly twelve hours. Over sand hills and gullies, through sagebrush and thorn he had come eighty miles with eighty yet to go. He headed toward the old Cherokee trail and, crossing there, went on to the Bitter Creek route. By the time he reached Sulphur Springs, thirty miles from Rawlins, Joe Busch was lathered up, yet sturdy and game.

Man and horse headed up hill as night came on and the mountains caught the sun's last light. Bridger's Gap to the east, the Divide up ahead was fifteen miles from their destination.

It was close to midnight when they crossed the Divide and saw the town's twinkling lights on the road dead ahead; and on Wednesday morning at two o'clock, Joe Busch's hoofs sparked on the gravel of Front Street.

JOE RANKIN had been in the saddle for twenty-seven and one-half hours, counting the stops, and he had come more than 150 miles from the fight at Milk Creek.

Rankin did not gallop through the streets shouting. He rode to a bar for a couple of stiff drinks. Then he woke up the telegrapher and sent the messages which told the world about the Milk Creek massacre. The scout then went to bed.

The next day as the sun rose, General Wesley Merritt, commanding four companies of cavalry and 150 infantry in wagons, was already in Rawlins on special Union Pacific trains.

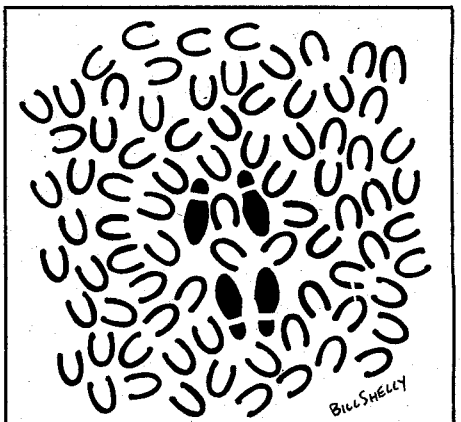
Joe Rankin was awake. An hour before Merritt was ready to move out, Rankin and Colonel Compton headed south to find the old scout, Jim Baker, at his cabin east of Baggs' Crossng. They rejoined Merritt at the crossing of the Little Snake and from there Baker guided the Merritt troopers southward to Milk Creek. Joe Rankin went along.

Sixty-six hours after leaving Rawlins the Merritt expedition arrived at the pits. Ute sentries had watched Merritt's troops for the last fifty miles and the Indians had now withdrawn from the battleground.

Merritt found there ninety-six white soldiers still able to fight, ten dead, forty-three wounded, and many dead mules and horses. They found also that a company of Negro cavalry had arrived the second morning after the start of the battle—Company D, 9th Cavalry, commanded by Captain Francis Dodge, who had been camped east on the Gore trail and summoned by John Gordon and the two corporals who had reached Peck Trading Post at the Bear River crossing.

In all, thirty white men had been killed, including the soldiers, several freighters, and the men at the agency. The women and children at the agency had been taken captives but were released a hundred miles away to rescuers from the south.

Joe Rankin and a horse named Joe Busch stand together today as an example of what could be endured and accomplished by the men and horses of the Old West.



"Hawkins, you got a lot to learn about handling a 20-mule team."

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Uncle Sim's Trading Store

(Continued from page 31)

came in the store we accorded him the same degree of courtesy that we did a white person, and the Indians responded. In due time some of the Indians wanted credit until Grass Money payment time. The Government paid fifty dollars twice a year to each man, woman, and child. This represented interest on tribal funds the Government was holding in trust.

Carrying the Indians' accounts until Grass Money time brought on an unlooked-for complication. We had naturally supposed that when they received their pay, they would return to their allotments. But the camp-out on the reservation of hundreds of families was too much like the old tribal life for them to return readily to their lonesome allotment camp.

They could feast, visit, gamble, and hold horse races, and those who drank were supplied by the whiskey peddlers. Then, too, there were many visitors from other tribes, as they knew food, beef and whiskey would be plentiful.

To get our money, we had to go to the reservation and collect while they still had it. They were pleased to see us, and paid readily. They wanted to keep their credit good, but putting aside the necessary amount so as to pay up on their return was too much planning for them. That was especially true of the drinkers.

My first collection trip was successful, and uneventful, and from then on it was my regular chore, and an interesting one. I would be gone from one to two days if the payment were held near the town of Cache, and longer when held near Ft. Sill, at what was called "The Stone Store."

WHEN DEATH struck our little community, we were poorly prepared. Two women and one baby died in a single night. All the needs for a funeral were lacking—no undertaker, no caskets, no cemetery, and no preacher.

Early the next morning caskets were put together from yellow pine, and brought to our store and set on sawhorses. There the townswomen covered, padded, and lined them. Black calico was used for the covering of the adult caskets, and white muslin for the baby's. Quilting cotton was used for the padding and pillow, and bleached muslin for the lining.

Handles intended for toolboxes were screwed on the sides of the adult caskets by Dad after the women had tacked the black calico in place. Permission to bury the bodies on the claim adjoining the town on the north was granted by an old German homesteader.

Mary Armstrong, a twenty-year-old girl, whose previous religious participation had been confined to Epworth League, conducted the services. She would be called on again and again for like duty before the Methodist circuit rider (he used a bicycle) would find us, and a number of homemade caskets would be brought to our store for the women to make presentable. But this was the only time there was more than one casket in the store at a time.

Twenty-one miles and back, and the fording of two creeks, meant eleven hours of hard driving by a good team and lumber wagon. That was too long a delay in warm weather to put away a body. One who lived in those times understands what Matt Dillon meant when he told Chester to "find a shovel."

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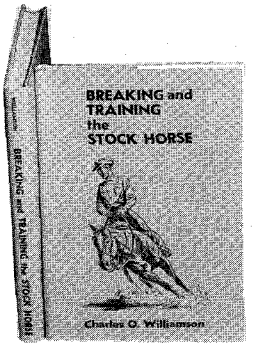

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The busiest day of the store's history was preceded by a norther that had struck in the night, and it was blowing icy rain in little scuds or showers, one behind the other, the next day. There hadn't been a customer in the store all morning. Then about ten o'clock the little Indian wagons began to arrive in town. By the time the first dozen or so of the little prairie schooners had arrived, they had all the hitchracks in town occupied.

Those who came later pulled up on the grass, unhitched, and tied their horses to the rear wheels. Soon our store was filled until the only vacant space was behind the counters. These were strange Indians, and were not from our trade territory. They were from the north and west, along the south side of the mountains. They were on their way to a medicine ground on the south side of Red River. Nearly all of them were in their second day's journey, and they were still two full days from the medicine ground. It is possible our Indians had started the day before.

Whether they had planned to rendezvous in our town, or whether they just happened to stop there, I will never know. Anyhow, they not only bought all our staple groceries, but because of the weather, they stripped us of bedding, underwear, socks, stockings, and the few shoes we had on hand.

While I was putting the team away, Dad had started a good fire in the heating stove we had brought in from the claim some time before. It was the first time we had fired it up, and it was the focal point for most of the Indians when they got inside the store. The steam rising from damp clothes added to the scent of the many damp bodies crowded together. A noonday dinner, of course, was out of the question. In the midst of all this mob, a nicely-dressed, older, warrior-aged Indian crowded in between me and the Indian I was waiting on demanding, "How much do you want for that stove?"

When I tried to tell him it was the only heating stove we had to keep the store warm, he informed me that we had a good house to live in and didn't need a stove, while his women and children were going to live in a tent. As he talked he waved a twenty-dollar gold certificate in front of my face, saying he would give me twenty dollars for the stove. It was worth less than five.

In order to get rid of him I told him the stove was not mine to sell or not to sell, but that it belonged to my father. He tried the same tactics on Dad, crowding in between Dad and some young Indian women who were buying cotton stockings. He got much the same answer, I suppose, for he made his way to the front door and left. I was curious to find out who the Indian was, and seeing a Baptist missionary a few bodies from me, I made my way to him and inquired. I had just refused Quanah Parker's money.

It must have been three o'clock before the Indians' wants were satisfied, and they began to hitch up and leave. In an hour or so our town was as empty as it was when we drove in that morning. Many of the shelves were bare to the wall. But we now had time to take a long breath, to try to bring order out of chaos, and to find something for our empty stomachs. Mine, at least, was demanding attention.

SOON AFTER our store was built, Dad was appointed justice of the peace. I have no recollections of why, or how, if I ever knew. Anyhow it happened. He was the only magistrate between Lawton, twenty miles to the northwest, and Frederick, twenty-six miles to the west and south. Likewise he was about center between Cache on the north and Red River to the south.

He tried a few cases involving stock damage to crops by loose herds of horses and cattle, but his principal business came when drunk cowboys, or would-be cowboys, tried to take the town apart. The town had no police force, so unless there happened to be a deputy sheriff in town, or Indian police, Dad would have to deputize some citizens, order them to quell the disturbance, and bring in the offenders.

The nearest thing to a jail the town possessed was a community " 'fraid-hole" or cave. Obstreperous drunks were thrown in there to sober up. The most amusing incident of this kind involved an old fellow who bragged he had been a member of Quantrill's Raiders and an associate of Jesse James and Cole Younger. One night he was playfully trying to cut a barber's throat by sawing his neck up and down on the edge of a broken saloon window, and he was arrested by one of Dad's civilian posses. A young slim-jim of a chap was arrested with him. They were obviously too drunk to be tried, so Dad ordered them put in the cave to sober up.

When anyone was put in the cave, logs were piled on the door to hold them in. We hadn't moved to the claim yet, and Dad and Mother slept on a folding bed in the back of the store. I had a cot up front, between the counters. About two o'clock there was a knock on the back door. Our two drunks were hunting a place to stay all night. By a coincidence, they had come to the judge who had ordered them thrown into the cave! Dad never let on. They had been so drunk they had no memory of him. He got up and fixed them a bed out in the tent wareroom, and they were grateful to him for the favor.

Quite early the next morning, two members of the posse were at the store, badly put out that their prisoners had escaped. They said the slim one, who needed but a small space, had dug his way up beside the stairway with a pocket knife, rolled off the logs, and let the larger and older man out.

Dad let them stew a while and then told them their prisoners were safely in his custody, but he would let them sleep as late as they wished. Maybe they would sleep until court time. The prisoners didn't sleep quite that late, but they were badly surprised when he told them to return to the store for trial after they had eaten their breakfast.

One of the provisions of the law under which this land had been opened was that Civil War veterans and their widows could register by mail. Evidently a large number of veterans and widows so registered, for many drew claims in our area. Most of them drew pensions of eight dollars per month, which was tops at that time. They were paid every three months and had to file for it each time. Dad always filled out their papers free, including the notary fee of twenty-five cents, and he was truly a popular person at filing time.

As nearly as I recall, all of them, veterans and widows alike, were accompanied by a son, or daughter and son-in-law. Several of the old girls smoked little clay pipes, and whenever one of them showed up, Dad turned his tobacco

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poke over to them. They always sat back by the stove to smoke, winter or summer, and I have seen as many as three of them at one time smoking up a storm with Dad's tobacco.

Most of the veterans, and all the widows, were several years older than Dad, but nearly every one of them called him "Uncle Sim." In due time that was the only name you ever heard anyone call him.

In 1908 the store lost its attraction for Dad, though it was prospering and had grown in volume of business each year. He decided to retire. He traded the store for land to a farmer who wanted to turn merchant, just as Dad had a few years before. The old chunk-burning wood stove that Quanah Parker had coveted went with the deal, and continued to warm the store for many more years.

Twenty Years Among Our Hostile Indians

(Continued from page 35)

out with his thumb and fingers; or if he could secure a pair of tweezers, he would pluck at every hair as it made its appearance, continuing the operation for weeks and months until the beard was entirely eradicated.

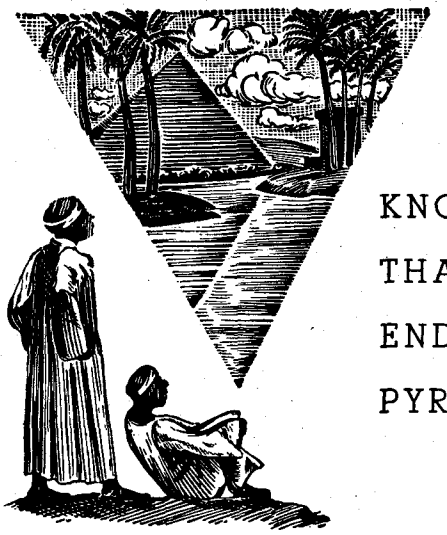
The eyebrows and eyelashes of both sexes were sparse and thin. It was a rare thing to find any hair on the body of either sex. They were, as a rule, a hairless people, but when hair made its appearance on any part of their bodies, except the head, they proceeded to pluck it out, and kept at it patiently and persistently until the roots were destroyed.

I have never known an Indian to wear a ring in his nose, as they are sometimes represented in pictures.

The men would generally sit cross-legged like tailors when in their lodges or tepees, or elsewhere on the ground. The women would sit on their legs, with their feet together on one side or the other, rarely ever resting on their haunches. When a number of Indian men met they would squat on their haunches, or sit cross-legged in a circle, making the circle large or small enough to be complete, in which position they would remain and smoke for hours. If there was a circle of sixty or seventy-five, they would have from fifteen to twenty-five pipes going at a time. After lighting a pipe, each Indian, as the pipe was passed to him, would take one or two long whiffs, blow the smoke up toward the sky, hold the bowl in an inclined position with the end of the stem that goes in the mouth toward the ground, and lifting up his head would say a prayer.

All of these prayers were about of the same trend, thus: "This smoke I hope will go to my Great Creator, who lives in the clouds, and who is very good to me. I hope he will take pity on me and my family, and send me something to eat and wear." With the other end pointed toward the earth, he would say: "This goes to the bad spirit, who I hope will not trouble me or make any disease."

INDIANS were all superstitious. One might have a superstition—his "medicine," as he termed it—not to pass the pipe while smoking to more than one, two, three, or more men to his left. When his pipe was passed as far as his medicine demanded, it was returned by the last smoker to the man on his right, who handed it to the next man, and so on, until it reached the one who started it. Hence, there were many pipes going all the time. The pipe was never smoked



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when it was being passed from left to right. Each man had his own bag of "killikinick," or tobacco.

When the pipe came to the smoker with the contents gone, he immediately proceeded to clean, fill, and start it again. For cleaning these pipes every man carried a stick about the size of a lead pencil. The pipe was lit with a lighted ember, matches being rare among the Indians in those days. When they first saw a match and the manner in which it was lighted, by simply scratching it, their surprise was beyond expression.

Killikinick was the inner bark or pulp of the red willow. It lies next to the wood and immediately under the bark. The bark was first removed, then the pulp was scraped off with a knife and laid on the green stick from which it had been taken, and held over the fire and dried. It was then cut up fine and was ready for use. When the Indians had tobacco, killikinick was mixed with it for smoking. The flavor as well as the odor of this red willow pulp was pleasant, and it had none of the injurious qualities of tobacco.

Among the Northern Indians the women did not smoke. Some of those living along the Rio Grande, in Texas and in Arizona, made cigarettes of coarse tobacco rolled in brown paper or in the inner leaf of the corn husk. They acquired this habit from their Mexican neighbors.

The smoke of mixed tobacco and killikinick made a sweet and pleasant odor. The Indian's person and all his belongings were completely saturated with it, and it lasted for a long time. Horses, and particularly mules, whose sense of smell is very acute, would scent an Indian by this odor at a long distance. It caused them to become uneasy and constantly look in the direction from whence the odor came. Animals, at the approach of Indians, would always get up and become restless at unusual times in the night. . . . In the morning we were sure to discover signs of Indians.

Animals when on the march and rather tired, if picketed or sidelined, or tied to the picket rope, would usually lie down when the camp grew quiet, about ten o'clock at night, and sleep for a half or three-quarters of an hour; then all would awake, rise, and remain in that position until about two o'clock, when they would lie down again, and sleep for probably an hour. Every company of cavalry carried a picket rope. It was about one and a half inches in diameter, and two hundred, or two hundred and fifty feet long. A sufficient length of it was stretched to hold all the animals, which were tied to it on both sides, for safety by day or night. Should they get up at any other time in the night this unusual movement would attract our attention, and we would know that Indians were near.—*(Twenty Years Among Our Hostile Indians* will be continued in the November FRONTIER TIMES.)

Walt Coburn's Tally Book

(Continued from page 11)

Tuesday after Labor Day, and I would be following Wallace's moccasin tracks while he stalked big game.

We would fish for catfish and swim in the river. Evenings there was always company. Big Gregory Doney, the half-breed, an almost legendary figure along the Missouri River or in the Larb Hills. A mighty hunter. Gregory and his big stalwart sons were always welcome. Now and then one of the Assiniboines or Gros Ventres would show up.

Those were the happiest days I have ever known. With Wallace I was always sure of some excitement. He would get me into adventures that were dangerous and sent a tingle along my kid's nerves. When I got scared, all I had to do was look at him. There were sparks of blue light in his eyes and a grin on his face that made me feel ashamed to show fear. I often wonder how sickly the grin I gave him back must have looked to Wallace. But he never let on. Hardships like cold and hunger were a part of it and he would say it toughened a man up, hardened him. I looked forward to those hardships to test out my toughness and show Wallace how I could take it. He would grin or sing cowpuncher or Irish songs or tell stories by the hour. Or point out something comical to laugh at, when the going got tough.

WALLACE was always playing practical jokes on Bob and Will. Now and then he would "job" me. But I never knew him to play a joke that would cause a man actual pain. His feelings or pride might be hurt, but that was all.

Wallace was always a dreamer. His head was always in the stars. If his feet got off the ground, he never seemed to notice. Nobody could take his dreams away. No one can take away the vivid memories his life was crowded with. He had a way with horses and dogs and Indians and youngsters. Any man could consider himself wealthy and rich if his memories were like those of my brother Wallace. He drew on his dreams for what he wanted for happiness. Reckless, gay, brave to the point of foolhardiness, Wallace let me ride with him into that world of high adventure.

The only way I can ever repay my brother Wallace is the way I have been doing since I sold my first story. Putting him and the dreams he handed down to me into the yarns I write, for background. The smell of the muddy Missouri River and the scrub pines after a rain. The feel of the first snow on the ground and the tracks that showed at daybreak. The campfire smoke and the tales he told and the songs he sang. The taste of wild chokecherry and red buffalo berries after the first frost. The kinnikinnick mixed with Bull Durham smoke as we sat in the lodges of the old men of the Assiniboines and Gros Ventres and listened to the stories of their legends and coups. Brave tales for a kid who never forgot. Along with the memories of outlaws like Kid Curry and the Wild Bunch where Wallace was always welcome. Memories of danger, like when we rode empty-bellied together in the blizzards that swept the Montana range.

"Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow," Wallace would say when the Circle C tried to crowd us.

I still claim that my brother Wallace was the greatest man I have ever known. I still have the moccasins he wore when they made the tracks I tried to step in. The moccasins are crusted with blue beads, blue as the Montana skies and blue as Wallace's eyes, some of the gut threads broken and the beads lost, the soles worn through. He discarded the moccasins and I picked them up and put them in my warsack, and after fifty odd years I still have them. I have never regretted going against the advice of my cattleman father, when I followed my brother Wallace's moccasin tracks.

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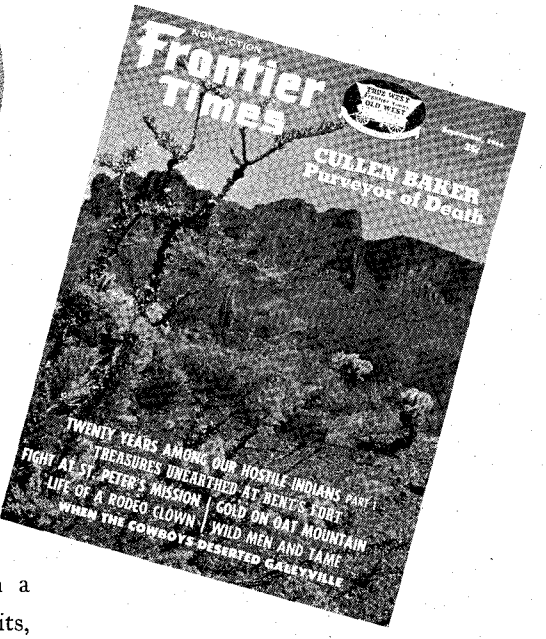

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ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: **A FADED LADY GOES AT AUCTION** by Jean Ehly, **OLD REELFOOT—SCOURGE OF THE SISKIYOUS!** by Art Chipman, **FRANK CANTON—GUNFIGHTER** by John Carson, **THE REAL RUINS OF FORT LOWELL** by Arizona Bob Kubista, **FIGHT AT ST. PETER'S MISSION** by "Kickin' Bob" Kennon and **TREASURES UNEARTHED AT BENT'S FORT** by W. G. Hutchinson.

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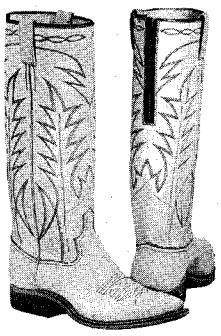

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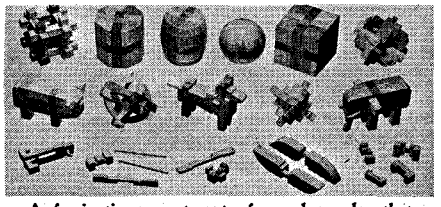

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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 43)

COTTONWOOD MASSACRE

By Authur Chacanios

ARMY TROOPS while stationed at Camp Cottonwood in 1863 were becoming violently ill and the sick men were afflicted with terrible suffering. The situation was diagnosed by the medical officers as scurvy.

The camp was devoid of the necessary anti-scorbutics to combat the disease, and the nearest available supply was Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. A detachment was organized to proceed by the quickest route to Fort Leavenworth, procure the necessary remedies and to return in a like manner. The disease, while the detachment was en route, increased to an alarming extent. At last, however, the detachment arrived and the men slowly began to convalesce. The doctors instructed the men to eat berries and wild fruit and to get plenty of exercise in the open air.

A plum grove was located approximately four miles from the camp, and as this fruit proved very wholesome, the sick men went out almost every day to pick plums. Due to the fact that some of the men who were unable to journey on their own, were lacking their share of this necessary fruit, Captain Mitchell, of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry, requisitioned an ambulance, and taking with him a driver named Anderson, an orderly named Cramer, and seven hospital patients, proceeded to the grove.

Upon their arrival at the grove about 10 o'clock in the morning they discovered that most of the plums had already been gathered, so they went out to another grove which was located some three miles farther up the canyon.

This latest search for fruit took them seven miles from camp—too far to be safe, under the circumstances—but since no Indian activity or movements had been seen recently in the area, they did not feel apprehensive.

At the second grove they came upon two soldiers of the First Nebraska Cavalry named Wise and Bentz who had been detailed by the quartermaster to search the countryside for stray mules and horses. Captain Mitchell noticed the men were well armed and thereby attached them to his party.

While the sick men were joyously gathering the fruit, Wise and Bentz rode up the canyon. Suddenly they were fired upon by Indians concealed behind bushes. The soldiers turned to flee, and as they galloped away, Bentz was wounded and swayed desperately; he could hardly sit his saddle. Their immediate concern was to rejoin Mitchell, but this design was short-lived, for another group of Indians came riding down the bluff ahead of them to cut off their retreat.

Wise, however, was mounted on a superb horse which he had taken out to exercise, and seeing that the Indians would surely head them off and that Bentz, unfortunately, was in no condition to keep up, spurred the horse and shot down the canyon like a bolt. He passed the intervening Indians just as they came out of the pocket in the bluff, but Bentz was cut off and knocked from his mount. At this point Wise's main concern was to save himself; Bentz was left to suffer his fate.

Wise rode up the bluffs toward the flat land before another party could maneuver into position to head him off, and outran his pursuers.

MEANWHILE, Captain Mitchell had heard the shots and assembled his men. The soldiers who were unable to navigate on their own were helped into the ambulance for the dash back to camp. Arms were at a minimum; in fact, only Captain Mitchell and Anderson possessed weapons. Anderson took the reins and drove while Captain Mitchell positioned himself in the rear of the ambulance with his rifle to keep the Indians at a distance.

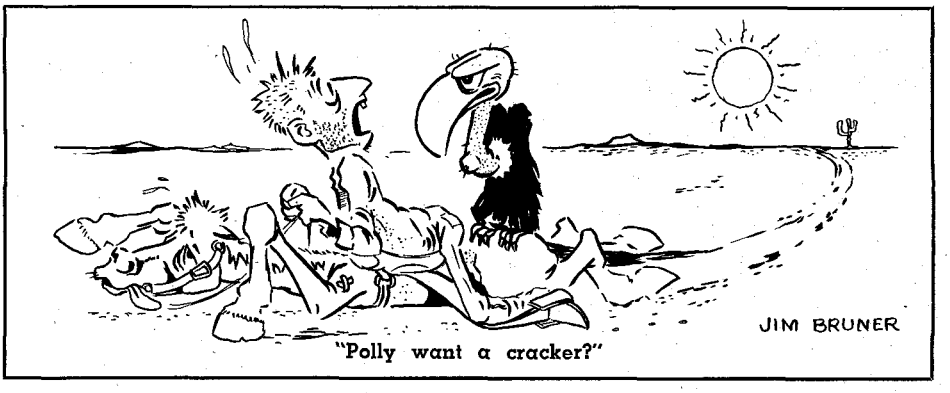
They had not gone very far when an Indian party spotted them. The war cries by the Indians so startled the horses that they galloped at a magnificent speed. They were quickly approaching the first grove and were confident that there would be troopers there in search of fruit; or, if not, surely Wise would have had time to reach camp and summon help.

Captain Mitchell fired his rifle to attract attention, but received no comforting response. The speed at which the animals were being driven could not be maintained; they would surely slow down over the remaining four miles and at that distance the Indian ponies would eventually overtake the heavier army horses.

Mitchell was also wasting precious ammunition for he found it impossible to shoot any of the Indians while the ambulance was in motion. The continuous jouncing destroyed his aim. The Captain decided he must make a stand, and ordered Anderson to drive to a nearby hill. Cramer, however, grabbed the lines from Anderson, and sped the horses on.

Captain Mitchell kept yelling to Cramer to pull up, but no attention was paid to his orders. He then ordered Anderson to take the lines, and attempting to obey the Captain's orders, Anderson lost his footing and fell out of the ambulance. Furious, Captain Mitchell sprang forward to foot the brake when a sudden bounce of the ambulance threw him out onto the prairie also. Observing Anderson crawling into some bushes, Mitchell threw himself into a deep gully.

Fortunately, when this happened the ambulance had just crossed over the crest



"Polly want a cracker?"

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of the hill, and the Indians did not see either of the men fall from the ambulance. Secure for the moment, Mitchell lay motionless and waited. The Indians came riding by very fast, crossed the gully where he lay and rode on in pursuit of the ambulance. Knowing that the Indians would undoubtedly overtake it and kill the sick men who were without any means of protecting themselves, Mitchell was greatly disturbed.

He decided to go down the ravine, then proceed back to camp in a roundabout manner. As he was about to leave his place of concealment and to motion Anderson to follow him, he heard the approach of horses. Riding directly toward him were about seventy-five Indians. Mitchell drew his revolver and prepared to resist, quite determined not to die without making a desperate fight; but as fate would have it, the warriors stopped and dismounted within thirty yards of his position, and engaged in lively conversation.

The chief walked up and stood close to the ravine. He was none other than the celebrated Sioux chief, Spotted Trail. This discovery so excited Captain Mitchell that he raised his revolver and aimed it directly at the chief's breast, thinking that it was worth the loss of his life if he could destroy so great a leader of the Sioux Nation. Just as he was about to pull the trigger, a loud shout rang out, and the braves and the chief scattered in various directions seeking cover.

LOOKING over the edge, Mitchell realized what all the commotion was about. Anderson had been discovered. Watching intently, he saw no firing coming from Anderson's position. The Captain was fearful that maybe one of the bullets had found its mark, when suddenly a brave—more bold than discreet—ventured to get closer to the bushes. A shot rang out and the brave fell dead.

The Indians charged toward Anderson's concealment. Anderson's fire was now coming at a rapid pace and Indians were falling to the ground. Suddenly Anderson yelled out, as if knowing his Captain was near, "My arm is broken! Keep quiet! Can't work my Spencer anymore."

A final rush was made on Anderson's position and he was overpowered, brought out of the bushes, and scalped. The Indians were now in a fit of rage, especially Spotted Tail as he watched the bodies of nine of his braves recovered and strapped on ponies to be returned to camp. In his anger over the loss of his warriors, he repeatedly kicked the body of Anderson, and the infuriated braves later mutilated it horribly.

Shortly after the death of the driver, the Indians who had pursued the ambulance returned. They had the horses that pulled the ambulance and exhibited the scalps of Mitchell's command to their companions. The Indians then mounted and rode off with their dead.

The Captain waited until dark, then started out for camp. In the morning a detail was sent out and returned with the bodies of the dead soldiers for burial.

Private Wise was severely censured for not immediately riding into camp for reinforcements, but countered with an astounding bit of reasoning.

He said he couldn't believe that the ambulance would ever get out of the canyon—for there were at least 150 Indians around it—so he decided, after getting away, to rest until morning before bearing such bad news!

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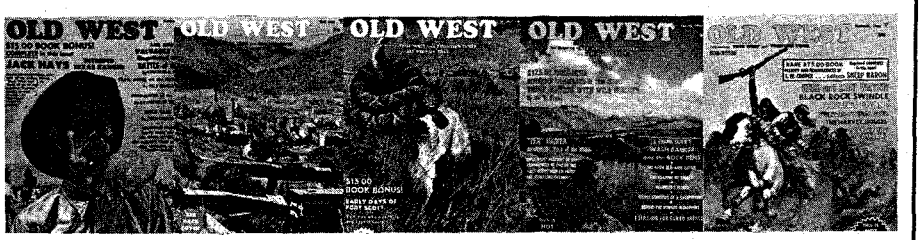

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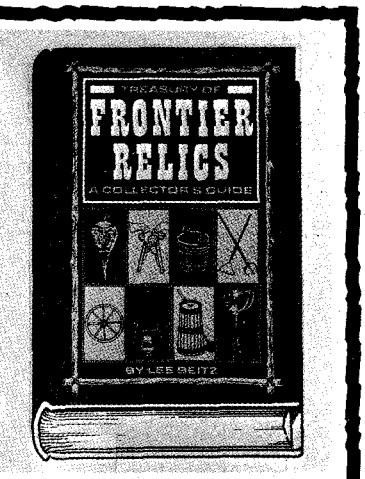

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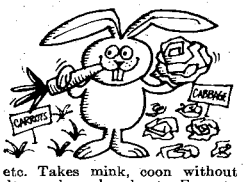

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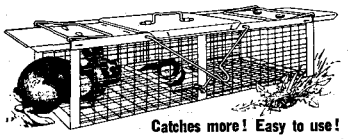

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

Jack Frederick Kilpatrick's *Sequoyah of Earth and Intellect* (The Encino Press, 1902 Arthur Lane, Austin, Texas 78704, $7.50) is the second of a series of Southwestern Profiles issued by Bill Wittliff, writer-illustrator, and now publisher. Bill wrote the introduction for *Sequoyah* and in it pays tribute to his author, Jack Kilpatrick, musician, composer, writer and Cherokee who, with the help of his wife, is doing so much to further our understanding of Cherokee culture. The Sequoyah story is certainly an amazing one and deserves to be better known. The development of the alphabet or syllabary has to be one of the most remarkable cultural achievements of any American regardless of color. The Cherokees became the most literate of the Indians, with a newspaper and with much of their history and legends recorded in written and printed Cherokee. Sequoyah made other notable contributions to the welfare of his people but was not always understood by them. This is a good book—one that you should read and be proud to own. The edition consists of 550 copies in an attractive format, cloth bound and each with a cardboard slip case. Those who have never seen the written or printed Cherokee (plus those who have) will be pleased to know that the scholarly Kilpatrick has signed each copy in the syllabary invented by Sequoyah. Highly recommended.

☆

Great Western Indian Fights (University of Nebraska Press, $1.50) is Bison Book 339 and another fine example of the wisdom of the Press in keeping good western books in print. Of course you may say that the Old Bookaroos would have to take that position since we all had a hand in writing it. True, we did but we had a lot of mighty good help including that of a Senator (Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico); a Congressman (O. Clark Fisher of Texas) and some of the best of the active historians in the business (John C. Ewers, Robert M. Utley, Ray H. Mattison, Roy E. Appleman, James S. Hutchins et al). The hard cover edition came out in 1960 and won the applause of the reviewers and the reading public. The edition was sizable but was soon exhausted. The text covers two dozen of the more decisive Indian fights that took place in Western U. S. and there isn't a dull moment in the lot—this is history as you like it. This Bison Book edition has "Custer's Last Stand" by Paxon in color on the wraps and it is illustrated with photos and with drawings by Dixon, Remington, Russell and Schreyvogel, plus decorations and maps by the Corral's own talented Bill Loechel. There is an extensive bibliography and an adequate index along with brief biographical sketches of the writers. A bargain.

☆

Buckskin Joe (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.50) is "the unique and vivid memoirs of Edwin Jonathan Hoyt, hunter-trapper, scout, soldier, showman, frontiersman, and friend of the Indians, 1840-1918, taken from his original memoirs and notes and edited by Glenn Shirley." With this jacket introduction, Joe's amazing story begins to unfold. Joe Hoyt was born in the Canadian wilderness and became a musician, mastering sixteen instruments and directing several bands and orchestras. He later became an aerial performer and acrobat, traveling with circuses in the eastern and central United States. He served with the Union Army during the Civil War and then headed West to fight Indians. He was a miner during the silver rush of 1879 at Leadville, Colorado, and experienced the Ute uprising and the Meeker Massacre. After this he was a showman with Pawnee Bill and later a U. S. Marshal. Joe's career spanned more adventures than most young boys dream about. His last expedition was to the Honduras Spanish mines and it was four years before he returned to Kansas. He later moved to California where he died in 1918. These colorful stories are told from Joe's own records, with just enough editing by Glenn Shirley. A highly entertaining book.

☆

Cowboy Economics, Rural Land as an Investment (Interstate Printers and Publishers, $5.75) by Harold L. Oppenheimer is a sequel to his earlier book, *Cowboy Arithmetic.* As our population increases and as productive land is continually withdrawn for non-agricultural uses, more and more pressure is put on the remaining land that produces our food and fiber. For this reason alone the author believes that productive land is the best long-range investment available. Cattle raised for beef is the single largest segment of American Agriculture. Even in 1955 and 1956, when cattlemen had poor years, sales of cattle and calves grossed almost as much income to producers as the combined sales of wheat, corn, and cotton. As the opportunities for acquiring land narrows and the cost of financing a ranch grows, the increasing value of land is one protection to the adventurous person who wants to produce beef. With the per capita consumption of beef exceeding 100 pounds per year, and with the expanding population, cattle producers face an exciting future. Oppenheimer discusses ranching as a way to make money, the economics of land ownership, management techniques of absentee ownership, taxes and legislation, and the new concept of a beef futures market. His presentation is spiced with his own brand of philosophy. While his treatment of the management of natural resources to produce the grass to produce the beef is sketchy, his economic discussions present many facts of life about modern-day ranching. His book will appeal alike to practical ranchers and to students of the livestock industry.

☆

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Them Were the Days (The Naylor Co., $4.95) by Paul M. Roberts is the author's second book. His first, *Hoof Prints on the Forest Ranges* was an account of the struggle and cooperation between the stockmen and the U. S. Forest Service in the development of conservation policy on the public range. His new book is a series of stories and events taken from his own career experiences with the U.S. Forest Service. While not as much a source book as the first, *Them Were the Days* will be interesting and stimulating to a young man considering a career in range conservation. Although the stories deal with the early decades of this century, the young conservationist will encounter some of the same problems and adventures, as well as a few new ones. In addition, the book is filled with fascinating anecdotes for purely entertaining reading.

☆

In 1854, Quartermaster General Thomas Jesup abandoned the practice of awarding army contracts on individual freight consignments. Instead, he decided to let one contract for the transportation of all supplies to the military posts of the West and Southwest for a two-year period. The prospect of such an exciting and remunerative contract caught the imagination of all western freighters. There was only one drawback, no single outfit was big enough to handle such a monumental job. *War Drums and Wagon Wheels* (University of Nebraska Press, $5.95) by Raymond W. and Mary Lund Settle is the story of how three successful and enterprising men joined resources to establish the famous firm of Russell, Majors, and Waddell. Each of these men were experienced freighters and all of them had had varied successful business interests. Freighting had come a long way since Becknell's expedition to Santa Fe in 1821. Mules and pack horses had given way to conventional wagons and horse teams, and these had been followed by the more sturdy oxen and Conestogas. Such outfits could stand the rigors of trail, climate, and Indians. For six years, Russell, Majors, and Waddell monopolized western freighting. They did as much as $2,000,000 worth of business a year, employed 6,000 men, and used 75,000 oxen. The heavy financial losses suffered in the ill-fated march of Johnston's army in its expedition against the Mormons in 1858-59 and other reverses resulted in the company's ruin. The authors present a fascinating and well-written story of large-scale freighting across the Plains and as far west as Fort Hall. The book is the result of thirty years of research and is crammed with facts, figures, and sources.

☆

A bill passed by Congress and signed by President Lincoln on February 24, 1863 separated Arizona from New Mexico. The bill did not specify the location of the capital of the new state, an amendment which named Tucson for that honor having been stricken to insure passage. *Founding a Wilderness Capital* (available from the author, Box 345, Prescott, Arizona 86301, $6.50) by Pauline Henson is the informative and colorful account of how Prescott became the first capital of Arizona Territory. While most capitals were located at centers of population or at strategic transportation points, Prescott was simply carved out of the wilderness. Indians, mountain men, government surveyors, miners, ranchers,

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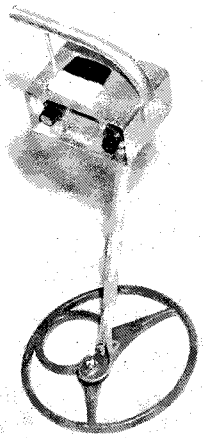

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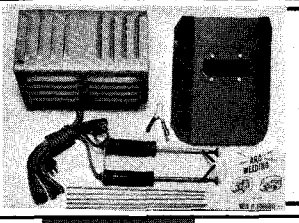

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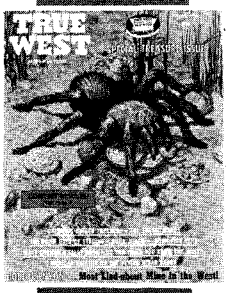

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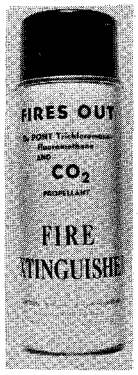

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and farmers with the troops to protect them was the procession that led ultimately to statehood. Bert M. Fireman of the Arizona Historical Foundation writes of the book: "As painstakingly as the prospectors of 1864 worked along the Hassayampa, Lynx and Granite Creeks, Pauline Henson studiously has dug into the historical ground and hidden lodes of the Prescott area. Her book will be a valued addition to every shelf of authoritative works about Arizona." The illustrations by Don Perceval add much to the book and the few photographs authenticate early developments. The list of sources and collateral reading materials add to its value as a reference.

☆

When President Truman visited Hungry Horse Dam in Montana in September, 1952, he said, "Take a look at this. Take a second look. Take a third look. It is the last one you will see if the Republicans come into power." In contrast to this dire prophecy, the Colorado River Storage Project signed into law by Republican President Eisenhower August 11, 1956 eclipsed all previous schemes of the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation. The wealth of land and the dearth of water in the West has made the quest for water a never-ending struggle. Conflicts with six-guns and rifles over waterholes soon gave way to battles between the states and in the Congress over entire river basins. The Colorado River, though not large as compared to some of our other rivers, was more valuable than all the gold and silver mined from the area it drained. *War for the Colorado River* (Arthur H. Clark Co., 2-volume set, $17.50, each volume $9.50) by John Upton Terrell tells of the latter-day events comprising the battle for the Colorado. Volume 1 covers *The Arizona-California Controversy* and volume 2 is concerned with *Above Lee's Ferry-The Upper Basin*. Together, they present a detailed account of the development of the 1922 compact, the building of Hoover Dam, the power and recreational features, the Congressional and court contests of Reclamation's multi-billion-dollar schemes for control of Western waters. Terrell's comprehensive works present the legislative history, the political maneuvering and wrangling, the coverage by the press, the human interest, and the humor of the bitter conflict. As expansive and huge as the Colorado River Storage Project is, one can only wonder if it is merely the forerunner of even more ambitious projects to come.

☆

Western buffs who have never visited Woolaroc, the beautiful little museum a few miles from Bartlesville, Oklahoma, have missed a rare treat. In addition to an exceptional collection of Indian beadwork and other Indian artifacts, this museum houses paintings by most of the great western artists. Among these are Charles M. Russell, Frederic Remington, E. I. Couse, Bert Phillips, Joseph Sharp, Frank Tenny Johnson, and numerous others of less renown. *Woolaroc Museum* by Ke Mo Ha (The Frank Phillips Foundation, Bartlesville) is an outstanding example of the printer's art and a fitting publication from a fine museum. Its 65 pages of large type, handsomely bound, include more than 200 illustrations in color. This reviewer noted a few errors. A bronze is mistakenly called, "Will Rogers" when it is, in fact, a self-portrait of Charles M. Russell. It is also exceedingly unlikely that a second illustration called, "Battle of Wolves" was painted by this artist, although it is attributed to him. Aside from these minor discrepancies, *Woolaroc Museum* at $1.55 in hard covers, or 65c in wrappers is a bargain few collectors of western illustrators can afford to miss.

☆

Much has been written about the conquest of the Indians by the invading Europeans. Less is known of the fact that the Indians themselves often played important and decisive roles in assisting the invaders to subdue other enemy tribes. The Spaniards adopted the principle, divide and conquer, when Cortez subdued Aztec Mexico between 1519 and 1521. *Pueblo Warriors and Spanish Conquest* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.00) by Oakah L. Jones, Jr. is a comprehensive review of the use of Indian forces as auxiliaries by the invading Spaniards, a practice which continued until the end of the colonial period. The peaceful Pueblos were the first to join the invaders, mainly because the other more nomadic and barbaric tribes were also their enemies. The Spaniards were thus able to capitalize on the Indians' natural disunity and pitted redman aganst redman. Even the Comanche, Ute, Navajo, and some Apache bands were successfully exploited for this purpose. Author Jones is a professional soldier and historian, a fitting background for his work. His book brings considerable insight to a neglected phase of North American conquest, the tactics introduced by the Spaniards but used successfully by the English, French, and eventually by the armed forces of the United States.

☆

Kit Carson's Autobiography (University of Nebraska Press, Bison Books, $1.50) edited and with an introduction by Milo Milton Quaife, covers Carson's life from the time he was born in 1809 until 1856. The exciting experiences of this extraordinary man include adventures as a trapper, Indian fighter, guide, buffalo hunter and Indian agent. He tells about them in an interesting but modest manner. Carson's first major experience occurred when, at the age of sixteen, he ran away from the saddler to whom he was bound to become "cavvy boy" for Bent's Santa Fe caravan. Thirty years later, as the Indian Agent at Taos, New Mexico, he dictated his own story to a friend, "to be used by him for mutual benefit."

☆

Volume 29 in the Western Frontier Library is *Experiences of a Special Indian Agent* (University of Oklahoma Press, $2.00) by E. E. White. This is a reprint of the exceedingly rare book first published by the Diploma Press of Little Rock, Arkansas. Eugene Elliott White was a lawyer, journalist, and Indian Agent. His experiences as Special Indian Agent took him among the Utes, Osages, Kaws, Comanches and other tribes. He wrote special reports for the government about the efficiencies of Indian agencies, including their accounting practices, in dealing with the Indians. Many situations required delicate handling, no less true of either Indian or white man and author White never lacked material to write about. An appendix furnishes additional facts about specific agencies and there is an introduction by Oklahoma historian Edward Everett Dale.

☆

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The Remington Historical Treasury of American Guns (Grosset and Dunlap, $1.00) by Harold L. Peterson is a treasury, indeed. This attractive little paperback is a history of the guns manufactured by the Remington Arms Company. During the century and a half since Eliphalet Remington made his first rifle, millions of firearms bearing the Remington trademark have been turned out. Both revolutonary new arms and refinements of previously well-known types have been produced. This colorful book tells about them all. It is profusely illustrated with black and white as well as color reproductions, including some by Charles M. Russell and other western artists. A real bargain for gun lovers and other Western buffs.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

CV Ranch

Dear Sirs:

As this is my first time to write to TRUE WEST, I would like to tell you about a cowboy's experiences working on the old CV Ranch in Cottle County, Texas, in 1917. I am just a plain cowboy, don't want to be anything else. I have been living in Portales, New Mexico, for forty-four years. I have worked for several outfits. I went to work for the CV Ranch in June and had only worked for a short while when Cleve Rathwell, who was manager at that time, left and turned the place over to me to see after. There were 3,100 head of cattle and 64 sections of grass, which was a chore for a boy of seventeen years. A helper was soon hired, by the name of Lee Gatlin.

One of our windmills was blown away by a storm, also our water tub. I went to Estelline, Texas, to get a tub, windmill and other material. I stayed that night in a hotel, my first one, but I didn't sleep much; there was too much commotion outside.

The next morning I loaded my tub, windmill, and material on my wagon. I started home to the ranch. I tied the tub down to my wagonbed, also to my rocking bolster. All old-timers will know what I am talking about.

When I got to Richland Creek, the road had been cut out just wide enough for a wagon. I was just a boy, and it didn't occur to me that I should not drive down the incline. The tub caught on each side of the bank, pulling my king bolt out of the front end of my wagon and letting the team have the front end of the wagon. They left there with me sitting in the tub, five miles from home, in a snake-infested creek bottom, a long walk after dark.

Some of the old-timers will remember me as "Slim" Clifton. I like your magazine, keep up your good work and don't pay any attention to criticism—we all get it.—Walter F. Clifton, South Star Box 18, Portales, New Mexico 88130.

Bouncing Balls

Dear Sir:

I was greatly interested in the article about the "Mysterious Light," by Dale Plank. A phenomenon similar to this was observed many times in the eastern Montana community of Cabin Creek, where I spent my early life. This area is about thirty miles south of the town of Glendive, and is rather rough, hilly country, mostly cattle range, and at that time quite a few hardy homesteaders were trying to eke out a living dry farming.

The light of which I speak was first noticed by a bachelor neighbor of ours by the name of Joe Yonish. The first people he described it to were quite skeptical, insisting that he had observed a falling star, a far away car, or perhaps someone carrying a lantern. But as time passed, more and more people saw it, and I am sure there are many still living who will remember "Joe's light," as we called it.

It was a rather yellowish light, always moving with an irregular, or bobbing motion, similar to an old Model T on a rough road. The fact that it was often seen in the country where no road existed proved that it could not have been made by a car. Also it was seen once by my father in the middle of winter when nearly two feet of snow lay on the ground. It was also seen by another party earlier that same winter, a person who had never heard of it and who definitely was not given to fabrication. I mention this merely to show that it was not marsh gas (not that there were any marshes in Montana) or anything caused by heat, warm weather, etc.

So far as I know, the odd light was never followed or photographed by anyone. Its appearance was only seen in an area of perhaps ten or twelve square miles, inhabited by about four families. Part of the area was open range, the rest mostly pastures. Sometimes it showed up in the hills to the south of Cabin Creek, other times to the north. All who saw it were in agreement that it had a queer bobbing motion.

I have also heard of these odd lights being observed in desert areas such as Nevada, Arizona and Southern California. So far as I know, no one has come up with proof of the cause. It would be very interesting to hear more about them.

Incidentally, I enjoy TRUE WEST more and more as time goes on. Keep it up and "stay a long time."—Ted M. King, 1860 J St., Springfield, Oregon 97477.

Barbed Wire

Dear Sir:

I am putting together a collection of historic barbed wire which will go into the new Porterville Museum, just opened. I became interested in the project after reading Lester Beitz' article "Frontier Barbed Wire" which appeared in TRUE WEST.

I have a trading stock of rare barbed wires which include the following: Champion Barb, Elwood "twist." Scutt's four point (arrow-plate), and Cady's Chain-Link. I would like to trade for other rare types which I haven't been able to obtain.—Ellwyn M. Carlson, 1046 North San Carlos Street, Porterville, California.

Far From Home

Dear Sir:

I have come on the record of a lonely grave in Brompton Cemetery at Earls Court, London, of a Sioux Indian, a member of Colonel W. F. Cody's Wild West Show around the beginning of this century. He was known as Paul Eagle Star and died at Earls Court Exhibition Grounds where the Wild West Show was playing. I wonder if any old-timer has any recollection of him or a wrangler, Tom Taylor, who joined the show about that time (early 1900s) in Abilene, Kansas.—Tom Pink, 53 Burnthwaite Road, Fulham, London S.W.L., England.

(Continued on page 67)

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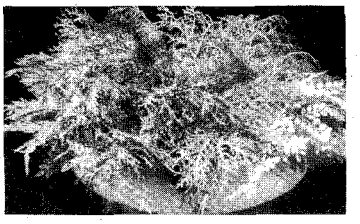

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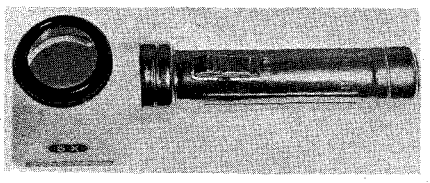

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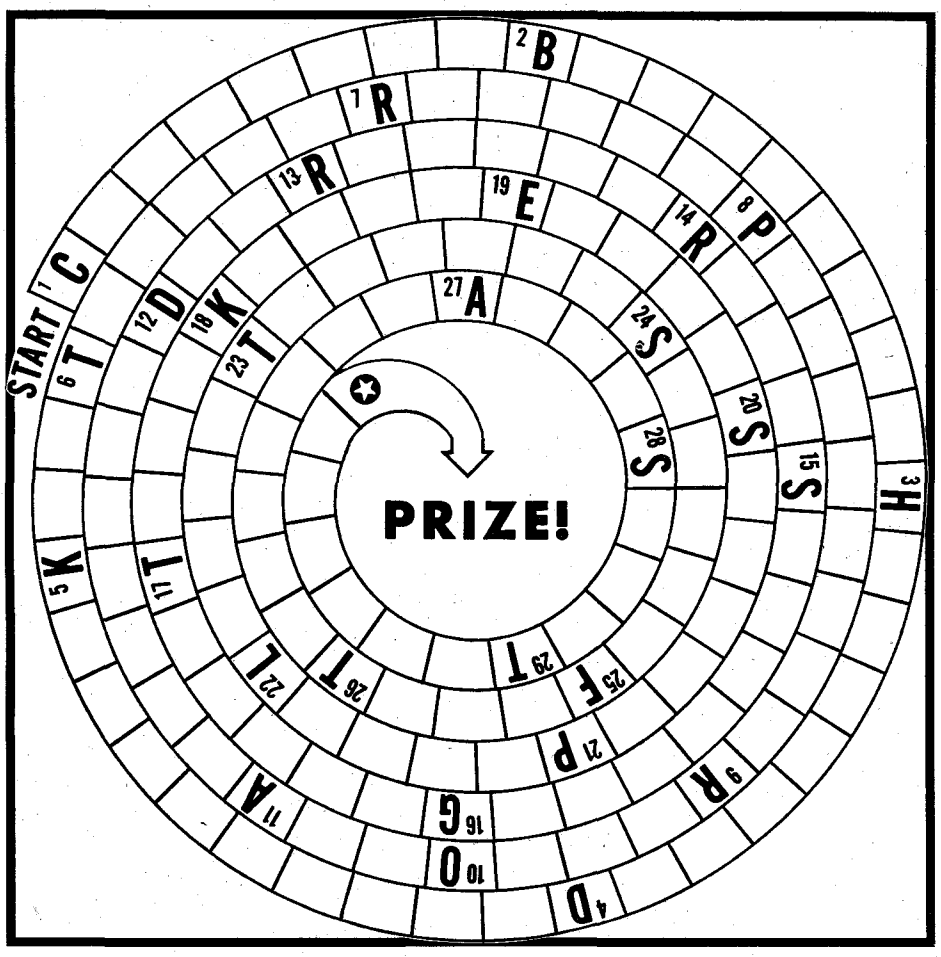
IN THE BEST WESTERN CIRCLES

By Edmund A. Braun



Hi there, partner! Even though you may know your West, this puzzle is guaranteed to have you going around in circles! The last letter of each word is the first letter of the next word. Get them all right and you'll be entitled to a jumbo-size Surprise Prize! Miss only one or two and you'll still qualify for a Consolation Award. Since prizes are involved, this puzzle daren't be too easy. For that reason, some of the definitions or clues may require some thought but all words used concern the West. Ready? Then, GO!

1 Device used in a beauty treatment for a horse.
2 A farrier. (Must be good to go far.)
3 A Federal bet you can't occupy land for specified time and not starve.
4 When she broke the engagement, the cowboy asked for this snake.
5 Believe it or?
6 Out to catch fur-bearers.
7 Basis of a song about a big time in Texas.
8 One whose prospects are usually not very good.
9 Field day for cowboys.
10 This'll jar you—big-mouthed and round.
11 Don't sit on the point of this or you may go into orbit!
12 A sweetheart.
13 Gal wearing a taffeta dress.
14 These put you in the driver's seat.
15 An old dame on horseback.
16 Holds bangs and a bang-bang.
17 To follow or trail.
18 Often full of Mulligan.
19 Large diurnal birds of a feather.
20 One way to mix a cocktail.
21 A sticky-upper at front of saddlebow.
22 Maker of good noose.
23 Nixlies used in trading for items like Manhattan Island, etc.
24 Not necessarily a good actor but carries a star.
25 Even if pints don't make quartz, this is a hard-type rock.
26 Not pretty except maybe to another.
27 What the ranchero said after looking into the barrel of his empty gun and pulling the trigger.
28 Cry of warning!
29 Gambler resembling an iron tuba.

You'll find the answers on Page 72

(Cheat if you want to!)

THE WAY

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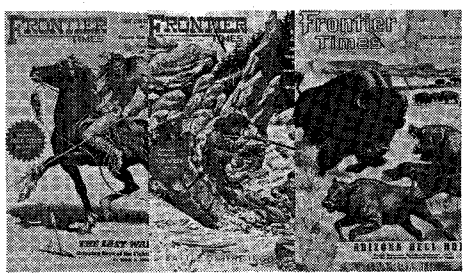

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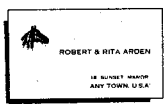

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The Innocent Were Hanged, Too

(Continued from page 23)

life was declared forfeit.

The prisoner was taken back to the old dungeon to await the fateful day of April 17. William Sanford McMurry received the following letter, still kept by the family:

Fort Smith Jail
April 16th, 1885

Mr. W. S. McMurry—

Dear Cousin, I seat myself with pen in hand to tell you that tomorrow is my time to die. All I regret is to leave my innocent children and to die for a crime I did not commit.

I want you to come up here and take my body back to Ozark and bury me by my wife's side.

I now bid you a long farewell and say that I hope we shall meet again in a land where we will never be so cruelly parted from our loved ones.

I say again that I am as innocent as a babe that was never borned.

Goodbye from your cousin
William L. Phillips

Postscript: take my shoes off and put them in the coffin beside me. They are to tight and hurt my feet.

WLP

William Sanford McMurry, Jr., aged ninety-eight, lives at Tucker, Oklahoma. Almost totally blind, "Grandpa," as he is known to all the farm folks for miles around, can remember the long-ago day when the letter arrived.

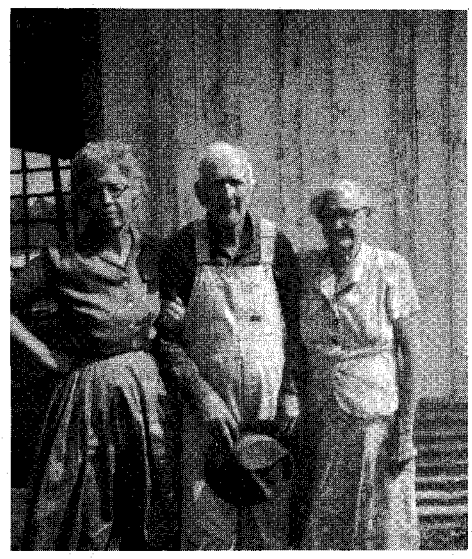
"I remember—remember as though it was yesterday, the day the letter came. Pa took the letter and went to his close friend and neighbor, a man named Press Ballard, a veteran of the War between the States. He showed the letter to Ballard and asked if he would make the sad journey with him after the body. Ballard made arrangements with the neighbors to have the grave ready in the little cemetery beside the young wife and then he started getting ready for the long trip. The two men planned to drive all night, getting to Fort Smith around daylight and starting back soon after two o'clock, at which time the hanging was to occur.

"Pa asked me if I wanted to go along and I said no. I had always thought the world of Cousin Will, and the thought of making that long ride with him dead in the wagon was too much for me. I went about getting the team and wagon ready, though, and I put in plenty of corn and hay for the horses. I also put a couple of quilts in the back of the wagon. I felt it would make easier riding for Will, even though he was dead. I wanted to do this much for him.

"It was getting late, almost dark, and was time for Pa and Mr. Ballard to be going, when all at once dark clouds which had been gathering all evening began to thicken up, and it started thundering and lightning, and looked real stormy.

"Mr. Ballard had a big rock cellar and often when it looked threatening he would sound his old army bugle and the folks in hearing distance would go to Mr. Ballard's to get into the cellar. We had some pretty bad storms along about then.

"Just as Pa started out of the barn lot, all hitched up and ready to go, that old bugle began sounding and blowing long and loud and clear. It had an urgency that could not be missed. Mr. Ballard lived on top a small hill and had a good view of the country and he had seen the cyclone coming and was sounding the alarm at a furious rate to get his neighbors into the cellar as soon as possible.



William S. McMurry, center, at age ninety-nine recalls vividly the day his cousin, William Phillips, was hanged. McMurry's wife is on the right, the author at left.

"Ma and all the kids piled into the wagon, Pa whipped up the team to a gallop, and we were in the cellar right away, along with several other neighbors.

"It was the worst storm we ever knew in that part of Arkansas and when it was finally over, trees were down everywhere. I remember that Mr. Ballard had a couple of bales of cotton in his yard that he was holding over from the past fall because he wanted a better price. A bale of cotton weighs about 500 pounds, but those bales of cotton were gone. One of them Mr. Ballard found a half mile away and the other he never did hear of.

"It was a pitch-black night. The only light came from the occasional flashes of lightning which by now were far off, and the mutter of thunder sounded like the distant firing of cannon.

"Pa and Mr. Ballard had no way to get out without clearing the road, and a couple of big trees were square across it, besides hundreds of limbs big and small. Pa sent me back home to get our chopping ax, and that and Mr. Ballard's ax and crosscut saw finally cleared the trees from the road, so that they could get on their way. It was near twelve o'clock before they got through and I remember Pa saying, "I have to make it in time to tell Will goodbye."

On this same day of April 16, 1885, Phillips made a sworn statement to Colonel Thomas Boles, U. S. Commissioner for the district that he was not guilty and again declared that Bob Hill had borrowed Mr. Lackey's gun and had killed his own father. Maintaining his innocence to the very end, he stood on the scaffold and, looking straight at Bob Hill who stood directly below him, declared, "I am as innocent as an unborn babe." With these words he was plunged into eternity.

A yellowed copy of the Fort Smith paper, in giving an account of the hanging which occupied almost all of the front page, states, "George Maledon, the champion hangman, never fails to break a man's neck. Phillips was a big man and the jerk at the end of the hangman's

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noose almost severed his head from his body."

McMurry's account of the hanging as passed on to his children was: When it was over, Bob Hill drew a long, audible breath and said calmly, "I feel better now." He then walked rapidly away.

Four months after Phillips died on the scaffold, Bob Hill made a public confession that he had killed his own father for the humiliation of the horse-whipping before his girl friend, and shortly thereafter committed suicide by taking poison.

Will was a good man, but he was wrong about one thing. In Isaac Parker's Court of No Appeal, they *could* hang a man for having big feet, and Will Phillips was that man.

Truly Western

(Continued from Page 63)

Crazy Horse

Dear Joe:

In your issue of TRUE WEST February 1966, there is an article "My Friend Crazy Horse," by Bertha Shafer Howey. Could I give you my version of how and where Crazy Horse was buried?

My grandfather was Sam Deon, a French-Canadian fur trapper who was the first white man to make his home in Pine Ridge. He came in with five loads of merchandise and started a general store. He married a Sioux woman, my grandmother, and raised a big family. As a child of eight or nine, I very clearly remember Red Cloud and my grandfather, also the many tales that they told. I am now sixty-eight and remember very clearly when Red Cloud was buried.

When Crazy Horse returned from an eastern Government School he found that all of his people had been driven out of the Black Hills into the Bad Lands by General Custer. After the battle of the Little Big Horn, Red Cloud persuaded Crazy Horse to give up and make peace with the Government. He was bayoneted.

While the greatest of all Sioux Chiefs was dying, his wife came to his side. After the Army doctor pronounced him dead, the garrison commander gave permission for his wife to take and bury him. She brought his body to Pine Ridge and asked John Nelson to help her. They went with his body to the head of Medicine Canyon, then she bade Mr. Nelson goodbye, and she went alone with her husband's body and where he is buried no one knows. She never told anyone.—Ross Deon, P. O. Box 1593, Ogden, Utah 84402.

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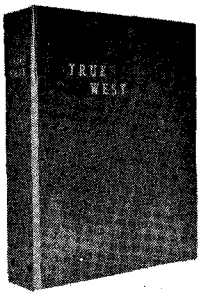

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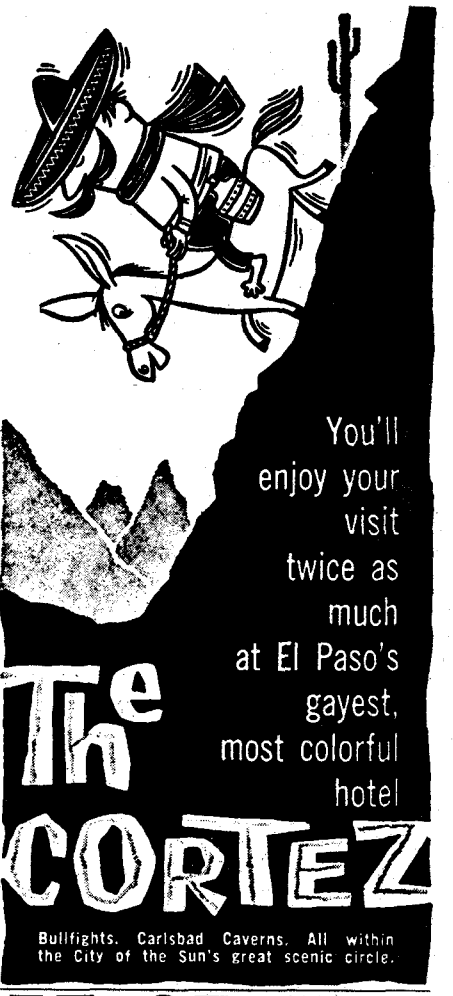

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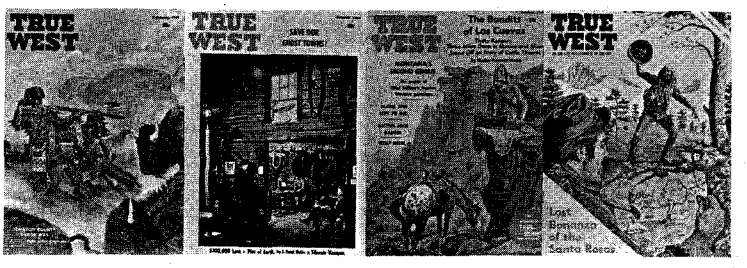

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The Disappearing Gold of La Nariz

(Continued from page 29)

deny it, Pedro. I gave you the ingots and the coins and you took them to Juárez and gave them to Vasquez. He sent them to an assayer."

On the trip back to Juárez, Sanchez explained to the police that he had taken only one ingot to Vasquez and that he and Vasquez had turned it over to the judicial police. Here was a new version.

Silverio Tovar S., *La Cronica* reporter who made the trip, raised his eyebrows and scribbled notes all the faster. In his story on the "odyssey" he reported Sanchez' statement and then editorialized a little, asking the question, "What happened to this bar?" The police evidently declined comment on the matter because they never offered any explanation. *La Cronica* readers drew their own conclusions.

ON JUNE 1 the paper announced that the investigation was being held up pending the arrival from Mexico City of Mariano Narro (real name), comptroller general of the nation, and representatives of the National Bank police. As is usual when a treasure is found, government men began to gather. Then on June 3 it was announced that General Giner, governor of Chihuahua, had dispatched Hipolito Villa, attorney general of the state and son of the fabulous Pancho, to "assist in the questioning." Whether all these luminaries ever got there the paper never said.

In the same story it quoted a statement issued jointly by Rodriguez and Sanchez, in which they said they had taken one of the ingots to a local jewelry firm which offered them thirty-five thousand *pesos* for it, or $2,916.66. The pair decided this wasn't enough. And they were right. A gold bar weighing forty *kilos* would contain 1,408 ounces, and at thirty-five dollars an ounce would be worth $49,280. They returned the bar to Vasquez, hoping he would be able to get a better price.

Then a couple of lawyers got into the act. Representing Vasquez and Rodriguez, they claimed that the latter had been held more than seventy-two hours without proof of a crime, and that according to the Mexican Constitution he should be released.

The chief of police, Samuel Rodriguez (real name), objected, saying that his prisoner should be detained until all the gold was recovered. But he was forced to release the man. The furor died away.

To this very day the whereabouts of this treasure is unknown. That it existed there is absolutely no doubt. Too many people saw it, handled it, and admitted seeing it, for its existence to be questioned.

How the hoard came to be concealed in the cave is a mystery. Some folks think it was hidden by Pancho Villa, about whom more treasure tales are told than almost any other man in history. It would have been ironic indeed if Hipolito Villa had become involved in a hassle over a treasure secreted by his father.

There's also the possibility that the coins could be so old and rare as to be of immense value to collectors. The old trading road from Mexico City to Santa Fe, the *Camino Real*, which was opened up in 1598, passed through Juárez and near La Naríz. The treasure could well have been among the cargo of a 16th Century Spanish mule or wagon train that met with misfortune at the hands of bandits or Indians.

Whatever its origin, the gold of Nose Mountain has disappeared. But all need not be lost. If you're a professional treasure hunter and have connections for cashing in a hoard like this, it might be worth your while to make a trip to Juárez. I've got the real names of all the persons involved and I'll furnish them to anyone who can prove he's seriously interested. Maybe you can make a deal with the man, or men, who have the swag squirreled away. It's my guess that they want to dispose of it but don't dare.

I ask only one thing in return: exclusive rights to the story of your adventures.

Old Camps Along the Nez Percé Trail

(Continued from page 33)

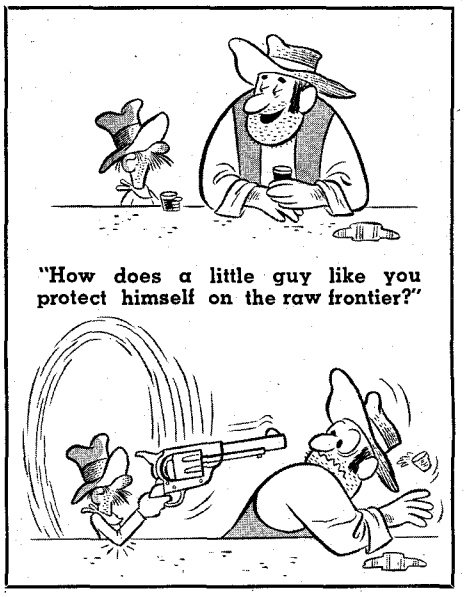
drainage.

The tourist may be a bit disappointed that Elk City is no ghost town, but he won't be disappointed in Orogrande, eleven miles southwest. Empty, gray buildings flank Orogrande's dusty main street. They are weathered buildings, but well-preserved and some of them are occupied the year-round. A store, station, restaurant-bar caters to visitors.

Orogrande, as a town, is younger than Elk City, but mining in the area began about the same time. A Frenchman masquerading under the name of Pete Johnson is said to have made the first strike along Crooked River. Others followed, and before 1900 Orogrande was a jump-off spot for the Buffalo Hump country. The Colgrove Hotel was built in 1899 and remains today an imposing two-story structure. A large ore mill was built in 1902 and continued in operation until World War II. There was a great deal of dredge mining, too, near Orogrande in the 1930s.

Thirty years ago, the town still had a population of almost one hundred. Today, served by the Elk City post office, it is a near-ghost except for the summer months.

UNFORTUNATELY, little remains of another mining camp which was established in 1862. This is Newsome, a few miles north of the Elk City highway between Golden and Elk City. New-


"How does a little guy like you protect himself on the raw frontier?"

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some was named in honor of John Newsome, an early settler and miner. With its imposing Newsome House, and other businesses, the town was a stopping place for travelers. A post office was established as early as 1864 and was in almost continuous operation until 1932 when the highway by-passed the settlement.

The Chinese flocked in after the white miners left, and took over $800,000 in gold from Newsome Creek and others. Sing Lee was one of the better known Chinese miners, and a creek in the area is named for him.

Newsome House burned in 1927, but for the historical-minded, there's still much of interest in Newsome, in Golden on the main highway, and in Old Golden, or Johnson Bar, not far off the highway. Some of the sites of various "way stations" on the old Nez Percé Trail can still be located. Nothing remains of one of the most interesting, the Clearwater Station, southwest of Newsome. It was here that a dance marathon was once held which lasted eighteen days and nights!

Other interesting way stations and communities also remain: Clearwater (a town, not a station), Battle Ridge, Pleasant Valley, and Mountain House.

With inexpensive power and transportation, mining may well become important again in this country. In the meantime, recreational pursuits, timber operations and agriculture continue to expand. Man has made only a small dent in this vast wilderness country clothed in the legends of Lewis and Clark, the Indians, the road agents, the prospectors, trappers, stockmen and lumberjacks.

America's Mightiest Wildfowler

(Continued from page 17)

Tonks, the Parker was the best gun I ever used that was not bored by myself. Shooters of today must remember the old-time handicaps we had imposed on the shooting game. The gun always had to be held below the elbow until the birds were in full flight, hence the phrase 'gun down.' The shooter was always kept in ignorance of the location of the traps, and had no such privilege as shouting, 'Pull!' Everything was a surprise.

"CHARLEY STOCK was becoming impatient to hunt wildfowl. He never cared for tournament matches, and as soon as we got back home from Chicago proposed a hunt, telling me that he was getting 'rusty' from associating with too many people. I thought I was, too, so we hunted. In one day, shooting at the Duck Island Rice Pond near Peoria, I killed 203 mallards with 203 shots. The following day I killed 200 straight, none of them closer than 60 yards. Wood ducks are hard to kill, but one day before nine in the morning I killed 150. Nothing ever got away from the tournament-banned six-bore, which I used.

"During one blue-wing teal flight I killed 120 of these fastest of all flying birds that zoom like bullets, and killed them with consecutive shots, head-on, quarterers, tailers, crossers and circling overhead as I reloaded. Our trip lasted 19 days, and my score alone was 1,920 ducks of all varieties. All of the excess game was given to farmers who had guns but couldn't afford to buy shells. Wagons were loaded up at our camp every night. My partner Charley killed only 400 birds, and laid it to my having the deadly six-gauge, and he was right.

"During the latter'70s many hunters complained that game was becoming scarce. What they really meant was that ducks and geese were beginning to boycott the areas of greatest slaughter. Charley and I didn't suffer, as we were so financially fixed that we could hunt out new locations. However, the thing worried me, as this was a part of the livelihood of many people, both selling birds and ekeing out their own existence in the winter. Taking it as my personal problem, one day I went out and cut a box elder sapling and invented the mallard duck call."

I knew that Fred never benefited from this invention, either, and wondered what had happened to it.

"Well, the companies didn't get that one," he said. "Reese Knapp asked me to make him a beauty, and then took it out and got it patented. He was an honorable man, and offered me partnership, but I had done it as a labor of love and told him, 'You keep the money, Reese. I've beat you out of many tournament prizes, and I'd rather have a shooter friend benefit than some cold-hearted stranger a thousand miles distant.'

"Later I bought one from him, rather than cut my own. All present duck calls are based on that original patent by Reese Knapp. I was glad that I had helped a friend."

I HAD HEARD it before, but I loved to hear the old man tell the history of the Peoria Blackbirds, so I asked him again. With the single exception of the choke-bored shotgun, the Blackbirds were the most important contribution to shooters ever known.

"Well, the need was there, as in the case of the duck call," he said, "and when need comes along, I am always ready to stick my nose into trouble. And this was trouble. Along about 1880 female societies began to squawk about the shooting of live birds in tournaments. Shooters laughed at first, but some of these women were more powerful than they thought. Some were the wives of newspaper editors, and others had friends in the Press. They said they would either stop it or have a law passed.

"They couldn't vote, but their husbands could. The funny part of it is that they thought they would have a battle with trap-shooters, but actually the shooters—or some of them, I wasn't one—were all for them, if something else could be found. That was where I came in.

"Charley Stock got angry as usual when he saw me mulling around. 'Pass a law that makes them throw up their parasols for us to shoot at,' he said, 'and they'll drop it like a hot potato.' But I knew better.

"For some time the hollow glass balls had been used, but by riflemen; shooting glass balls with a shotgun was like killing sitting ducks. 'What we need, Charley,' I said, 'is something that will fly fast and far in an erratic manner.' When he saw I was in earnest he reluctantly joined in.

"By May of 1881 I was certain that I had the trick. Charley and I went down to the riverbank, carrying along a contraption like a box with an arm operated by a spring, to be triggered by pulling a string. On this arm were holders for two home-made targets.

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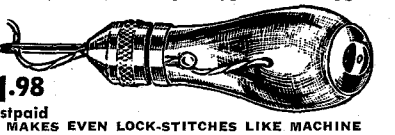

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"We had used black gumbo from the riverbank to mold several saucer-shaped targets, and when they had dried and were ready, Charley placed two of them on the holders. He took the string and I took gun in hand, and we were ready. Originally the gumbo had cracked in the process of drying, but in later saucers we had mixed in straw much as Mexicans manufacture adobe bricks.

" 'Work your devil machine,' I told Charley, with my gun down. I thought on a first trip there was no purpose in cheating. He pulled the string, and while one saucer tumbled over in the air, the other sailed out over the water as I'd wanted it to. I broke them both, and when I turned around Charley was grinning.

" 'It's that sailer we want,' he said, 'and I know exactly which one it was.'

" 'Fine,' I told him, 'make some more, and we'll have the boys down for a shoot-out.'

"On that May day, the seventeenth, the clay pigeon and the trap to throw it were born on the river bank at Peoria. 'We'll call them Peoria Blackbirds,' I said to my partner, never dreaming they would be made of anything but black gumbo."

Fred, as usual, had an excuse for losing the royalties from the hundreds of millions of clay birds which soon took the place of live ones. "Charley and I were too slow," he said, "and there was nobody else around with brains, such as Reese Knapp."

I wondered what old Mike Fink would think of his smart kinsman, if he could come alive. But Fred had another reason to be glad he hadn't made money from inventing shooters' equipment. "I finally invented the first successful method of preserving eggs," he told me, "and I kept it under my hat until I got it patented. I don't think the boys would deny me that for my old age. It, too, came in handy for hunters too unlucky to find game!"

With his future assured, Fred, after retiring, began to dabble in painting. "Housewives and hunters kept me in materials," he said. He had never had any lessons, but had completed more than 200 oils, some of which experts had said were worth hundreds of dollars each.

"I gave them away to friends and relatives," he said, "all except the few you see on the walls. I always figured that friends were worth much more than dollars."

"He means it," said Downs, looking at me and shaking his head. "Get him to tell you about Turner. He didn't fool around there."

"Well," said the old man, looking at the pudgy hands that had made him world famous, "I was always good at checkers. Jim Turner was the champion of the world in the '70s, and one of my friends who knew him told the champion that I was good, too. Turner made a slighting remark to the effect that the woods were full of 'champions' of one kind or another. I was in Chicago for a shooting tournament when he was there, and challenged him to a 100-game match for $1,000. He snapped at it as a way to make some easy money off a backwoods boy. I beat him ninety-six straight games and he called off the other four. That was as far as my interest went; I had shooting to do."

DOWNS handed me a large clipping with Fred's photo on it. It was from a Los Angeles newspaper. "He can still shoot," he said. I had already seen the piece, and asked Fred about it.

"That was four years ago, when I was eighty-eight," he said. "A reporter spoke of me as the greatest 'has-been' alive. I had been the greatest shot of all, according to him, but now was old and infirm, with my trigger finger palsied. This last was a lie as my hands were perfect, so I had Downs get out my ten-gauge Parker, cleaned and oiled it, and entered the City Tournament.

"The reporter had been partly right, as my right arm was crippled with neuritis, and I couldn't raise my elbow above my waistline. I knew, however, that I was at least as good as the young bucks of today.

"I broke the first fifty straight, but missed two out of the last twenty-five. I was high man, but ashamed of the score. A man who can't break twenty-five clays straight should give up shooting. A friend had been pestering me for my gun, so I had Downs send for him and gave it to him."

"He's still a champion at checkers, too," said Downs.

"Well," Fred told me, "when a man gets to be ninety he ought to try to keep his self-respect, so I entered a tournament at the Los Angeles Checker Club. Some of the best players in California used relays against me. In a 200-game match I won 167, and tied the remaining 33. At the last I feared that I would lose one, and that means one had better quit the game, so I haven't played since."

There was a large scroll hanging on the wall, with autographs of famous trapshooters, each signed "To Fred Kimble, King of the Traps." A shooting club had done this, and he was proud of it.

Newt was waiting down in his car. The old man got up and went to the door with me, and said, "Thorp, we meet at twenty-year intervals. That would make the next time '58 or '59. Think I can make it?"

I told him, "A lot of men have done it, Fred." I looked at him, and then at the far window, through which I could hear the sound of the ducks on the lake squawking. We shook hands "gun down" because of his neuritis, and his last words were, "Don't forget again; send me the story."

He died on August 18, 1940, and his funeral was held on the 22nd at Pierce Brothers Mortuary, and I was there and met many of his old-time friends. This little man had revolutionized shooting the world over with his inventions, and, as one old graybeard said, "The ducks and geese along the Illinois and Ohio and Sangamon can fly freely now that Fred is gone."

I was glad I had sent him the story.

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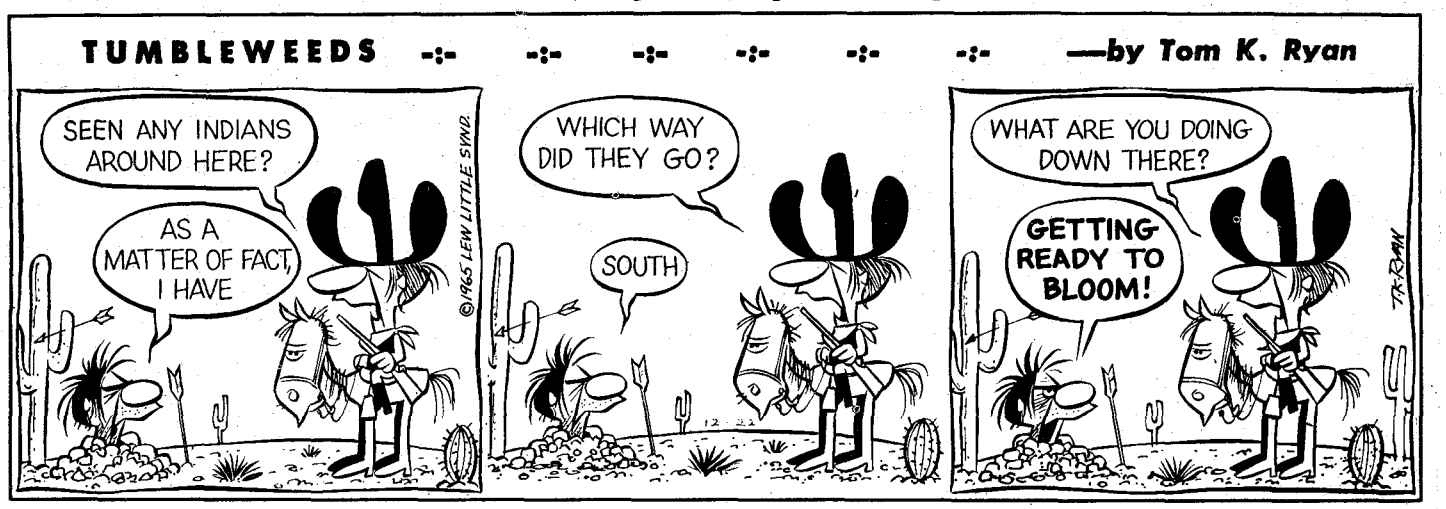

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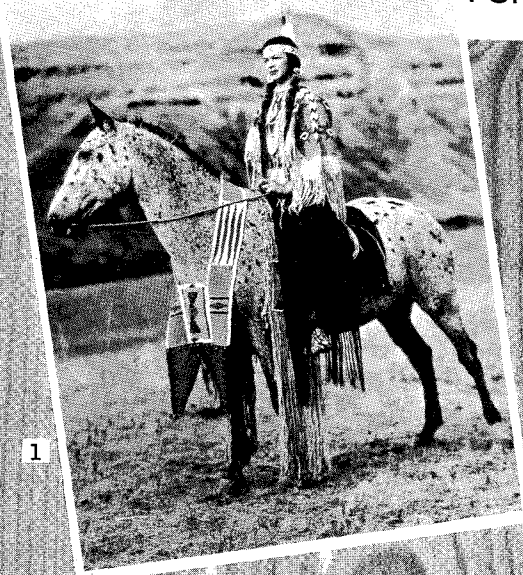
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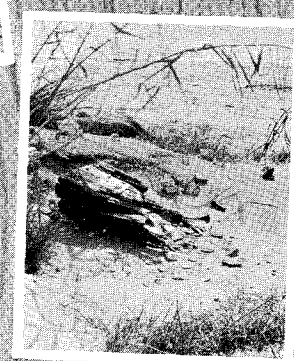
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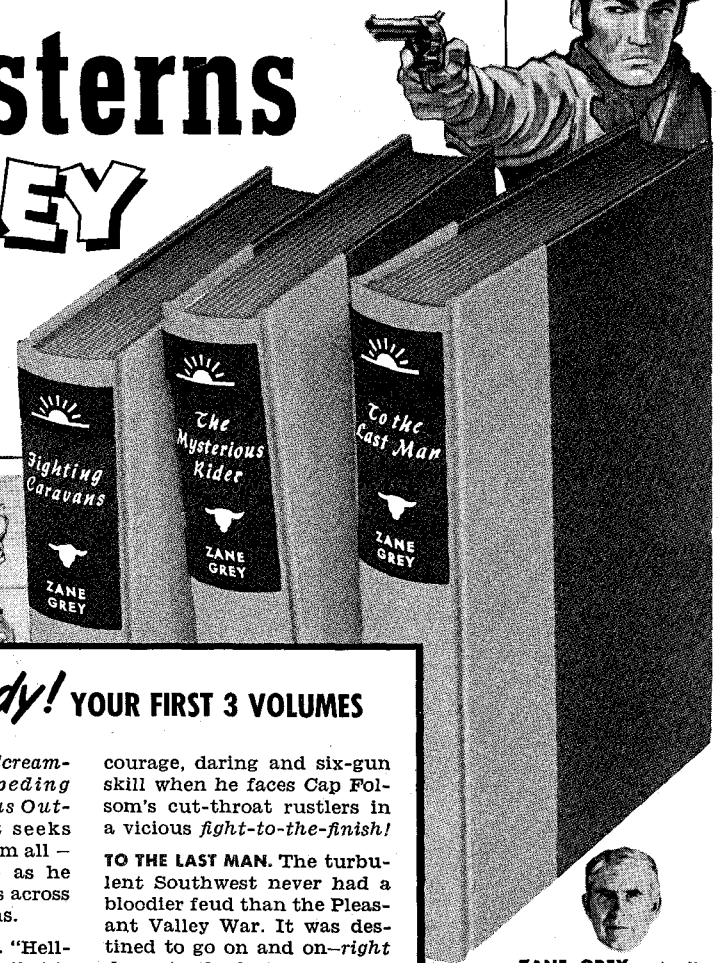

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